

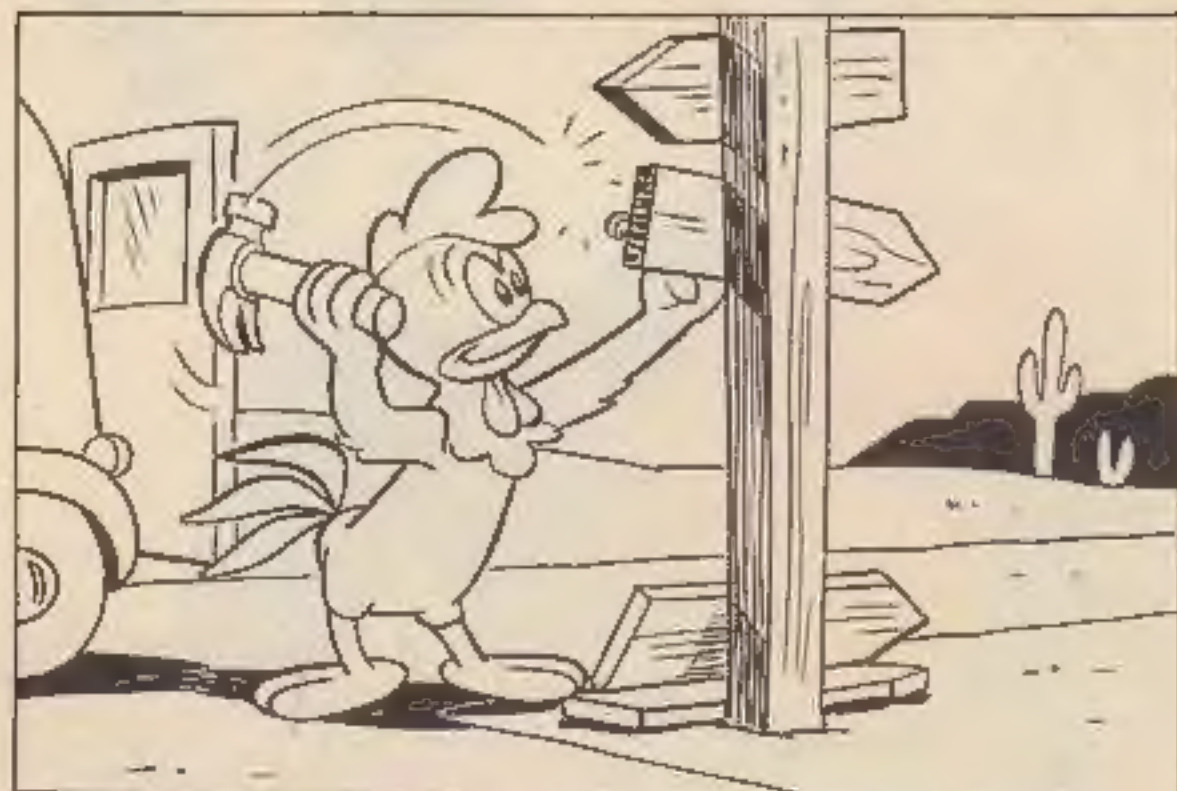
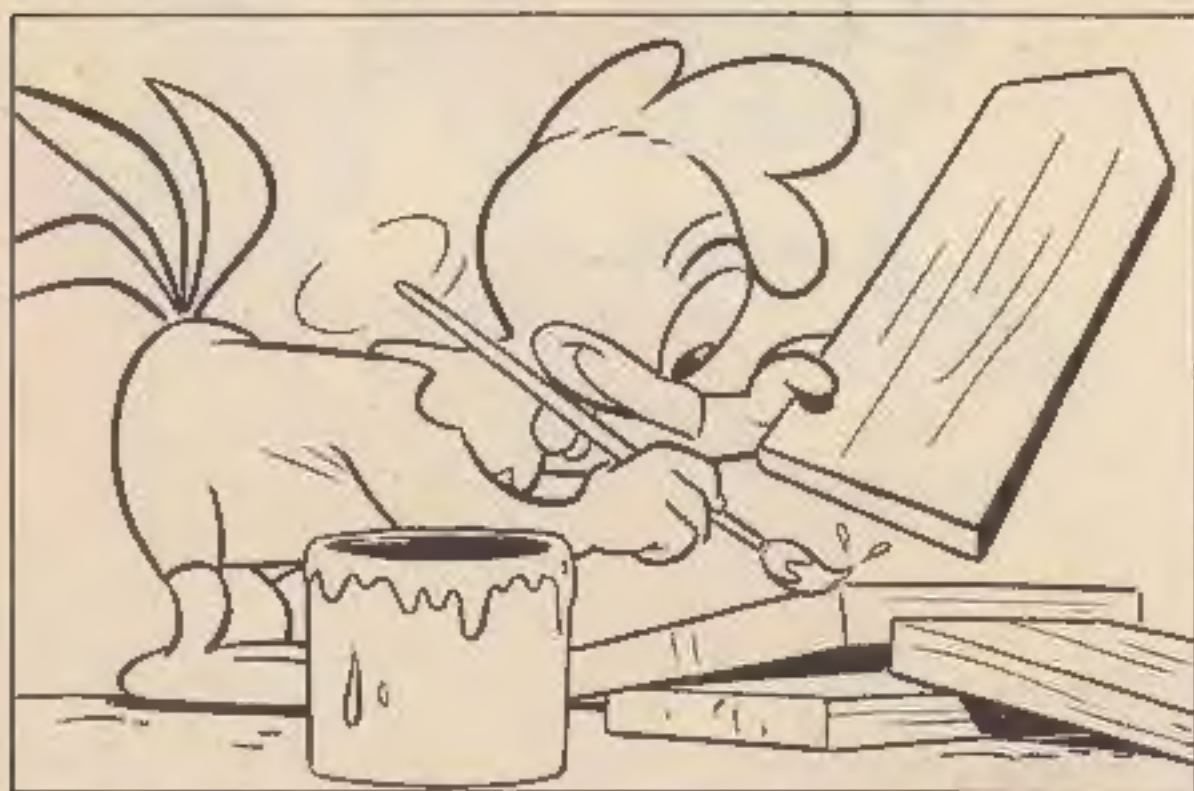
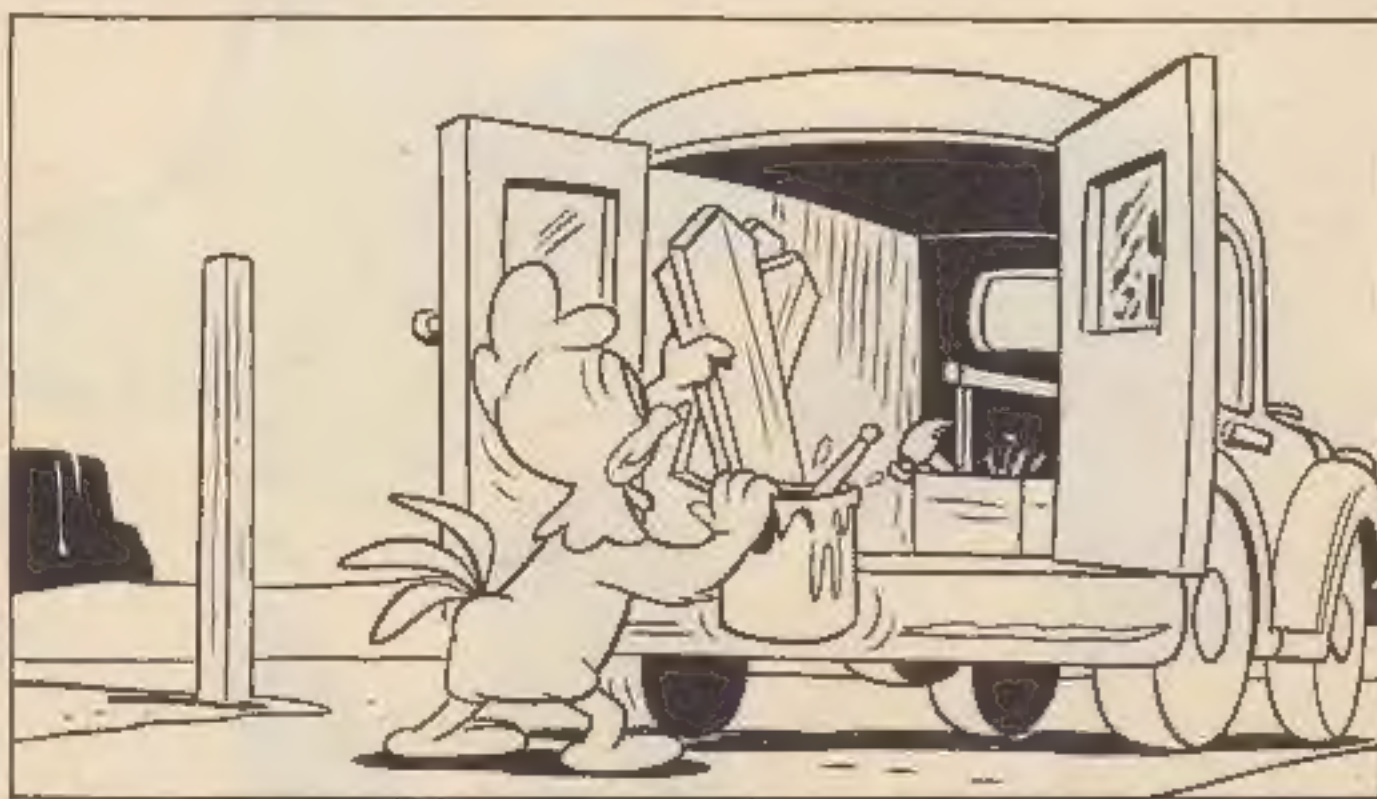
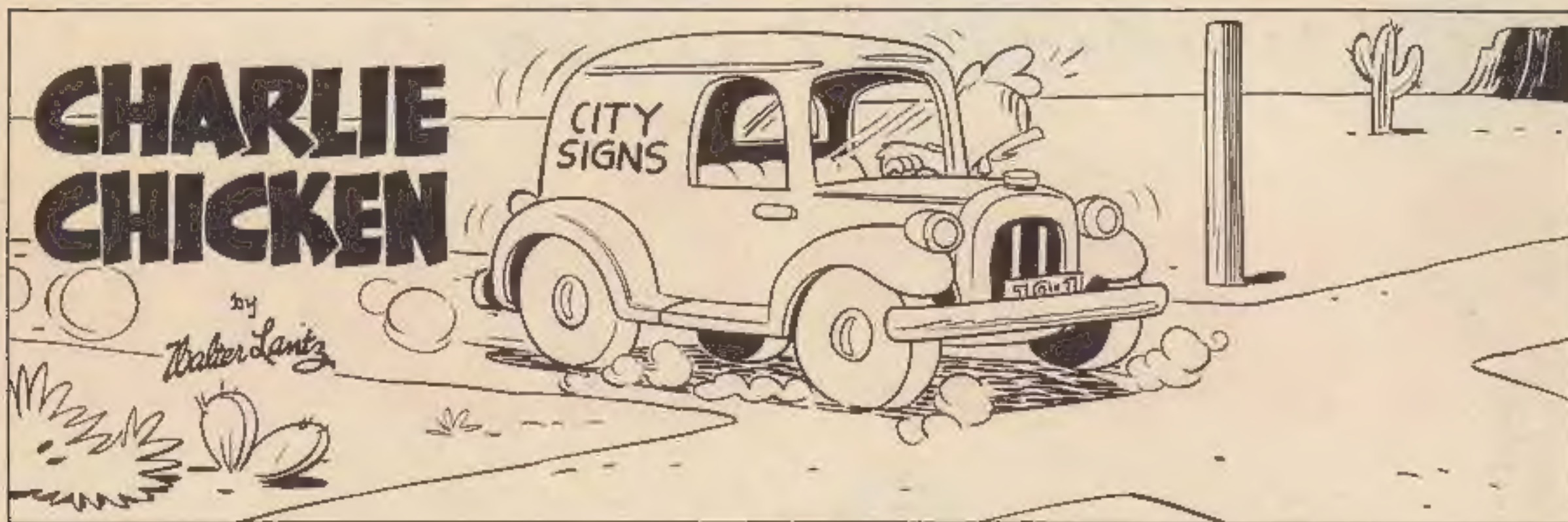
DELL

NOV.-JAN. 10¢

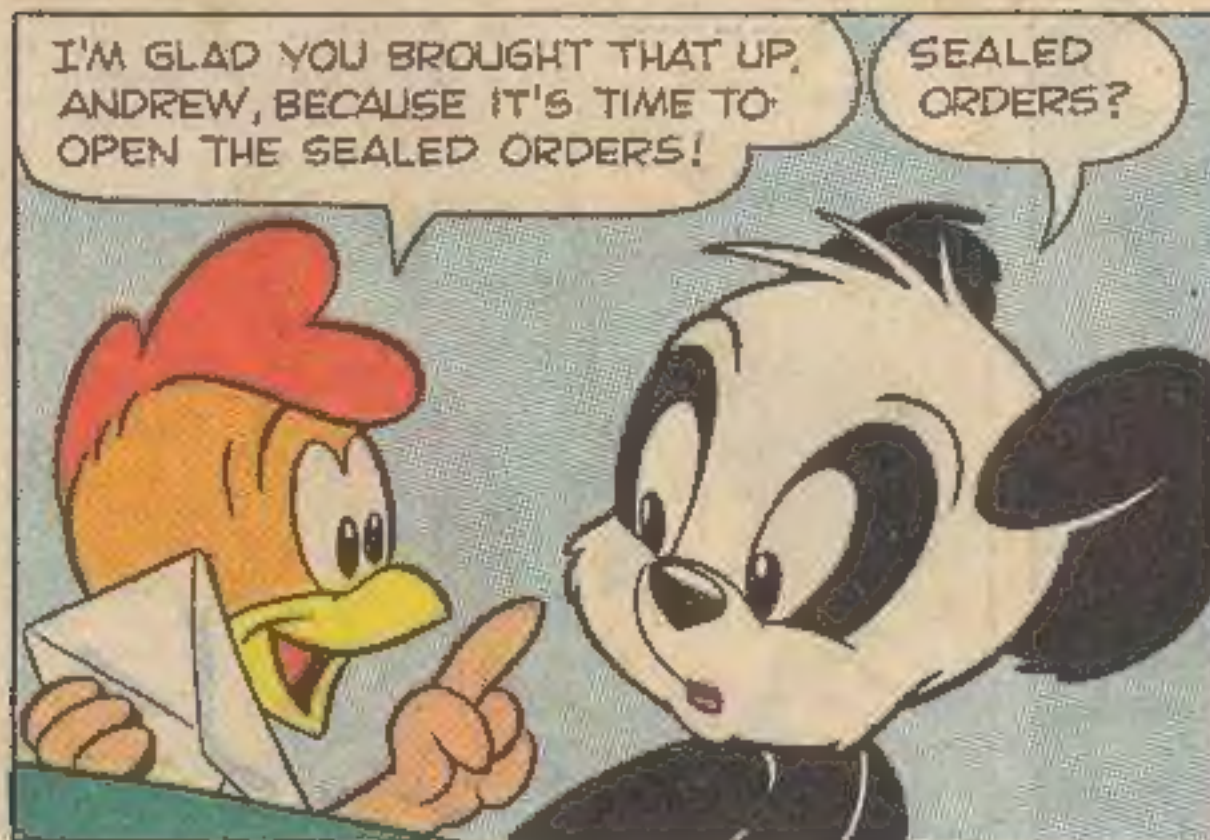
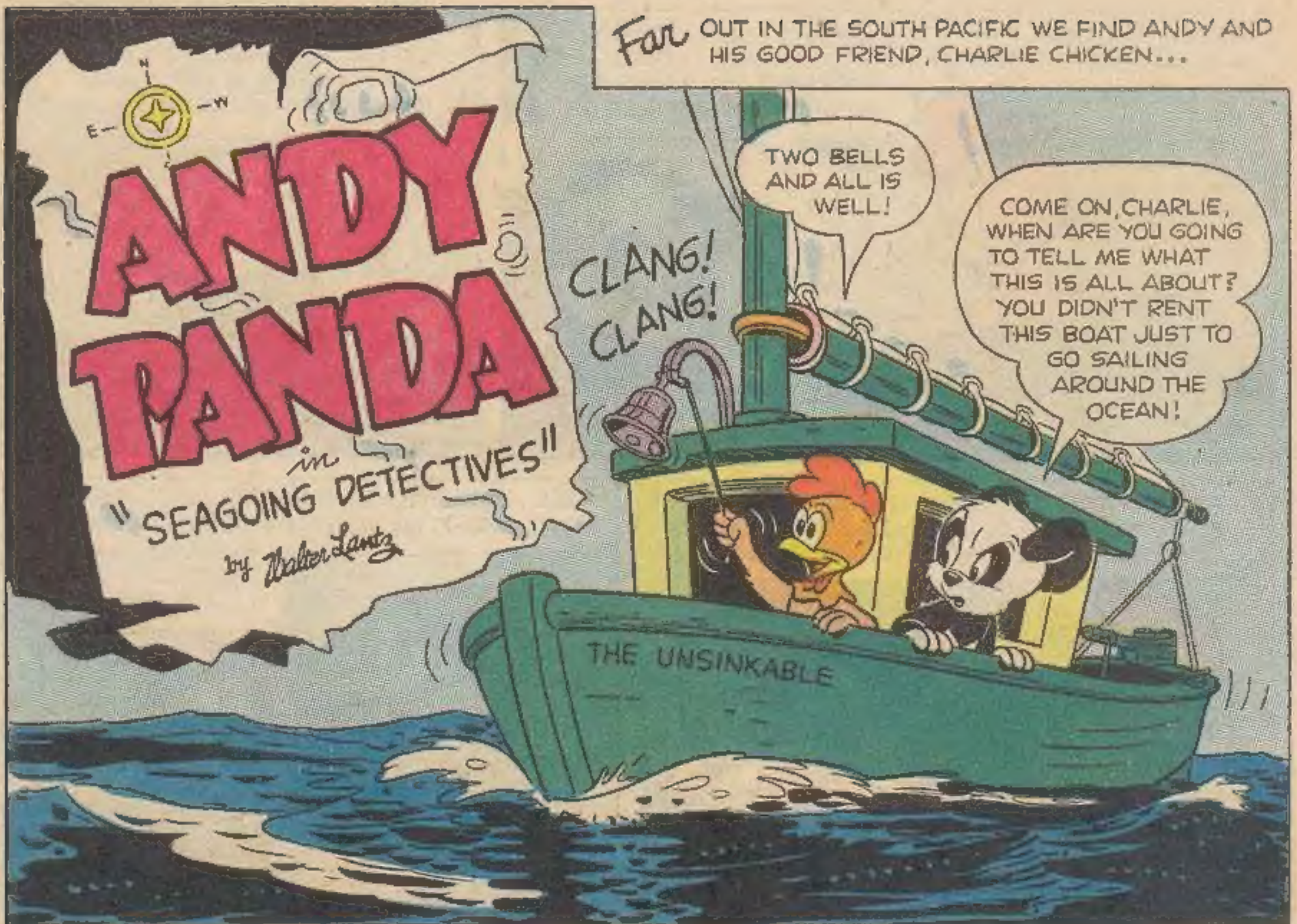
Walter Lantz

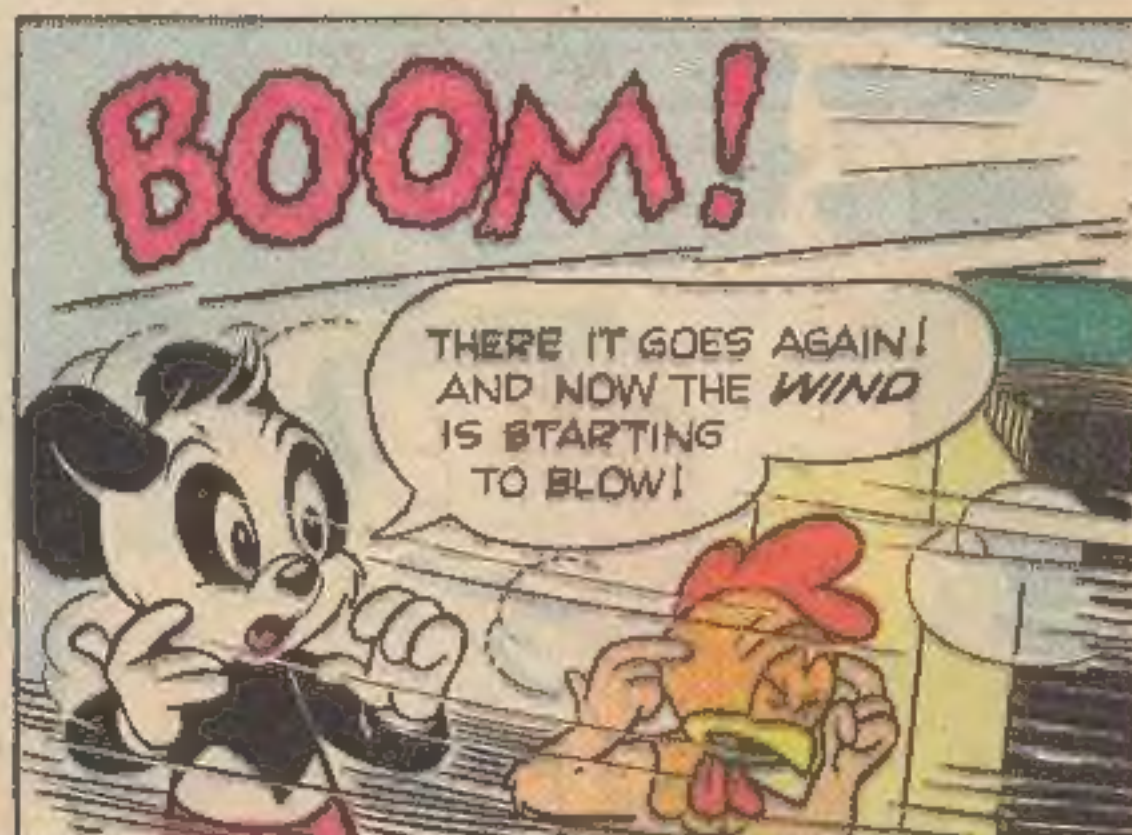
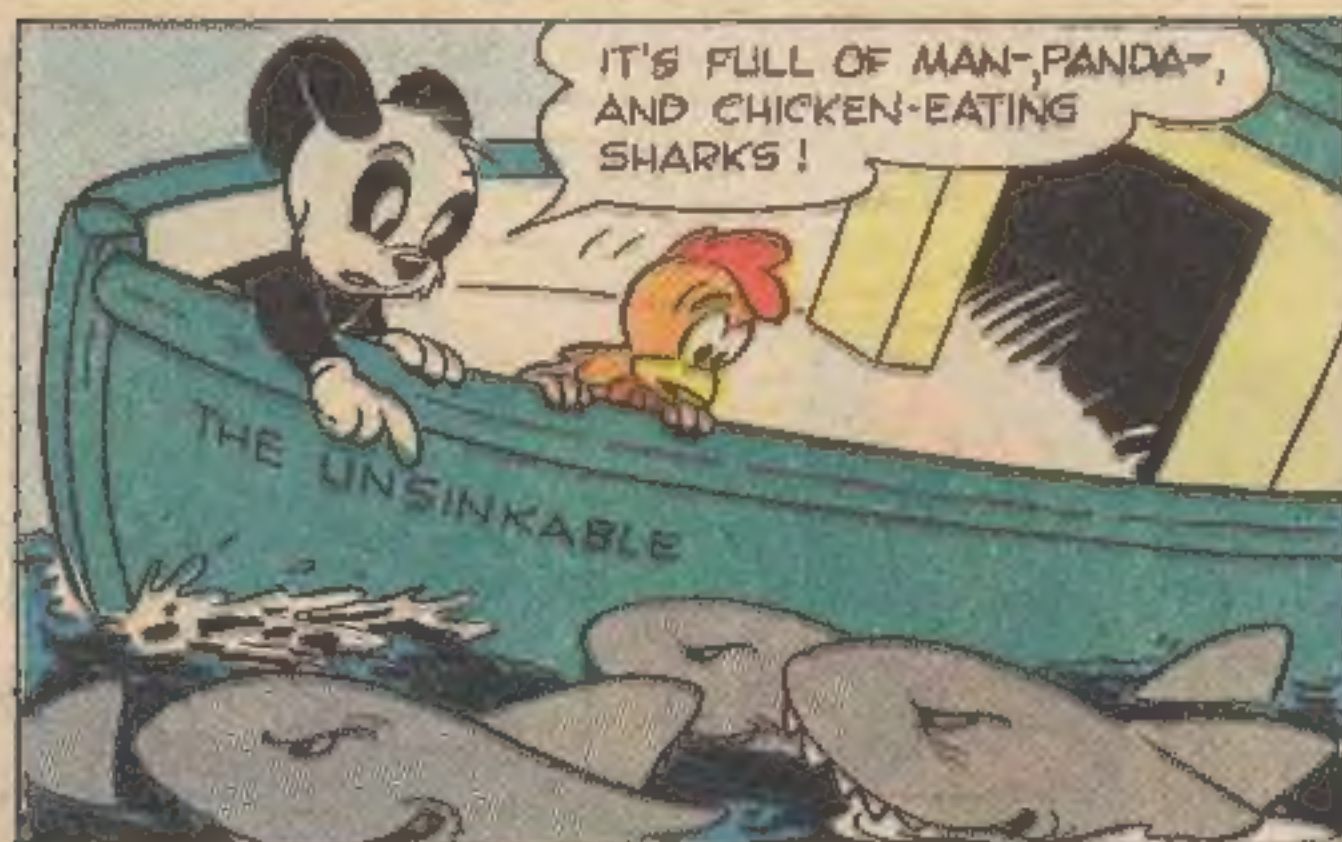
ANDY PANDA

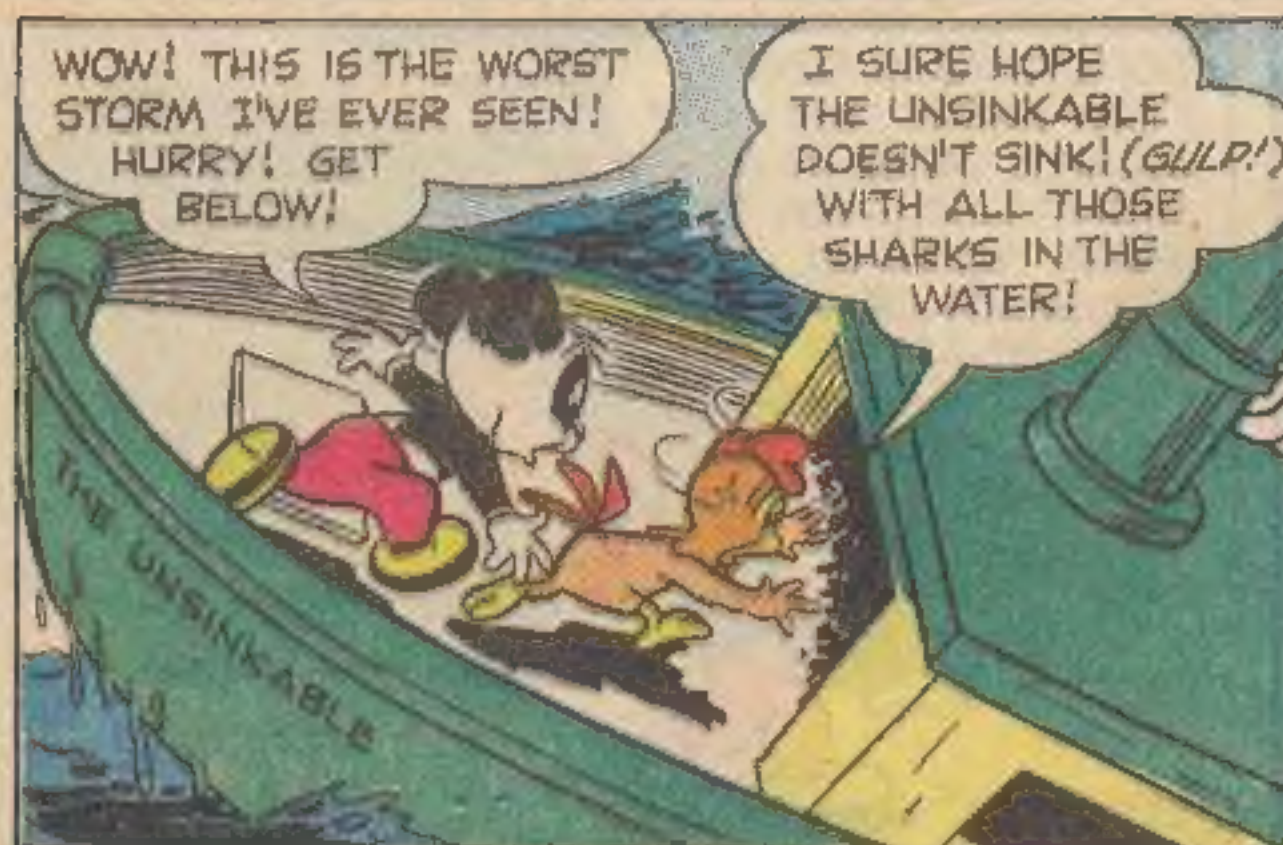
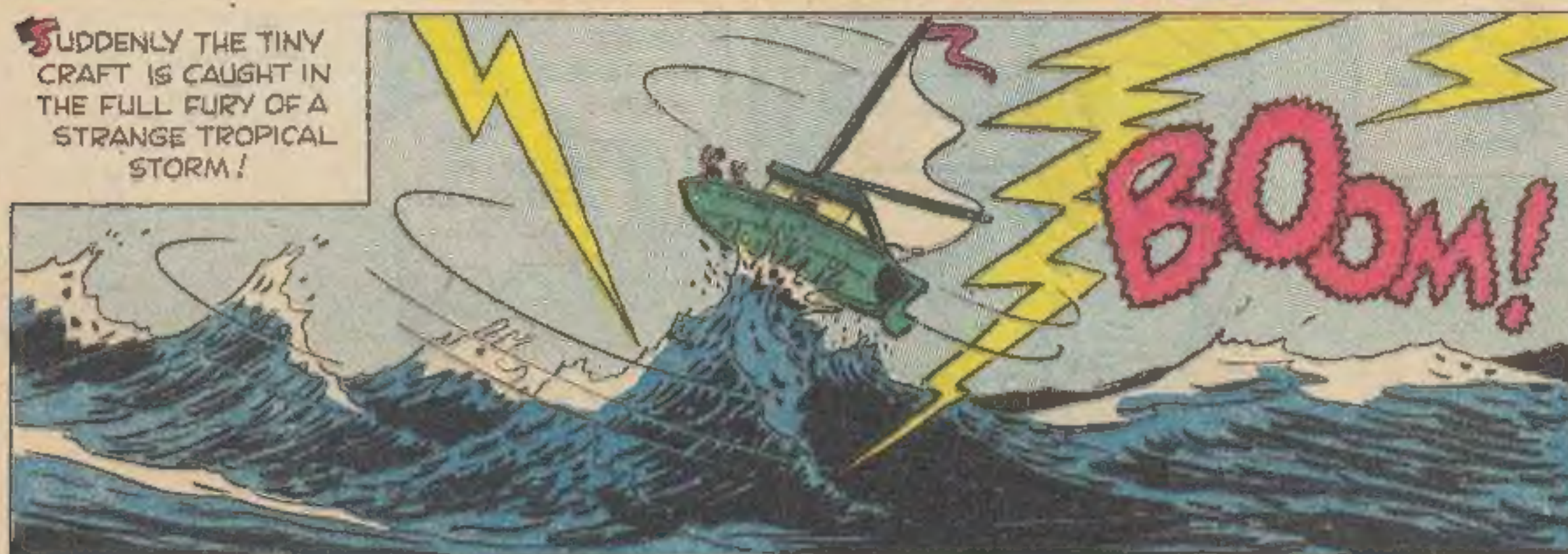
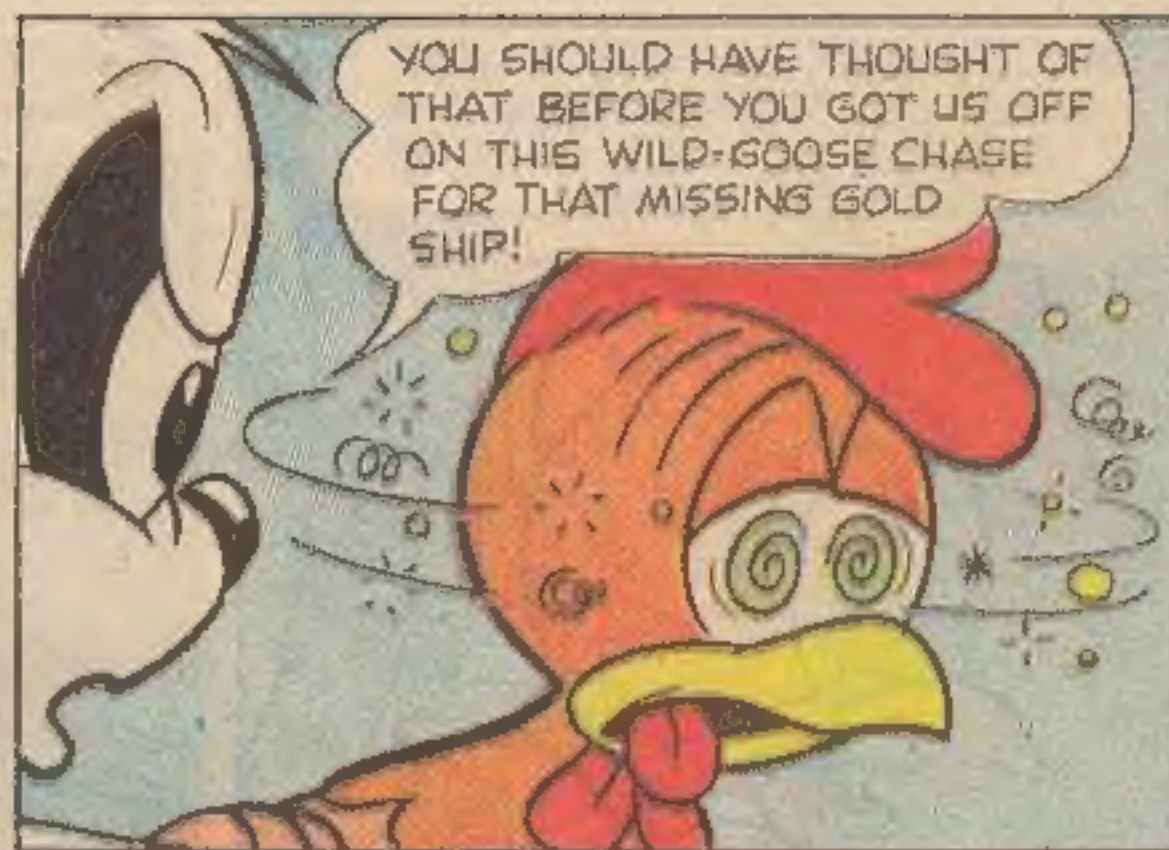
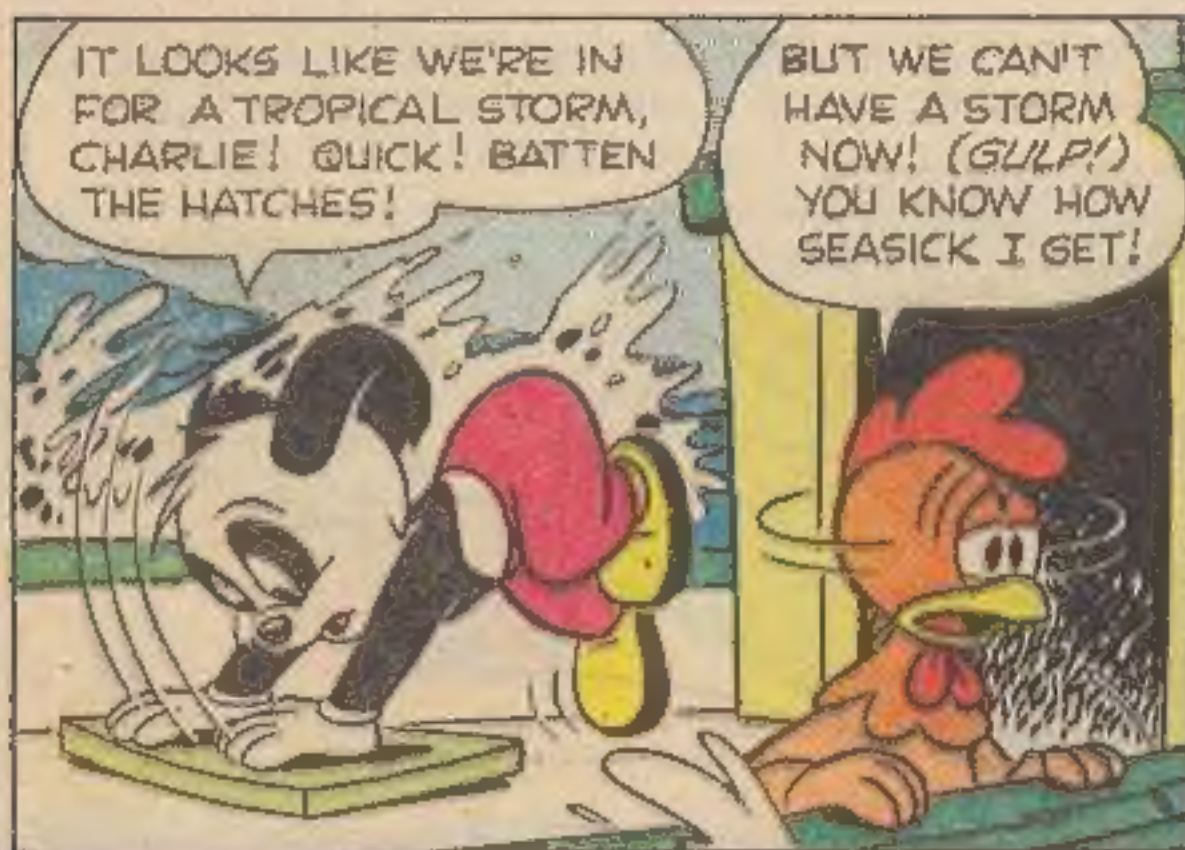




Far OUT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC WE FIND ANDY AND HIS GOOD FRIEND, CHARLIE CHICKEN...

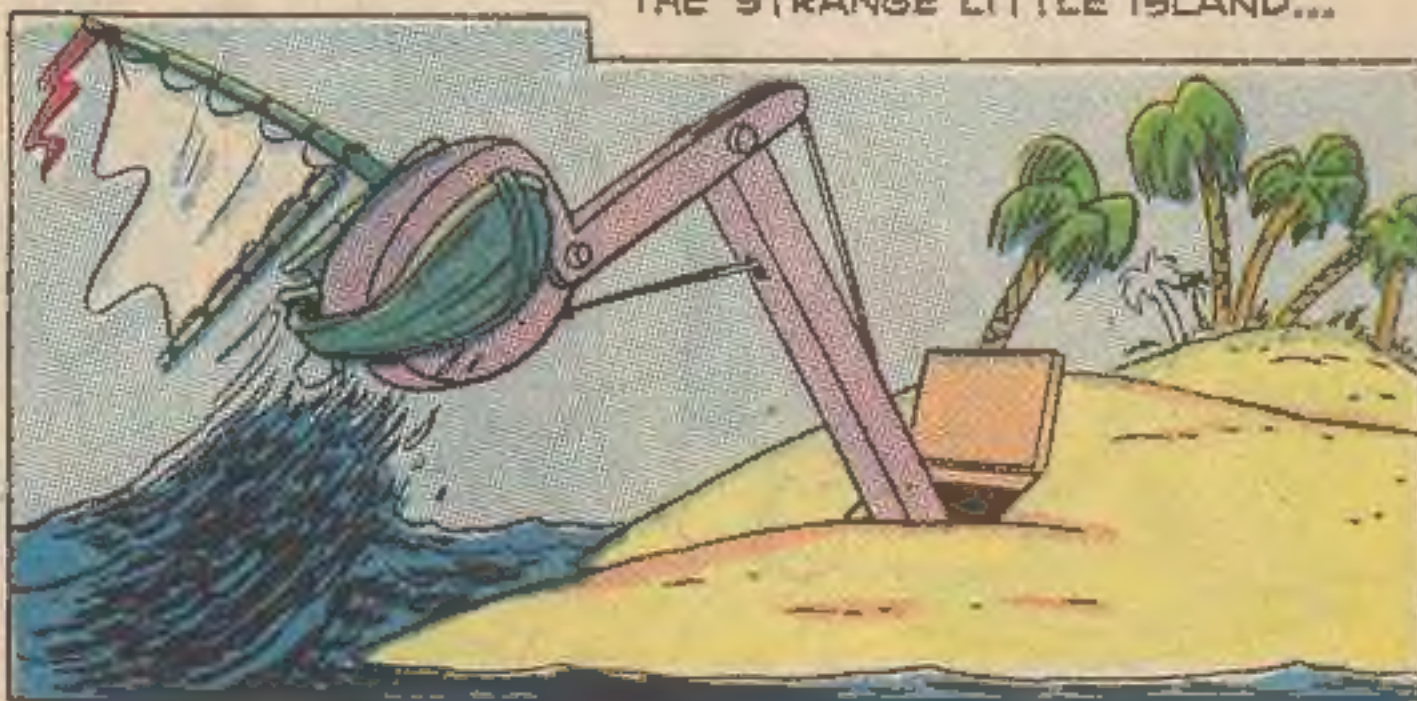




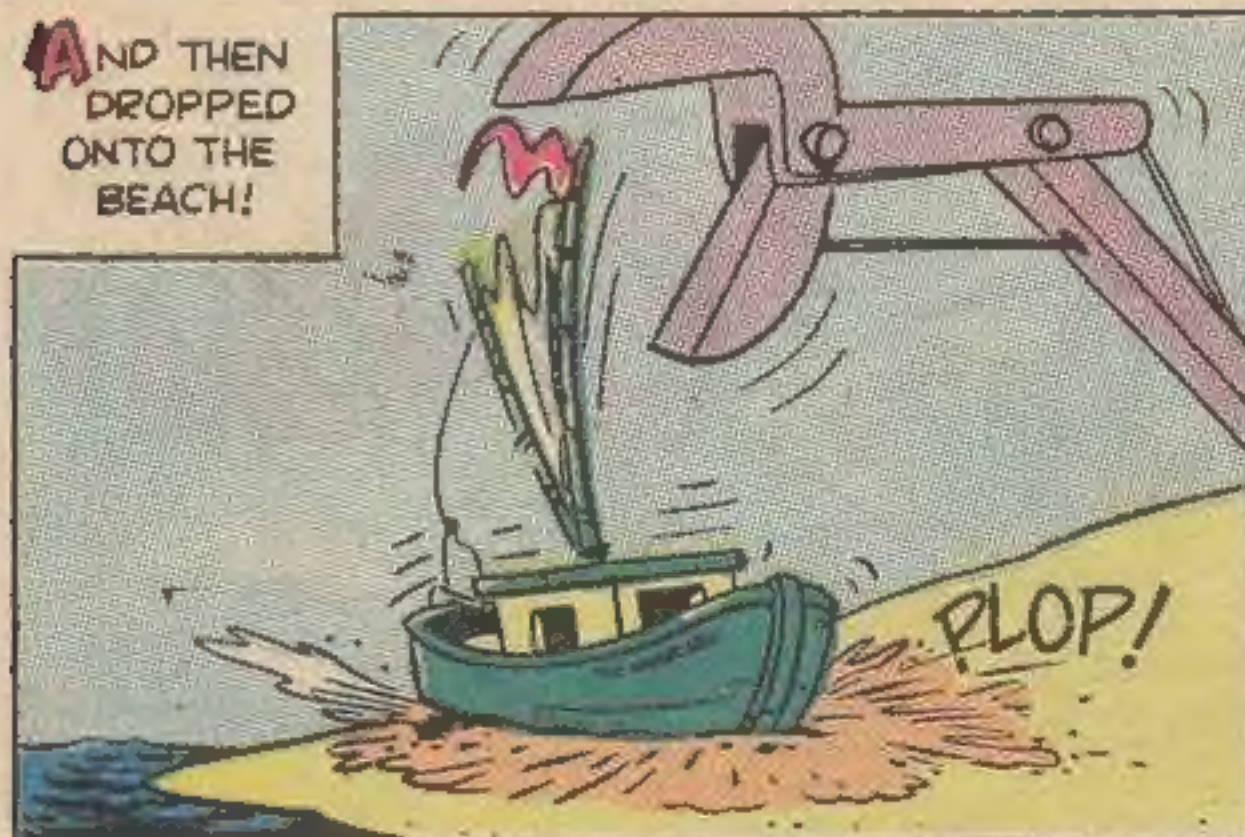


BOY, I *MUST* BE SICK! I JUST LOOKED OUT THE PORTHOLE AND I IMAGINED WE WERE UP IN THE AIR OVER THAT ISLAND!

CHARLIE ISN'T JUST SEEING THINGS! THEIR TINY SHIP HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY A GIANT STEEL CLAW FROM THE STRANGE LITTLE ISLAND...

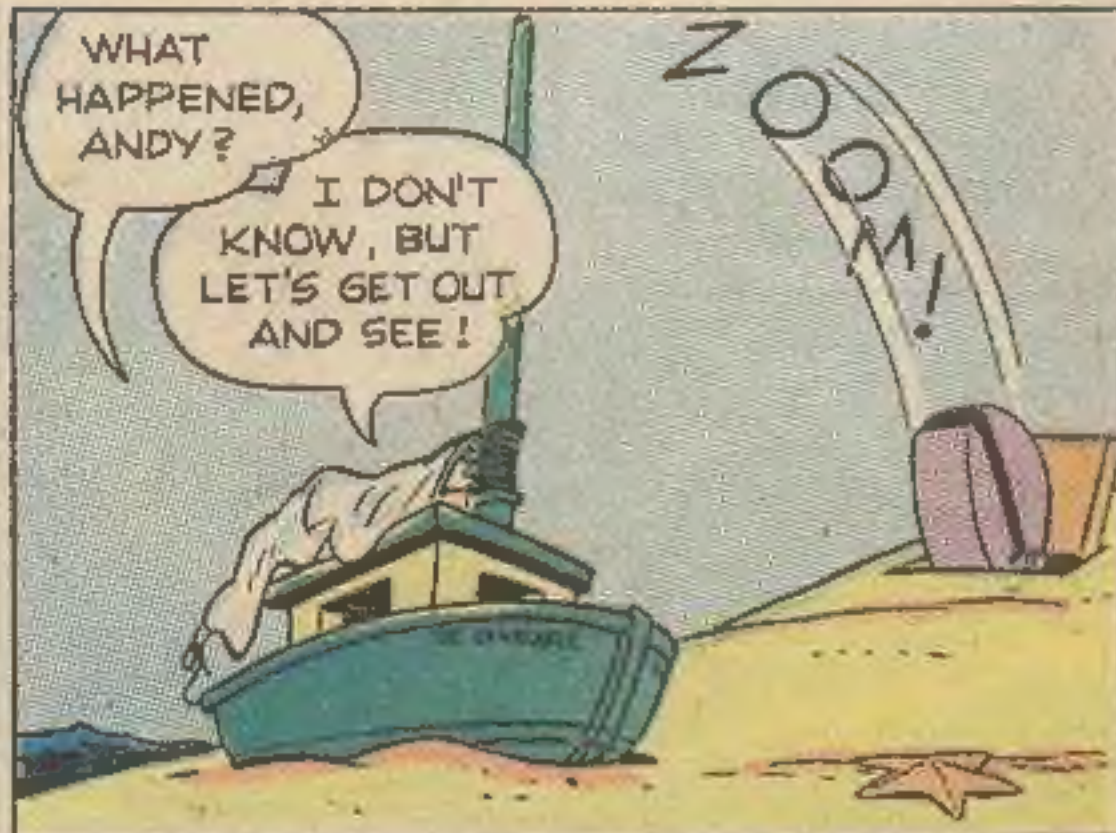


AND THEN DROPPED ONTO THE BEACH!



WHAT HAPPENED, ANDY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT LET'S GET OUT AND SEE!



LOOK! WE'RE ON THE BEACH! HOW DID WE GET *HERE*?

COME ON, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

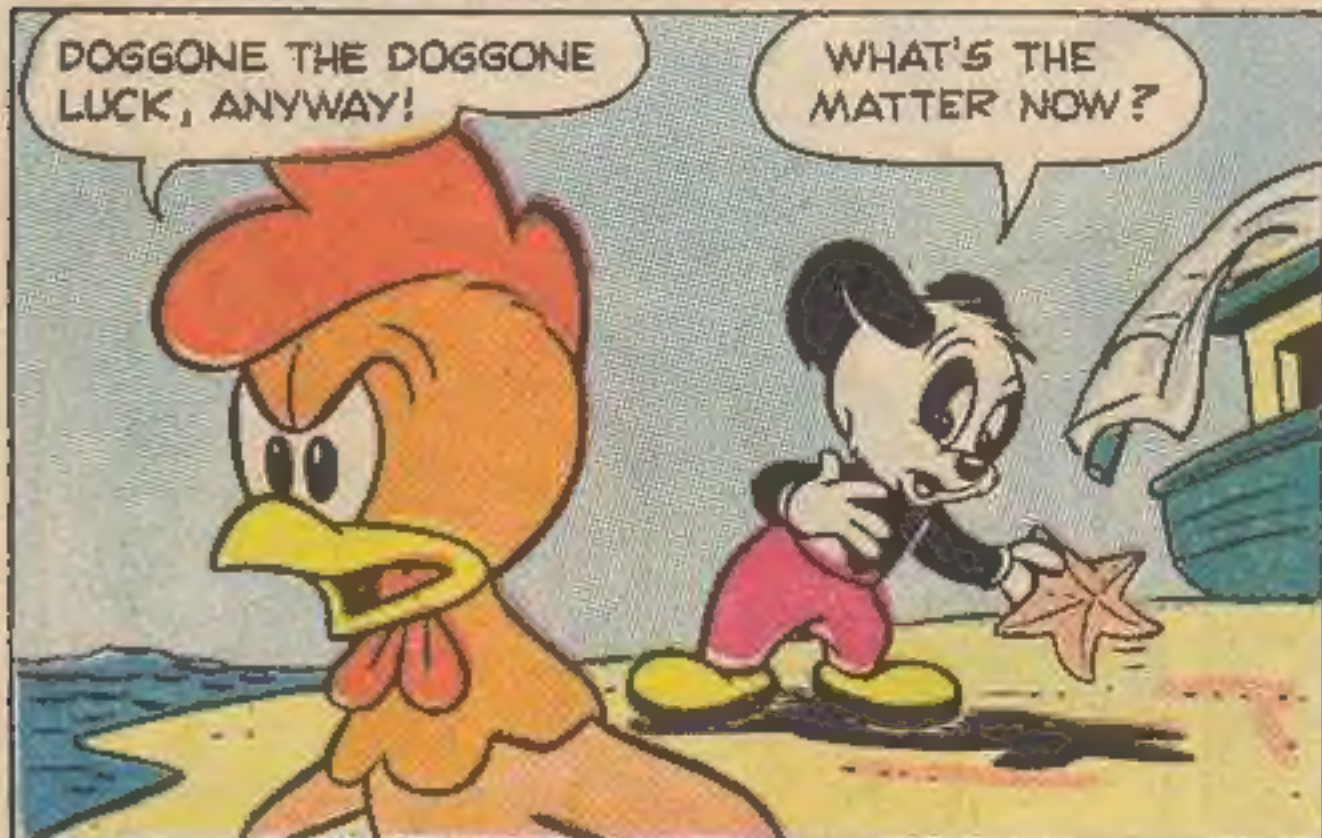


SOMETHING IS MIGHTY FISHY ABOUT THIS! ONE MINUTE WE'RE IN A STORM AND THEN, *POW!* WE'RE ON THE BEACH OF A STRANGE LITTLE ISLAND!

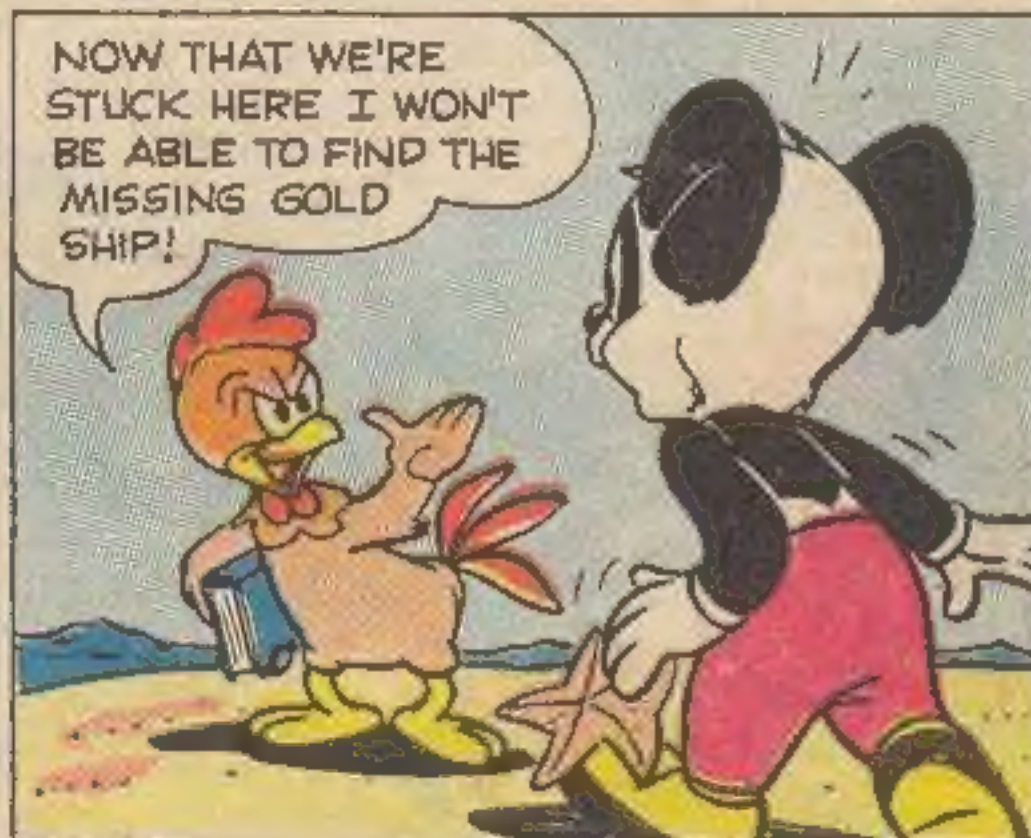


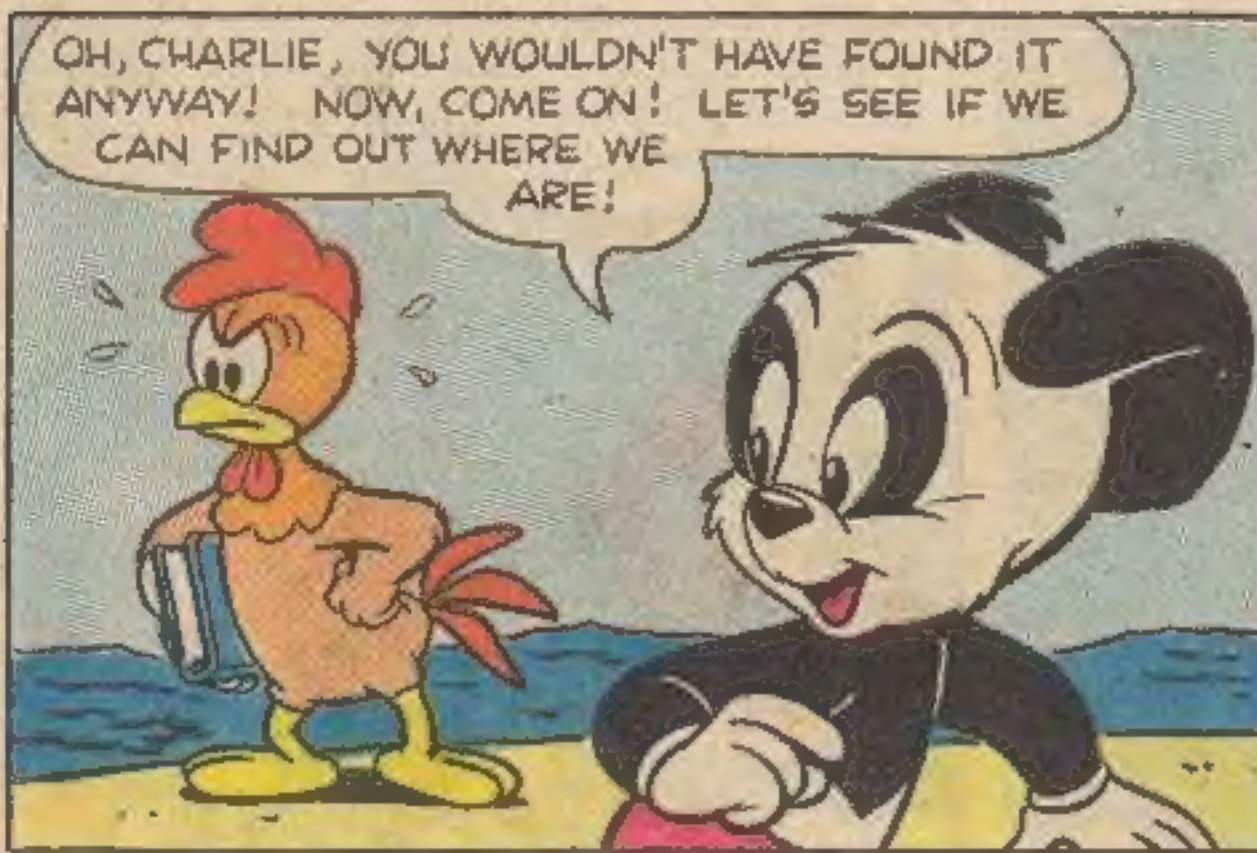
DOGGONE THE DOGGONE LUCK, ANYWAY!

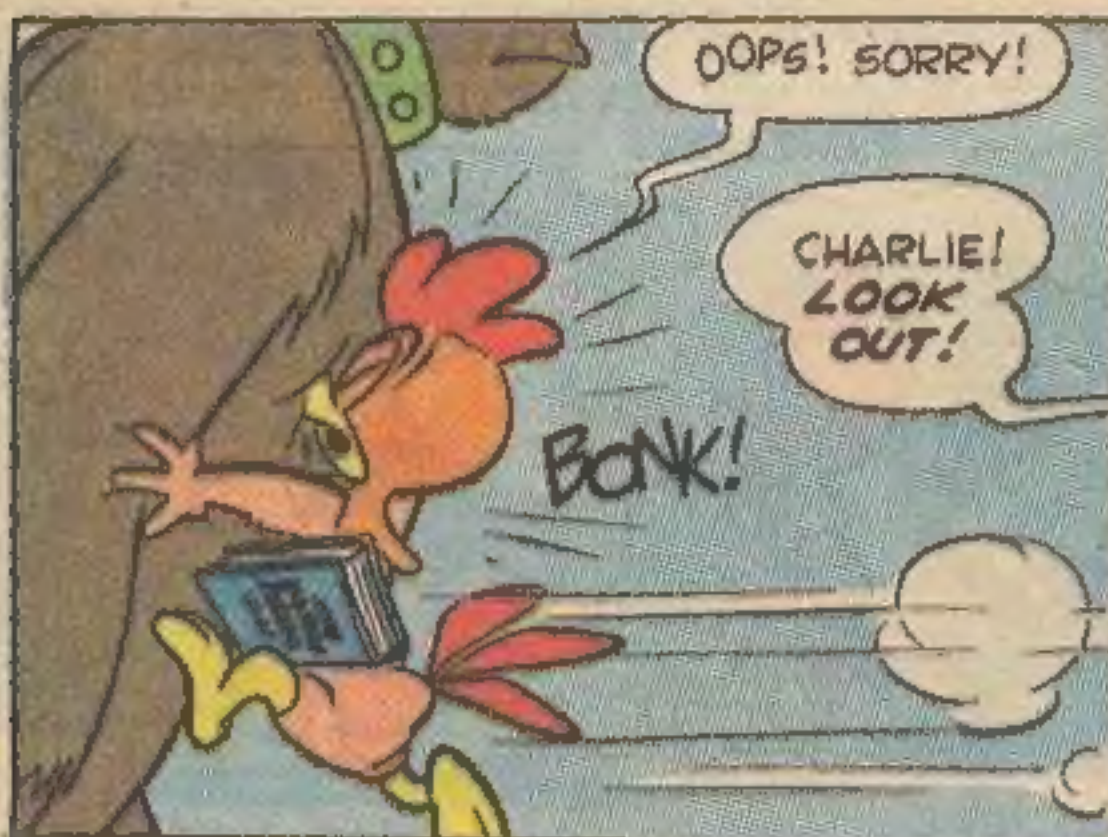
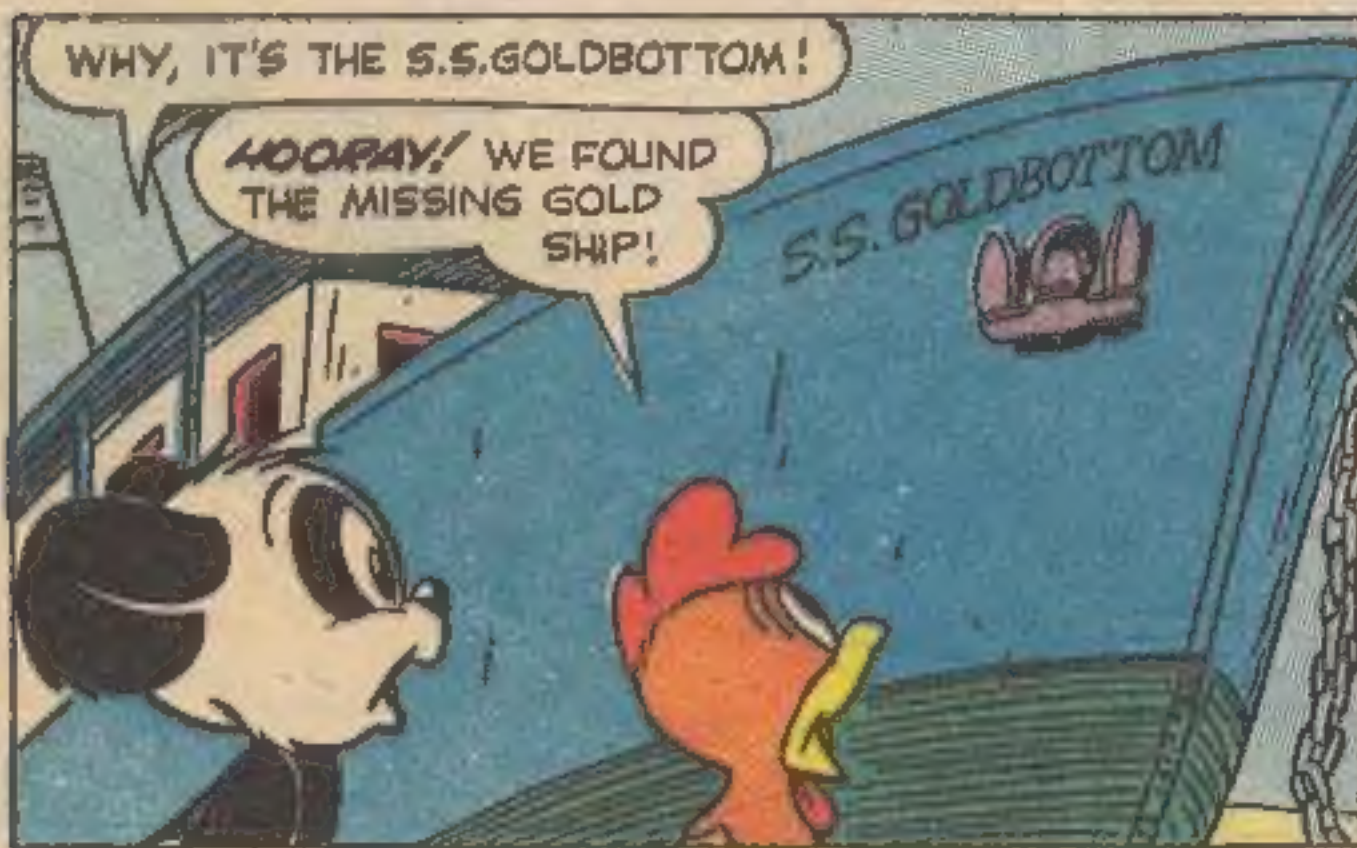
WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

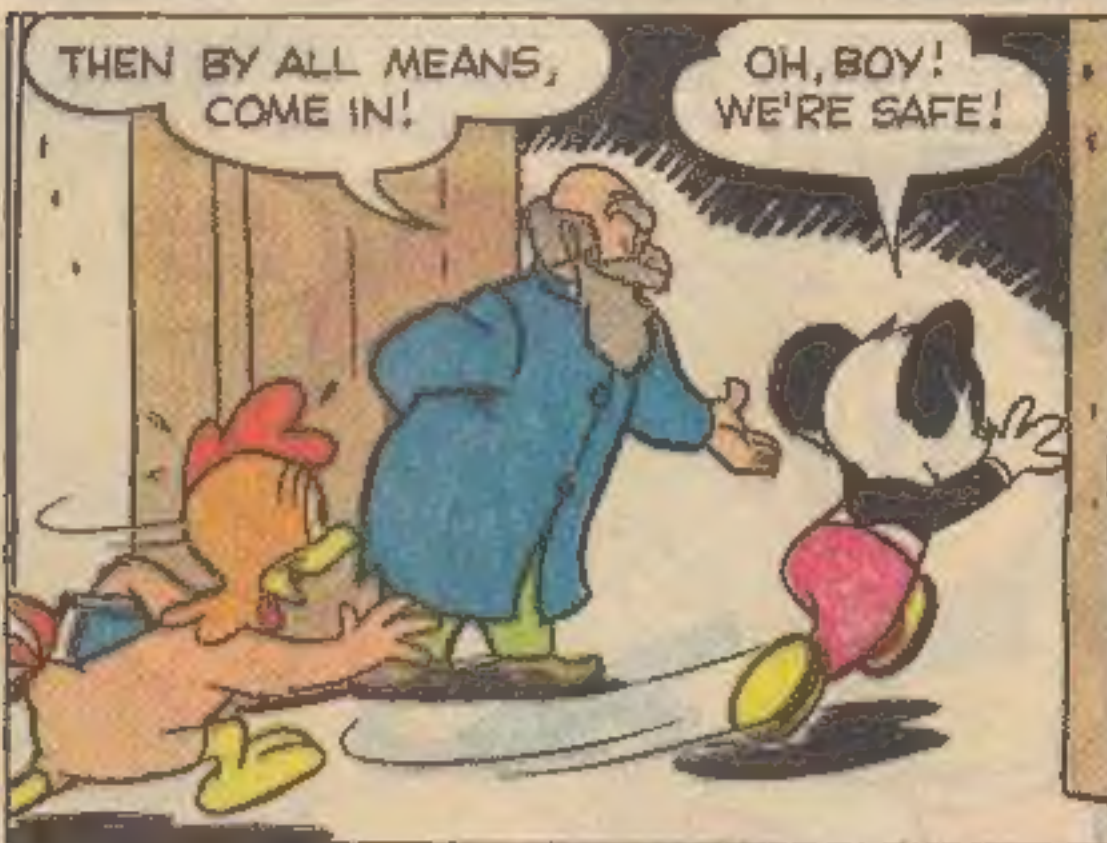
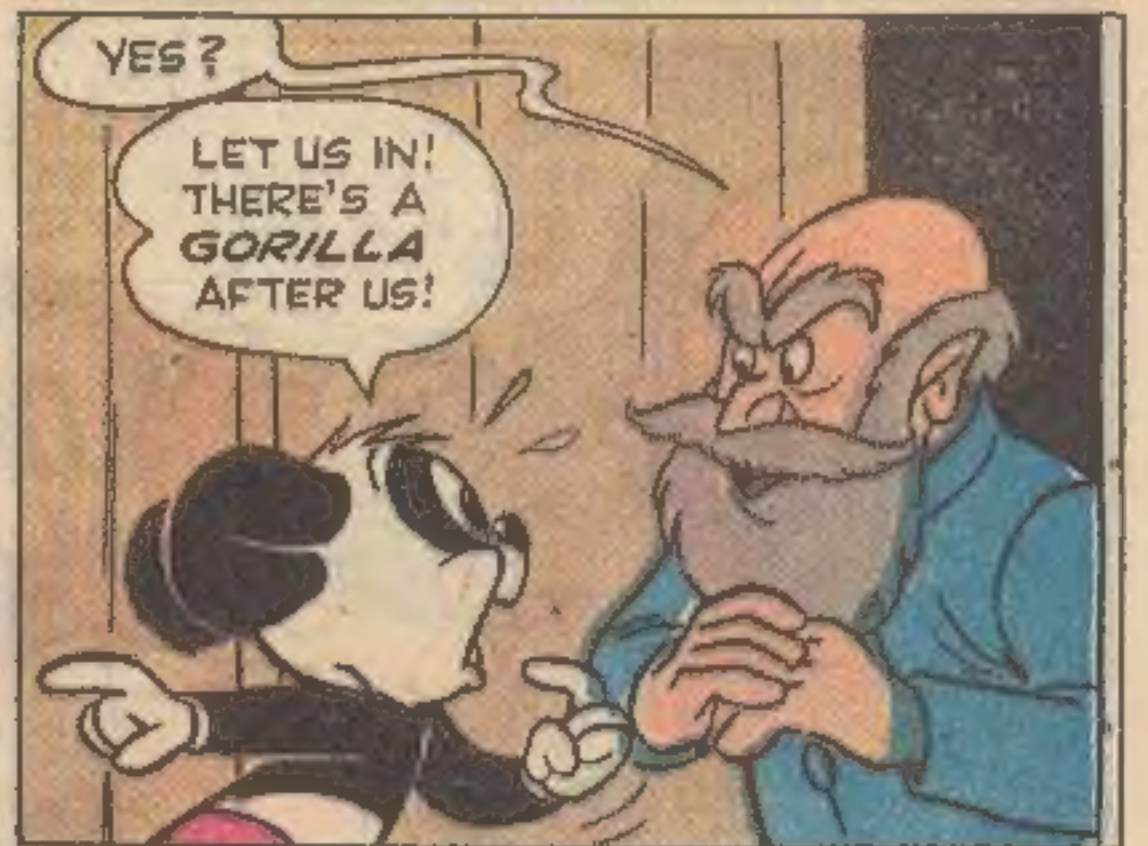


NOW THAT WE'RE STUCK HERE I WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND THE MISSING GOLD SHIP!











WHAT? YOU'RE LETTING THE GORILLA IN TOO?!

BUT OF COURSE!



YOU SEE, SOME PEOPLE HAVE BODYGUARDS OR BURGLAR ALARMS OR WATCHDOGS!



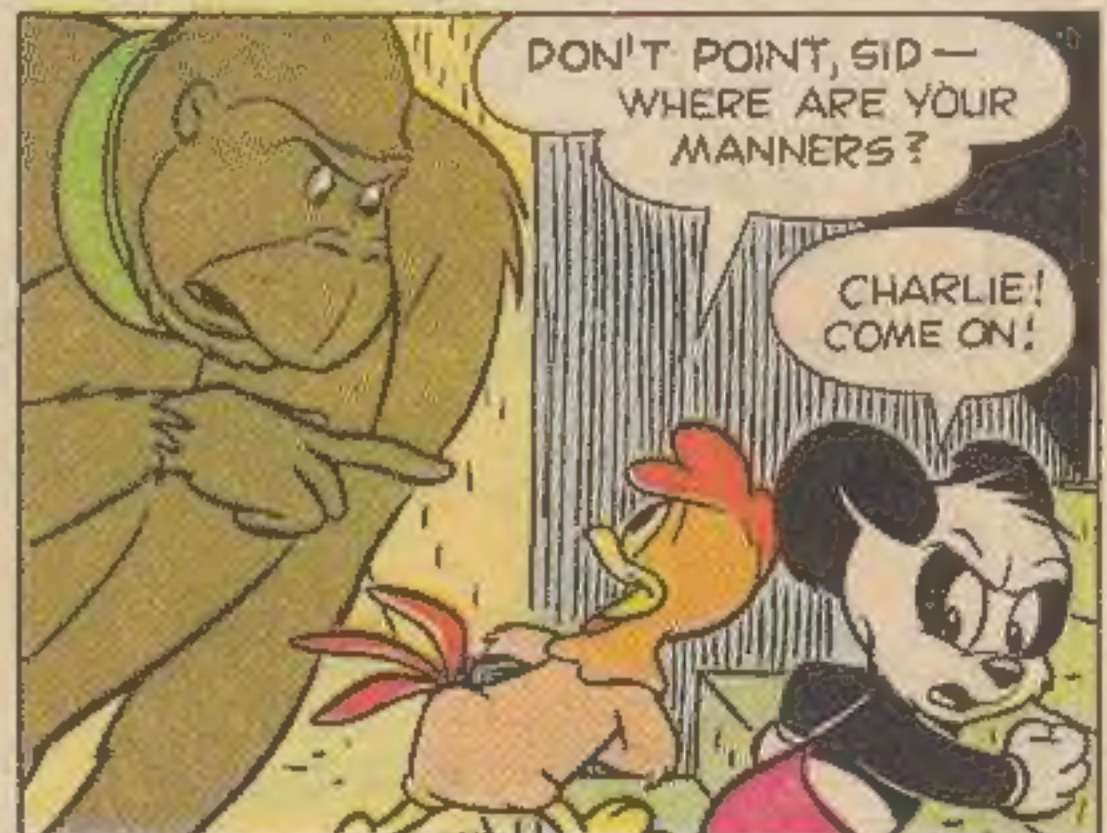
BUT I HAVE **SIDNEY**! DO YOU GET THE PICTURE?



BOY, DO WE EVER! WELL, GOT TO GO NOW! HA! HA! (GULP!) SO LONG, MISTER! 'BYE, 'BYE, SID!



NO! YOU ARE MY GUESTS, AND YOU WILL STAY UNTIL I TELL YOU TO LEAVE! SIDNEY WILL NOW SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM!



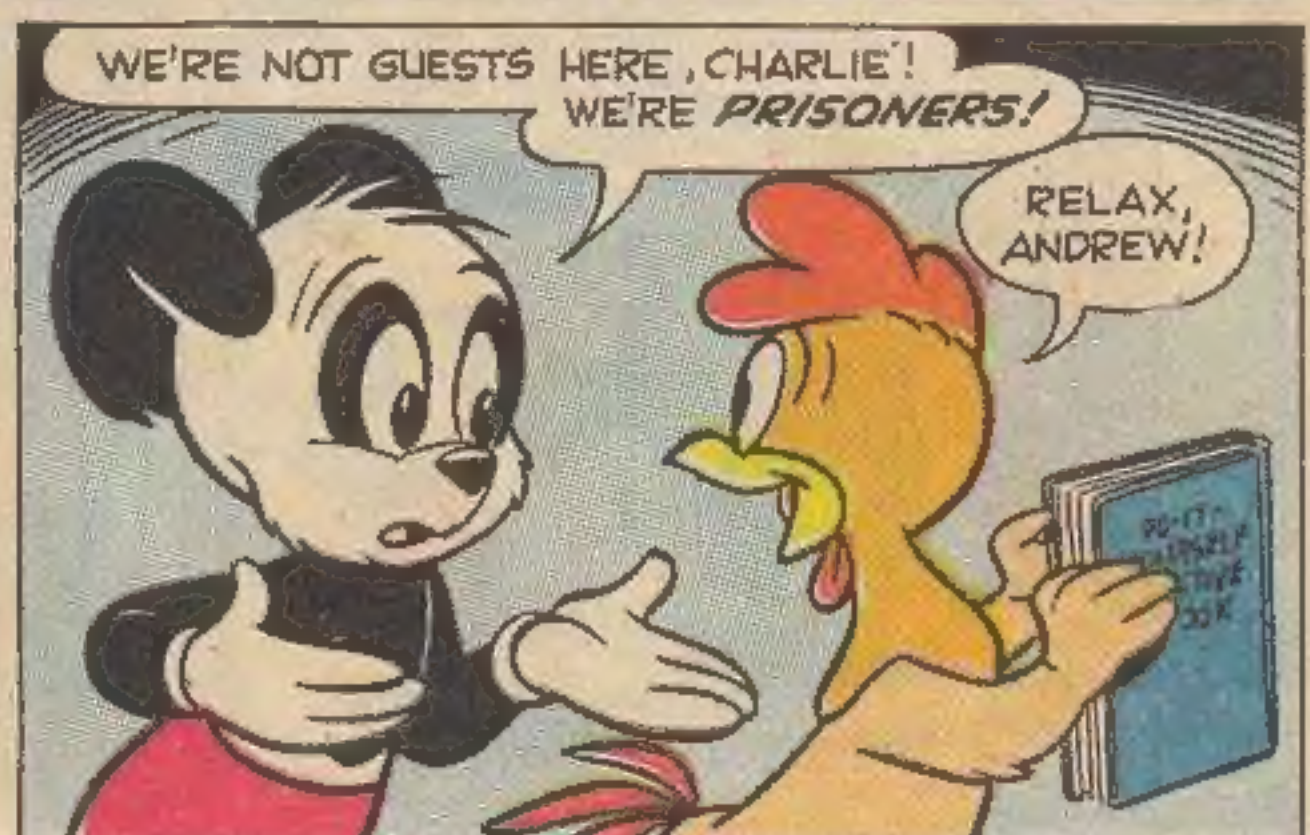
DON'T POINT, SID — WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?

CHARLIE! COME ON!



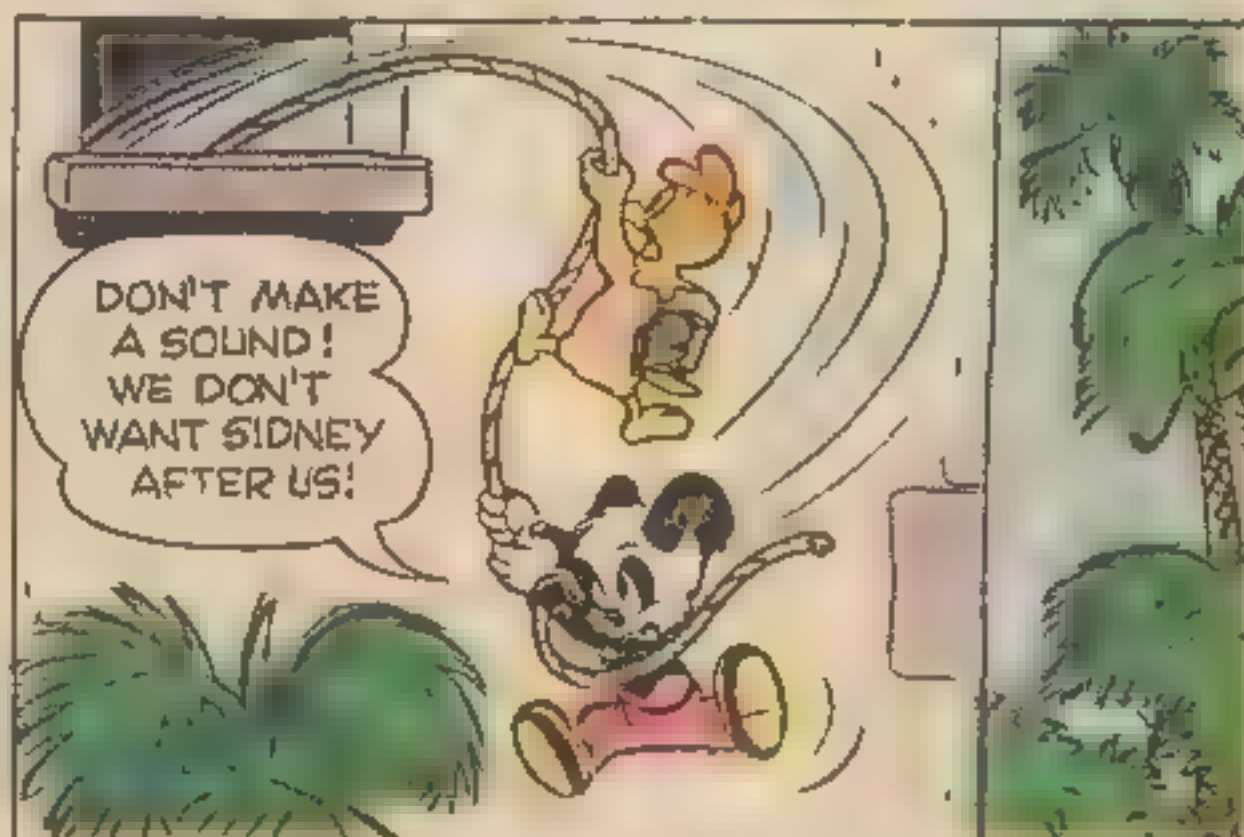
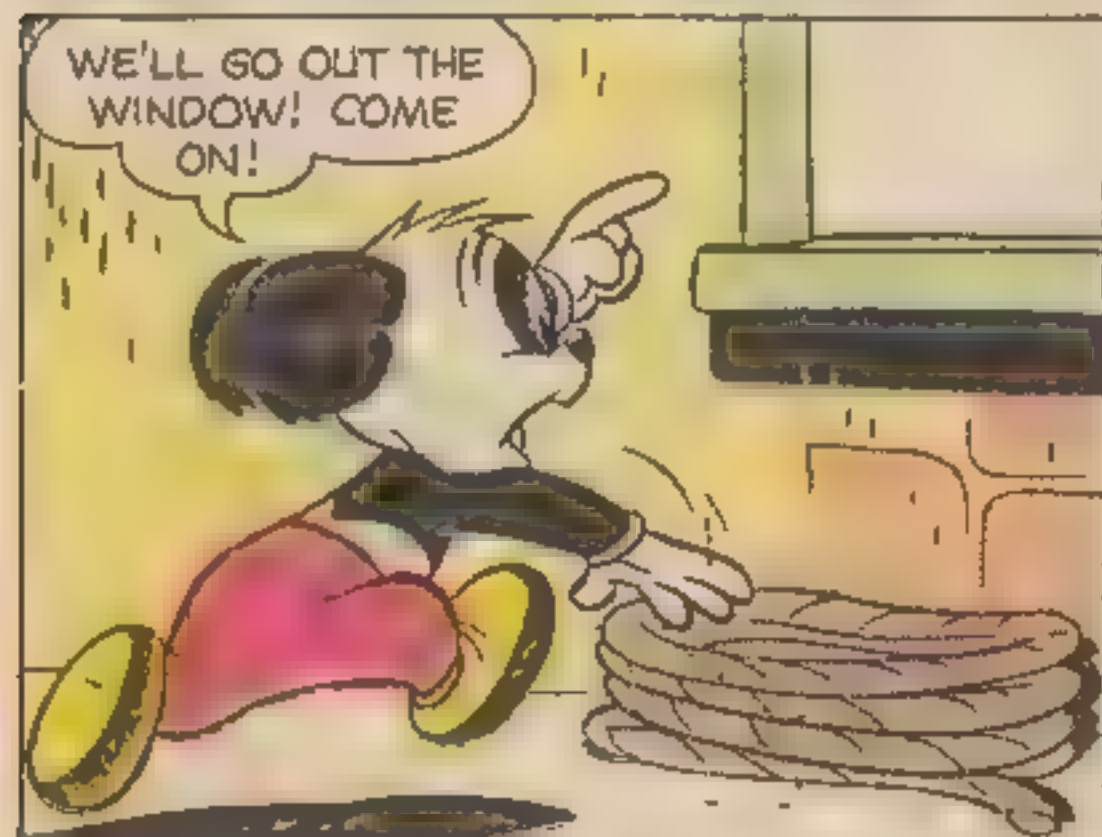
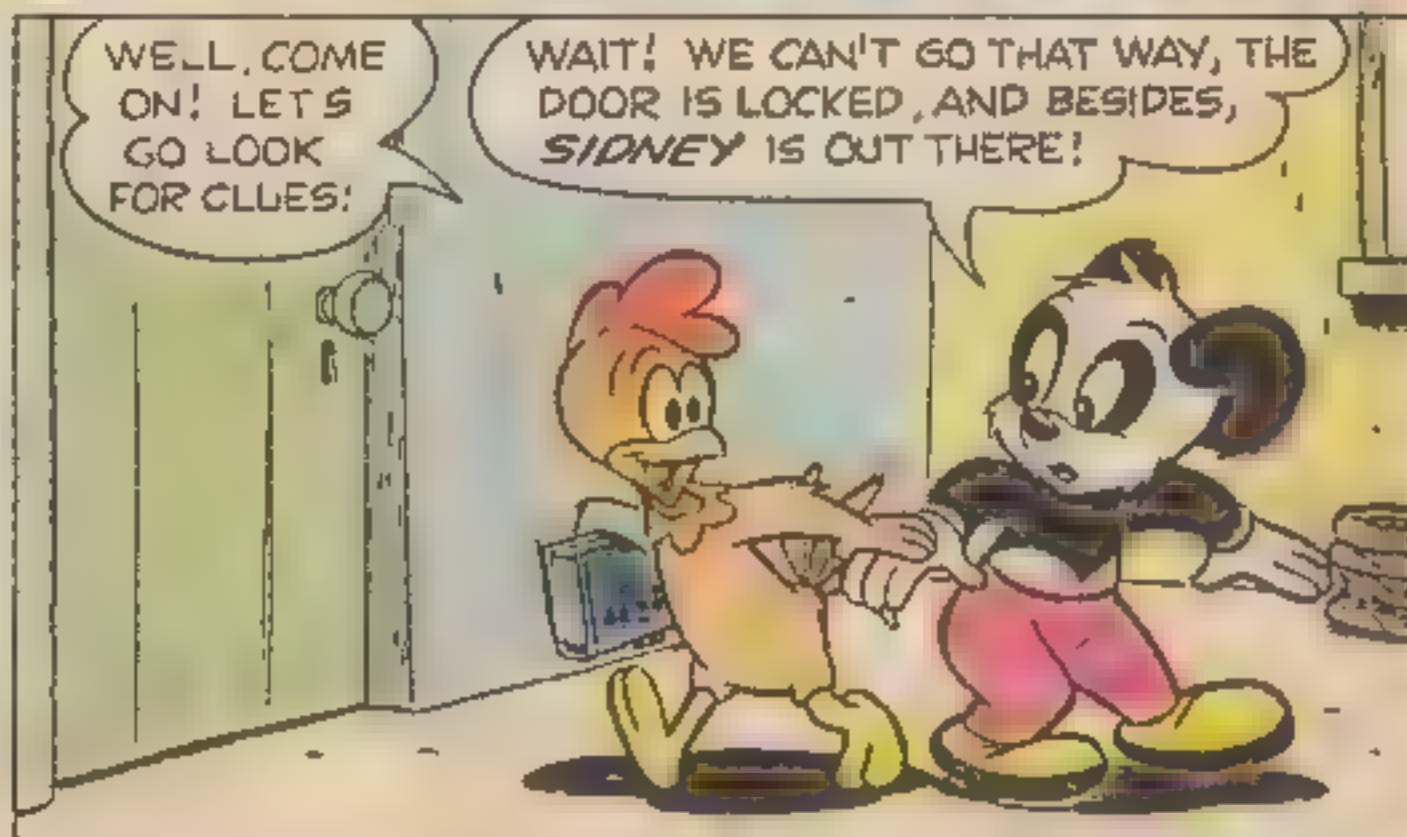
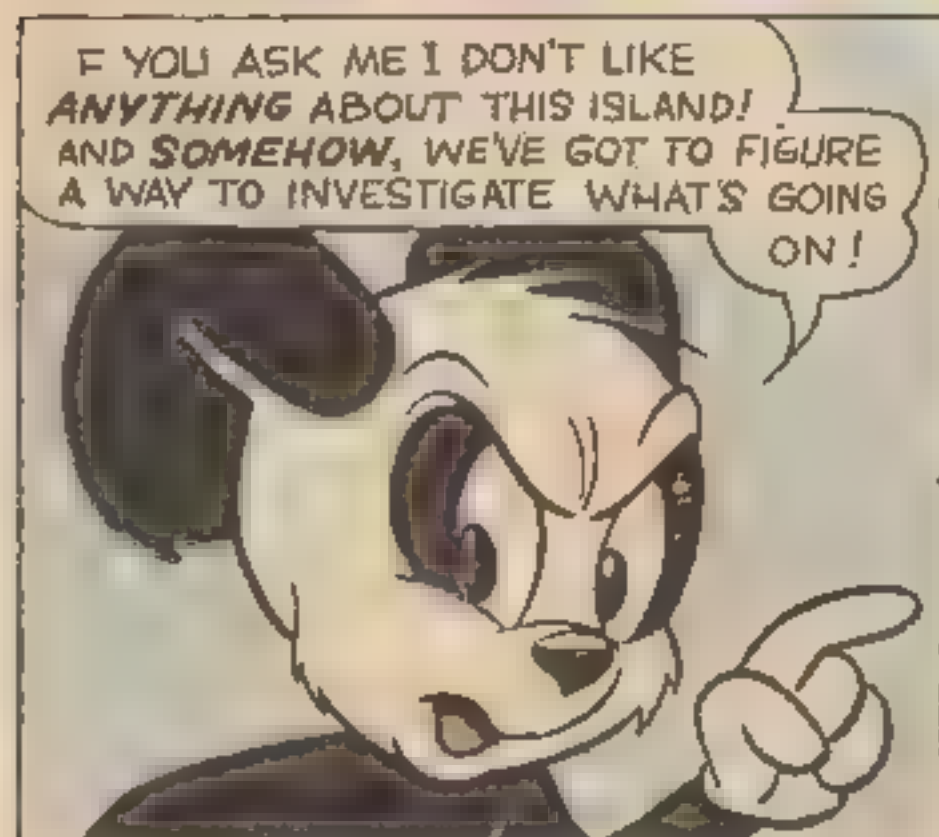
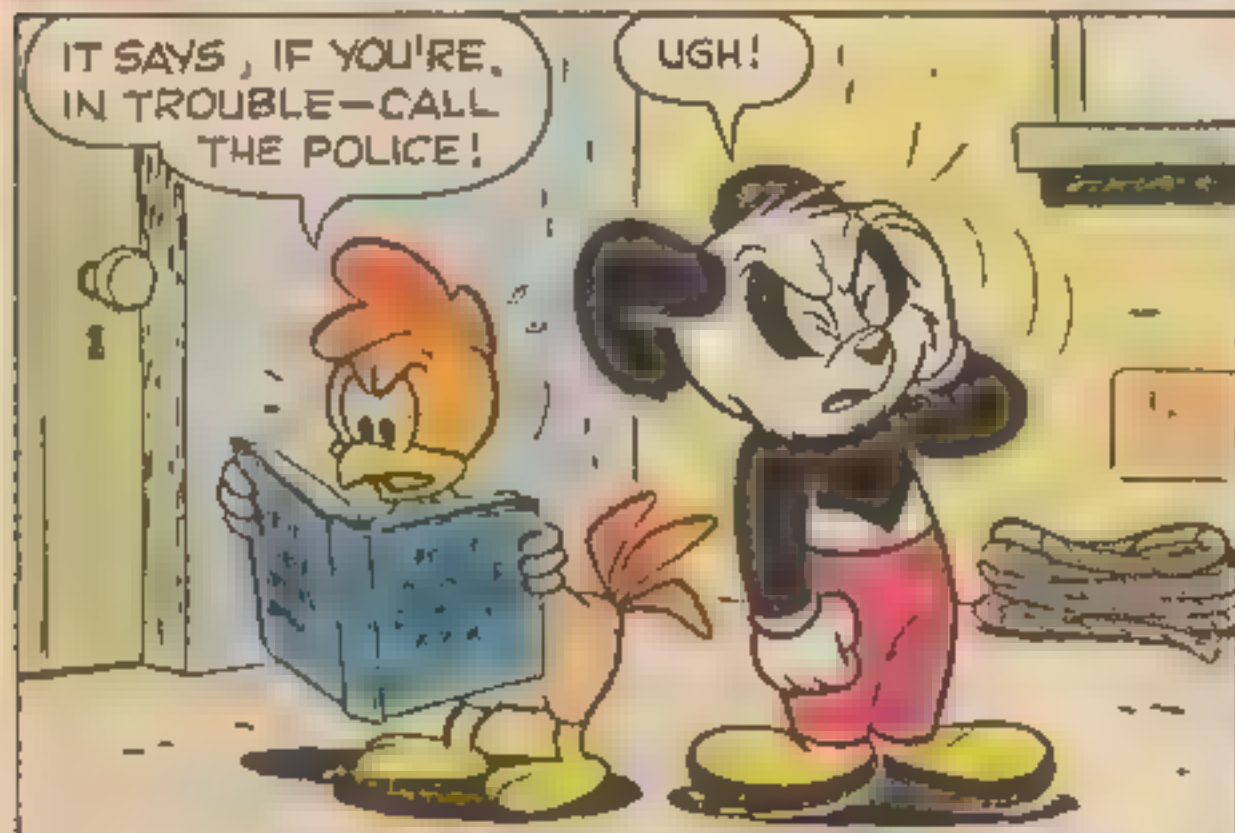
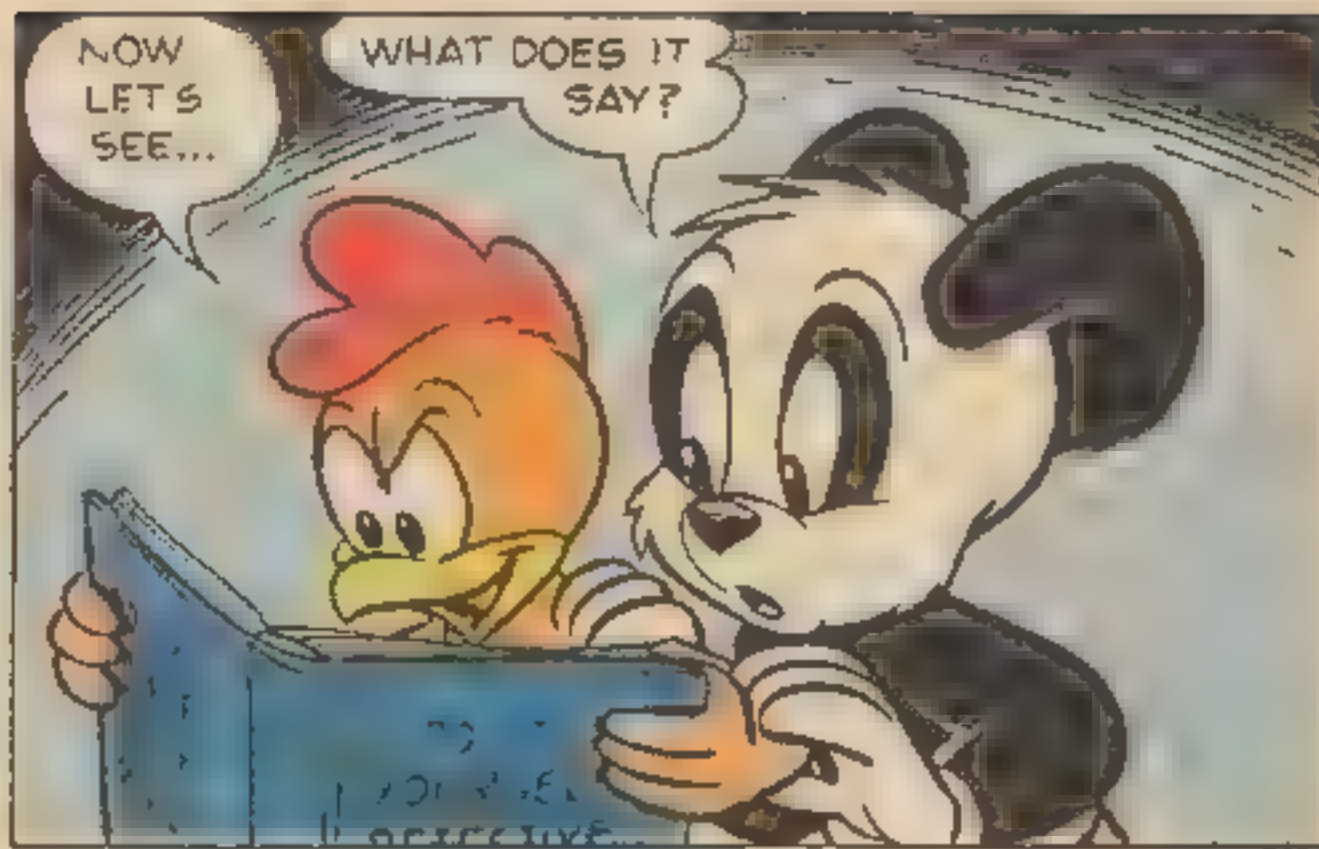
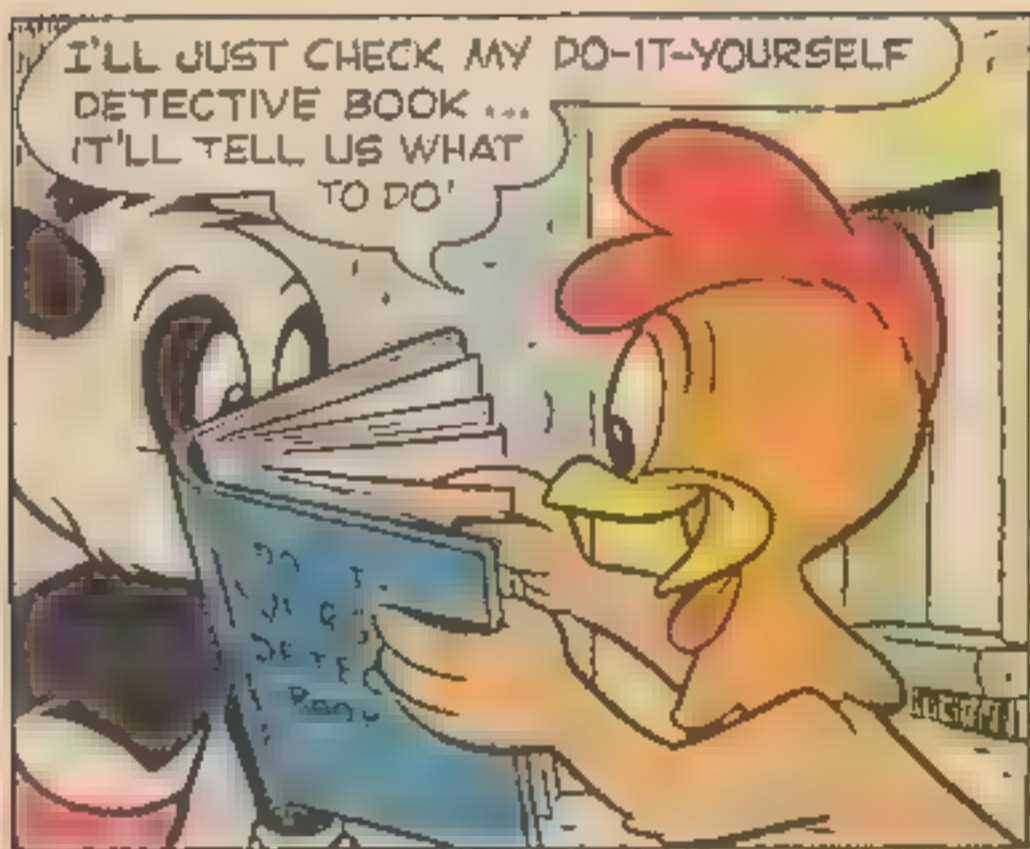
CLICK!

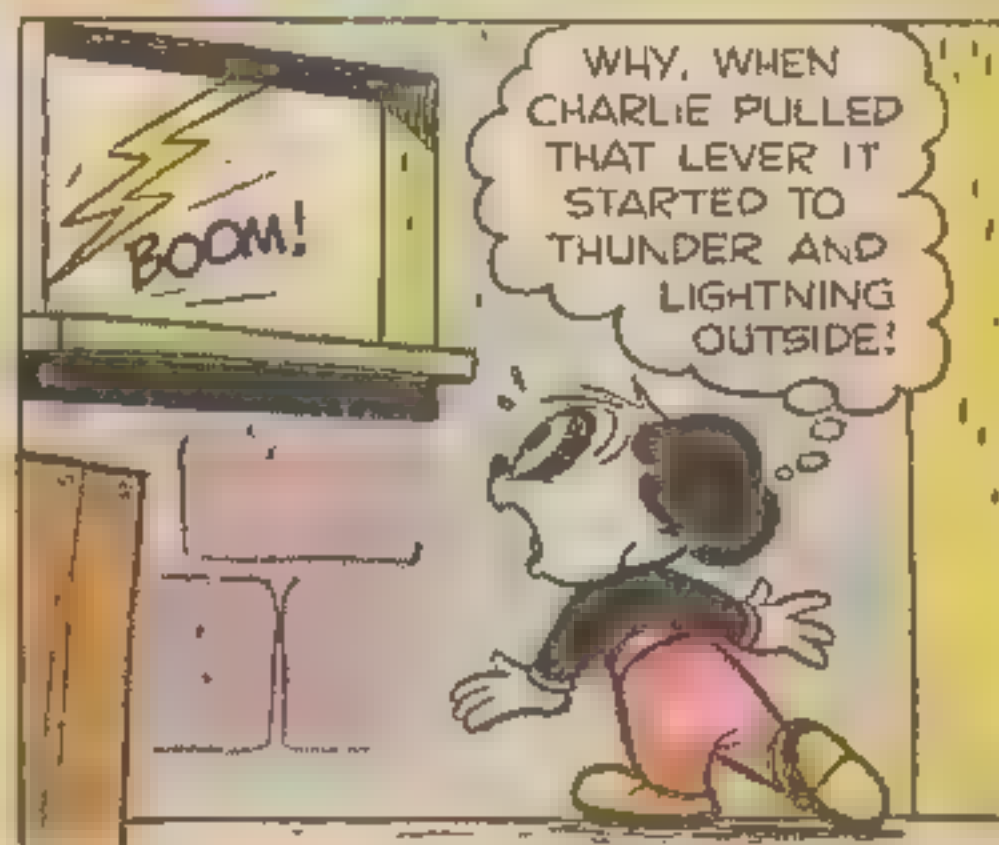
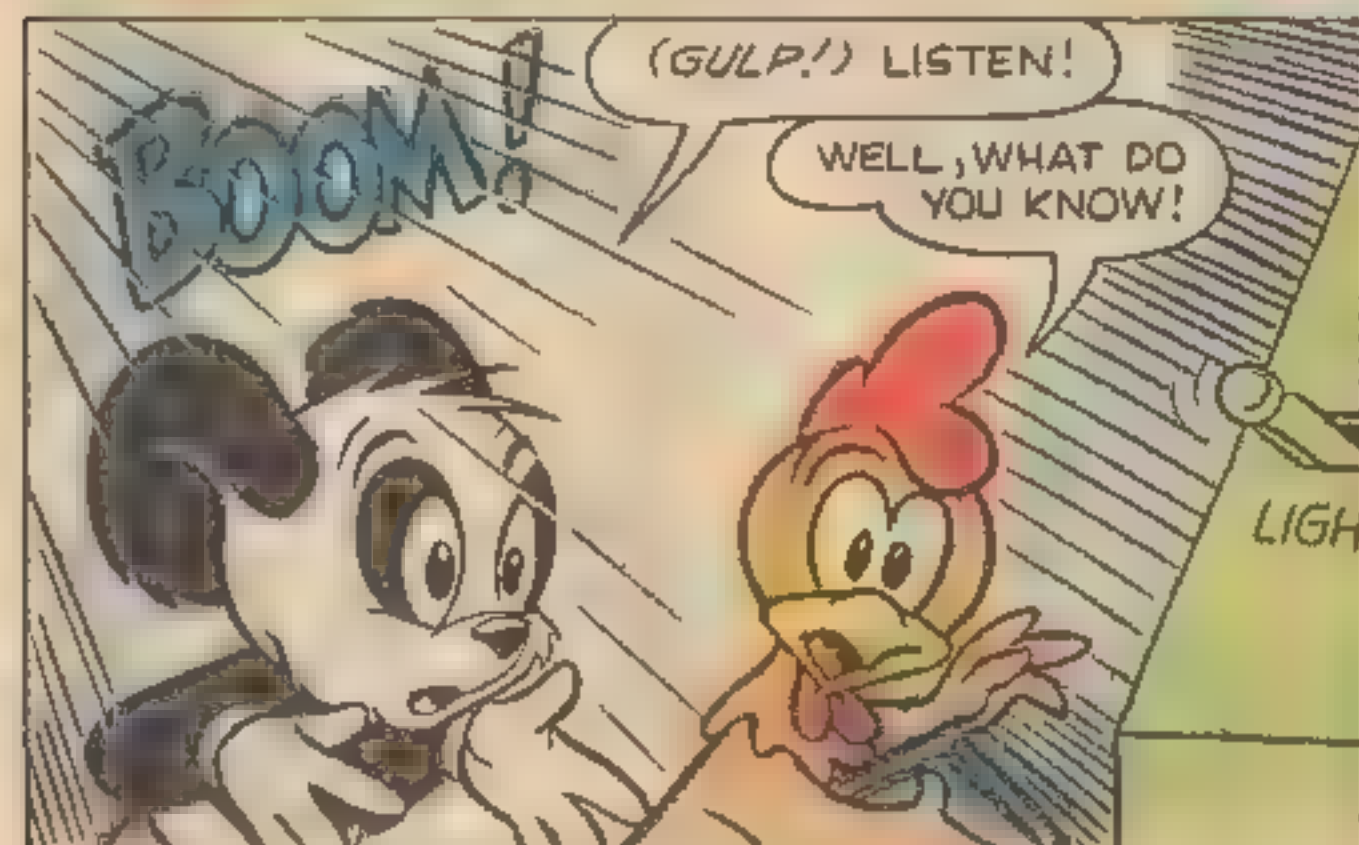
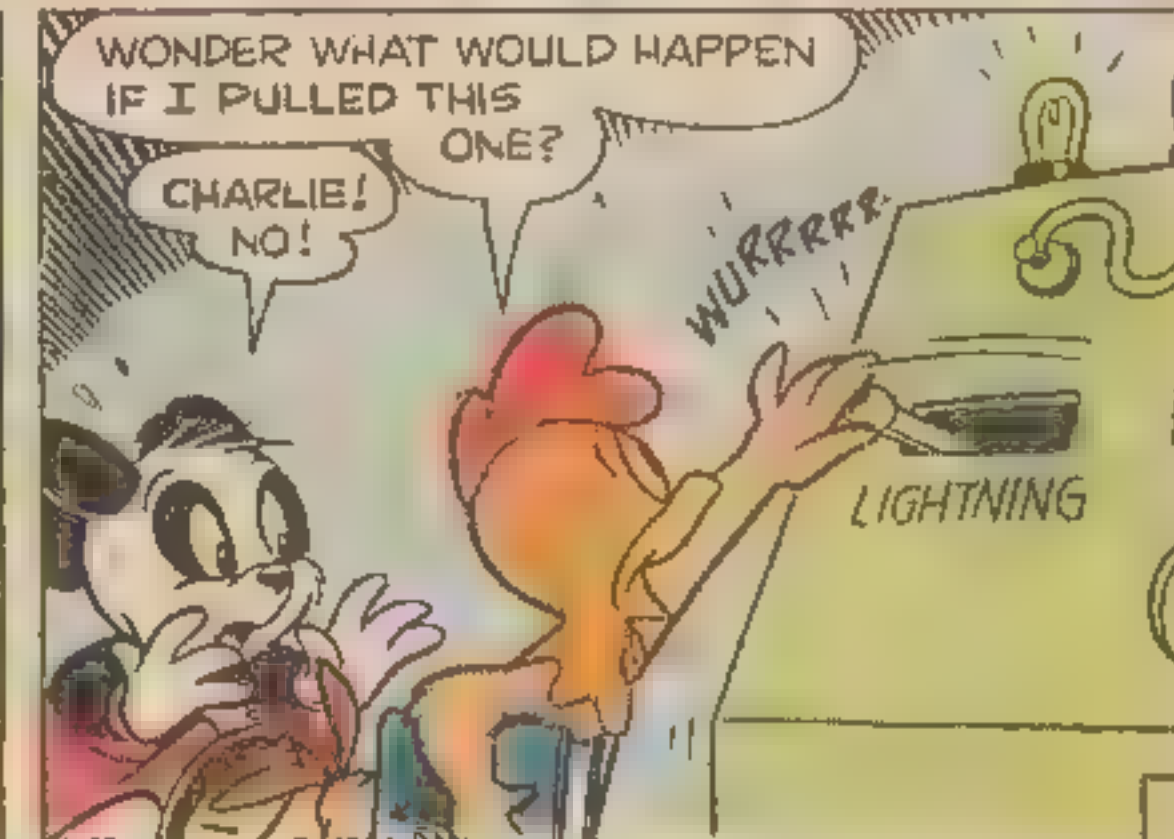
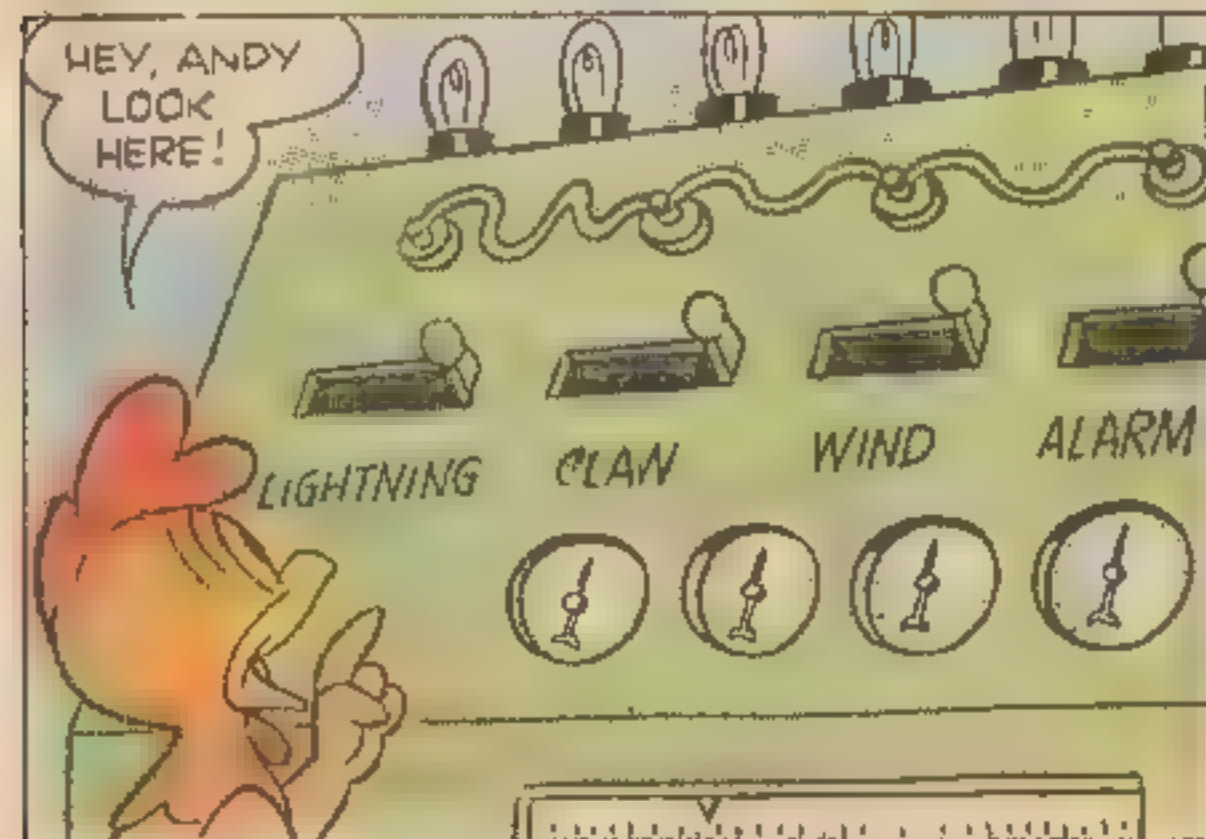
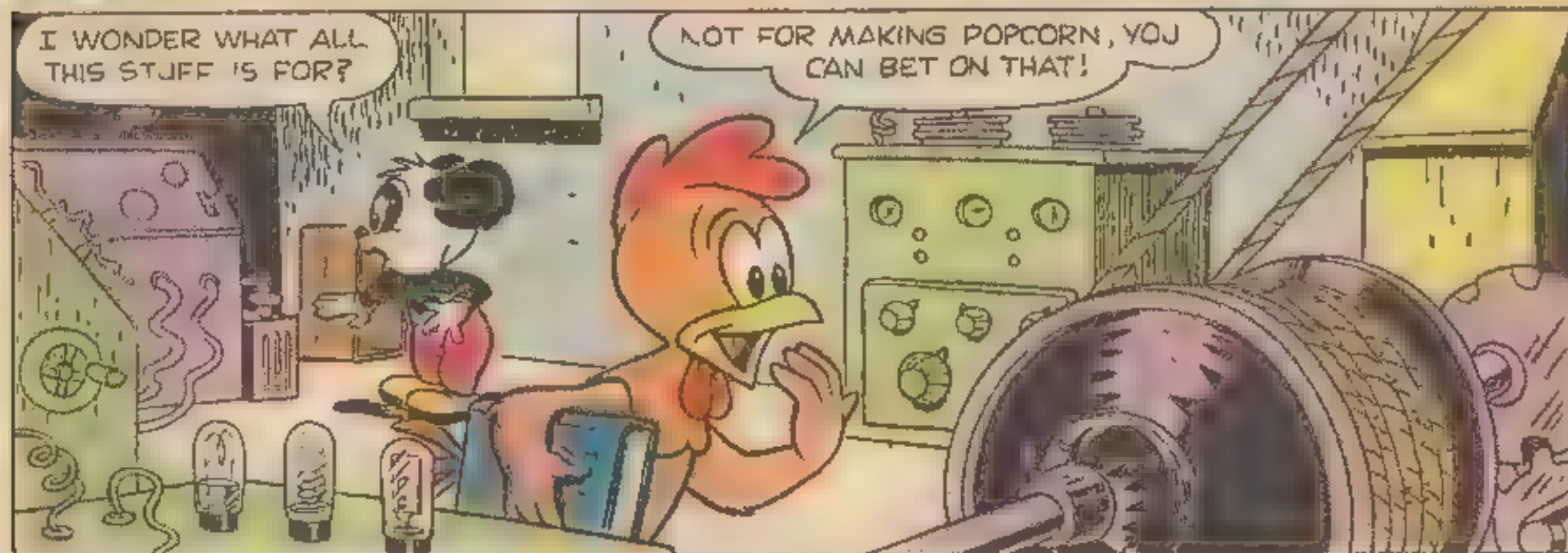
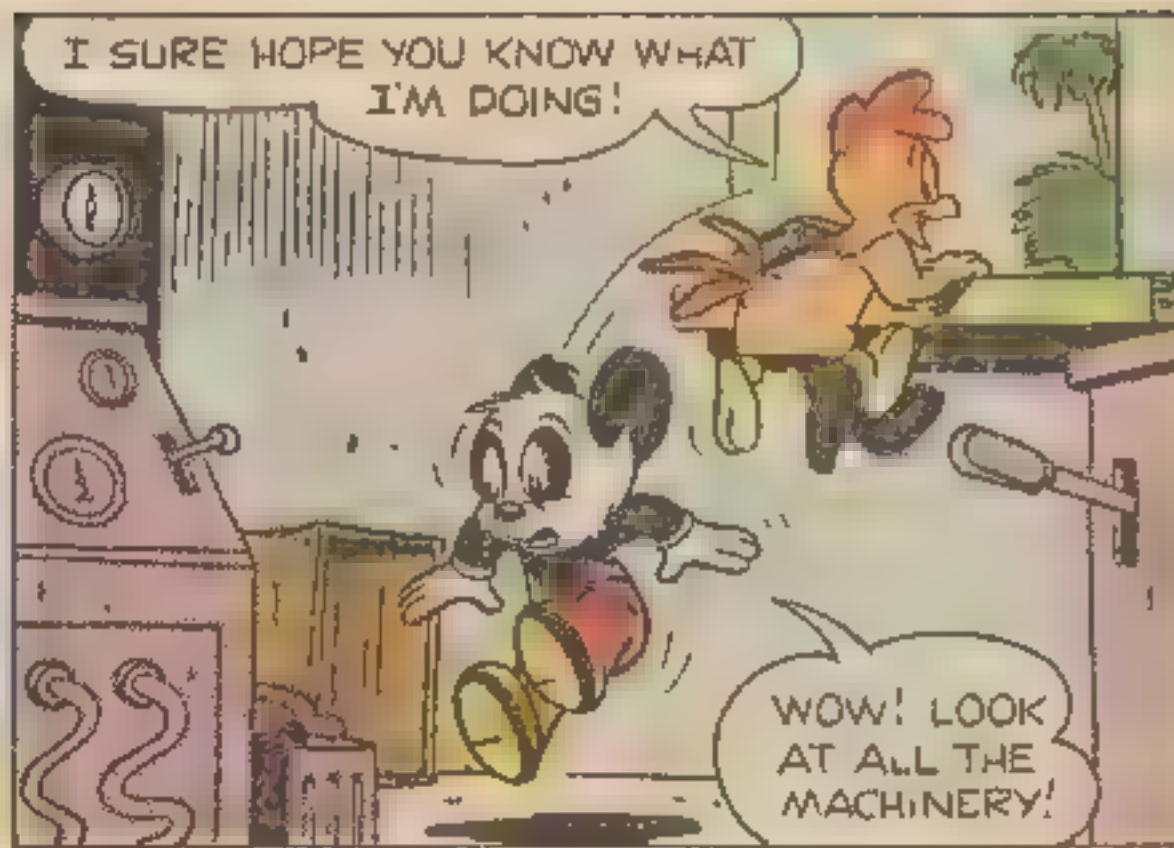
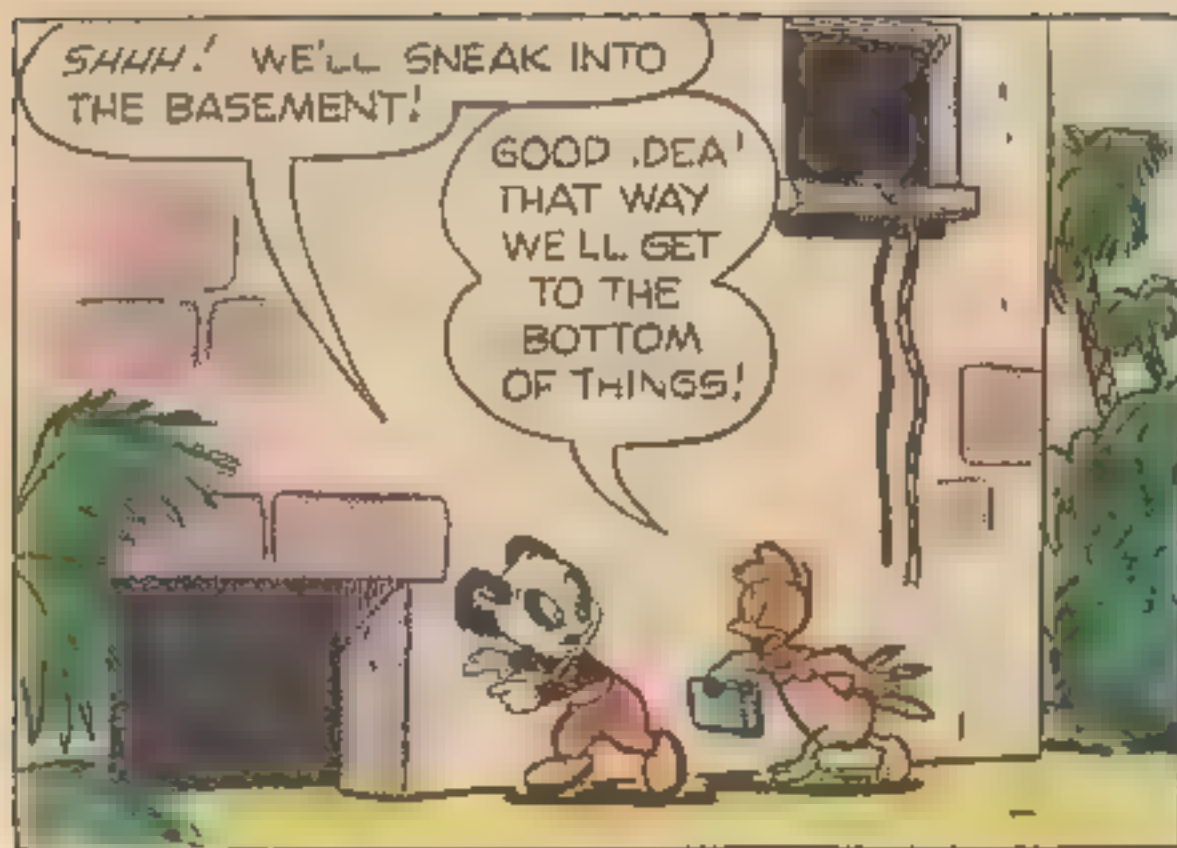
UH-OH! THEY LOCKED THE DOOR!

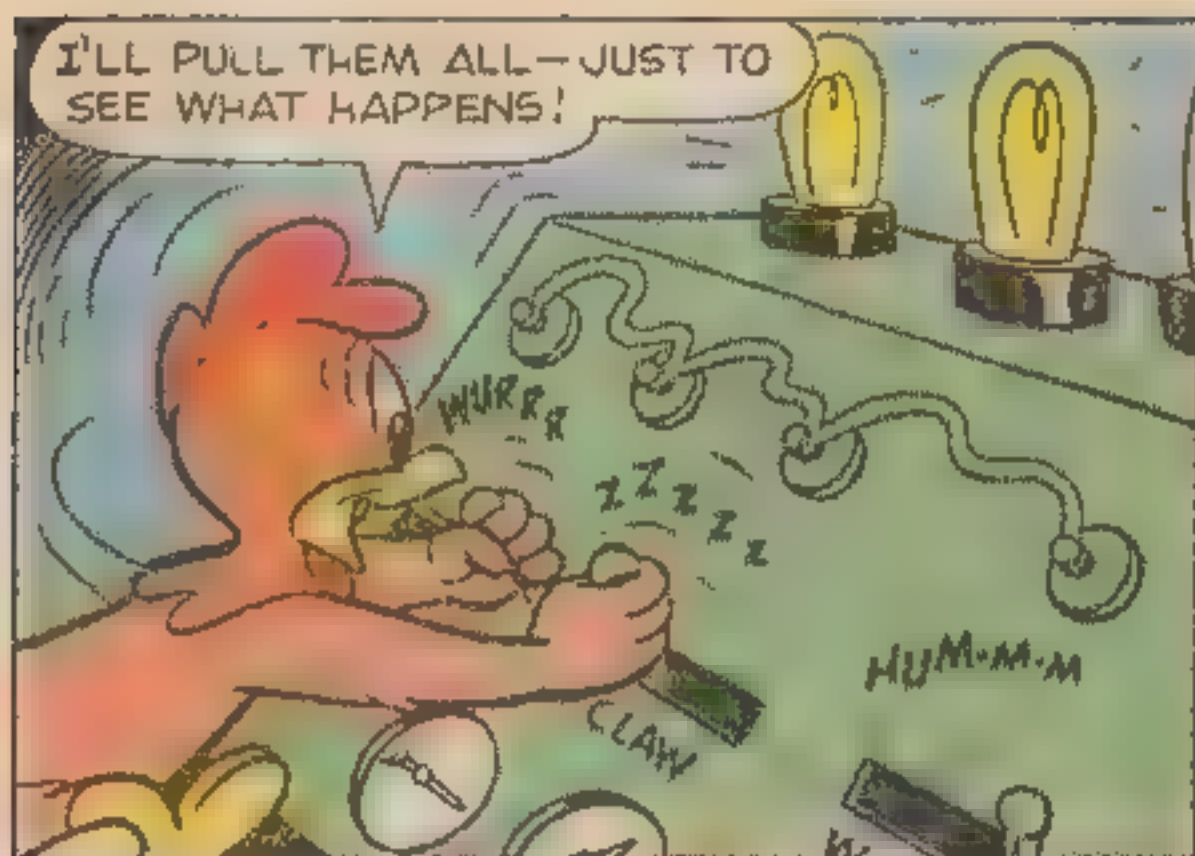


WE'RE NOT GUESTS HERE, CHARLIE! WE'RE **PRISONERS**!

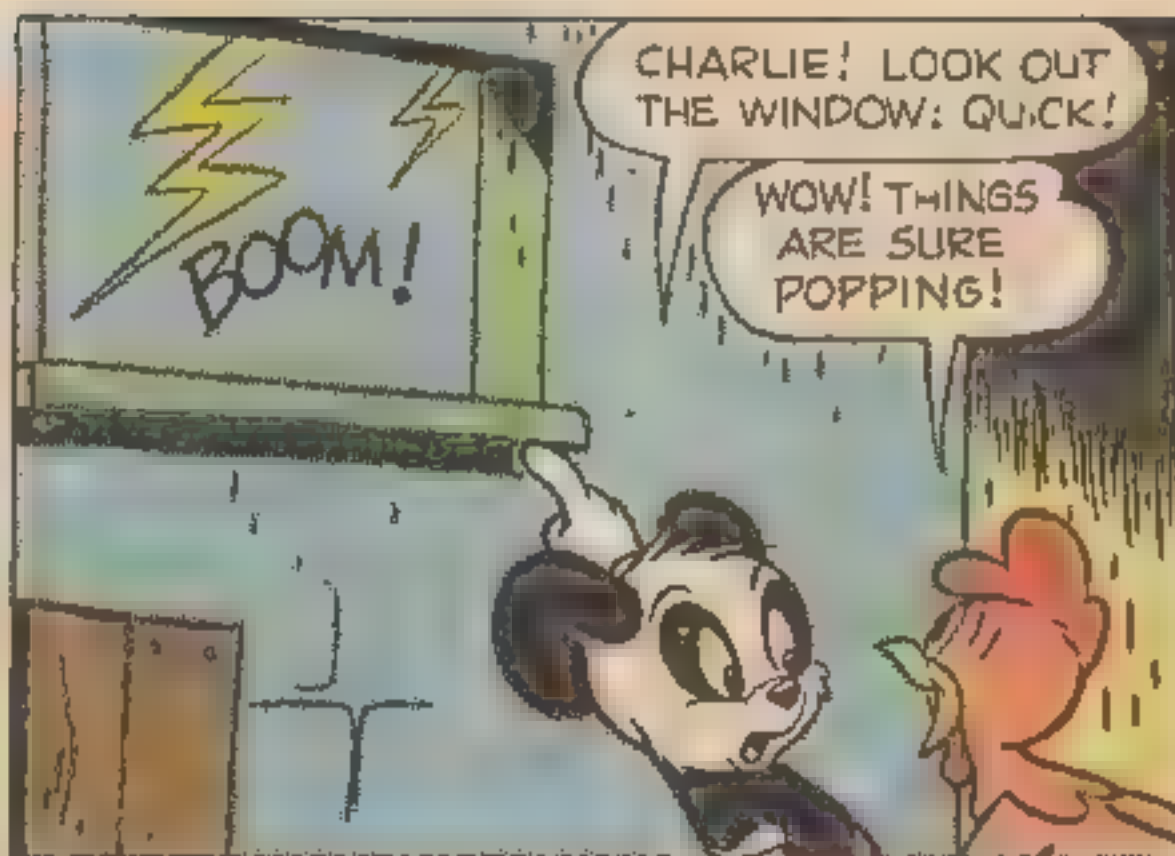
RELAX, ANDREW!





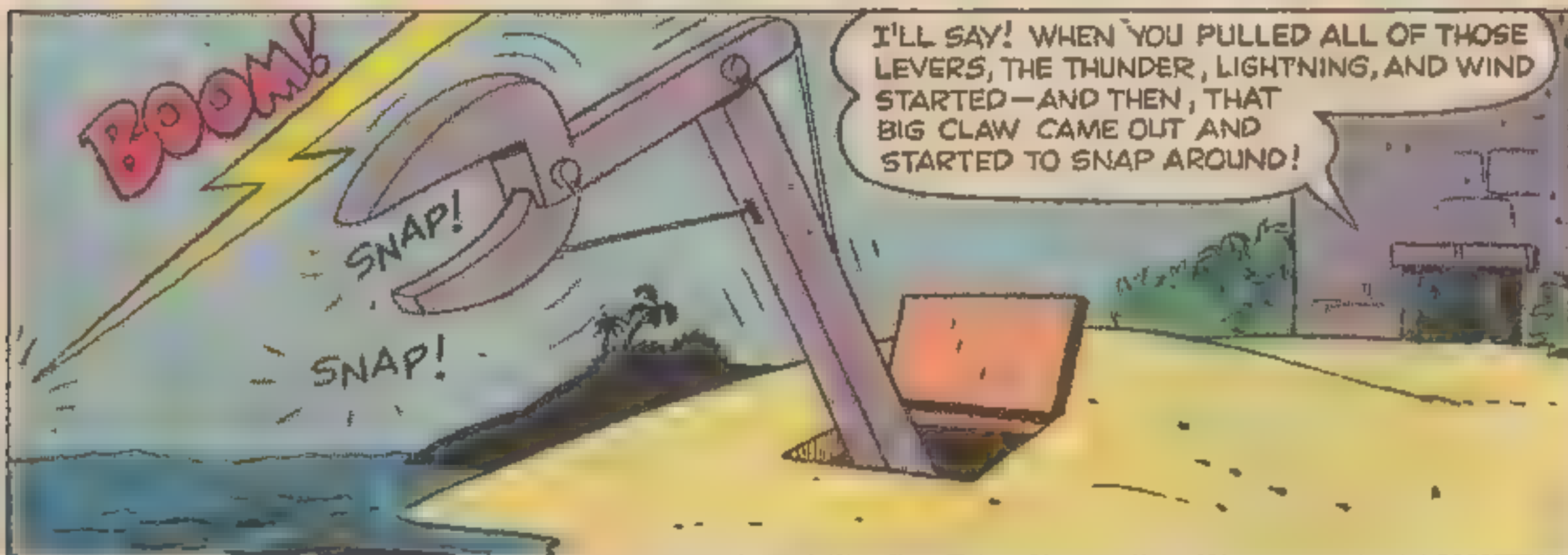


I'LL PULL THEM ALL—JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

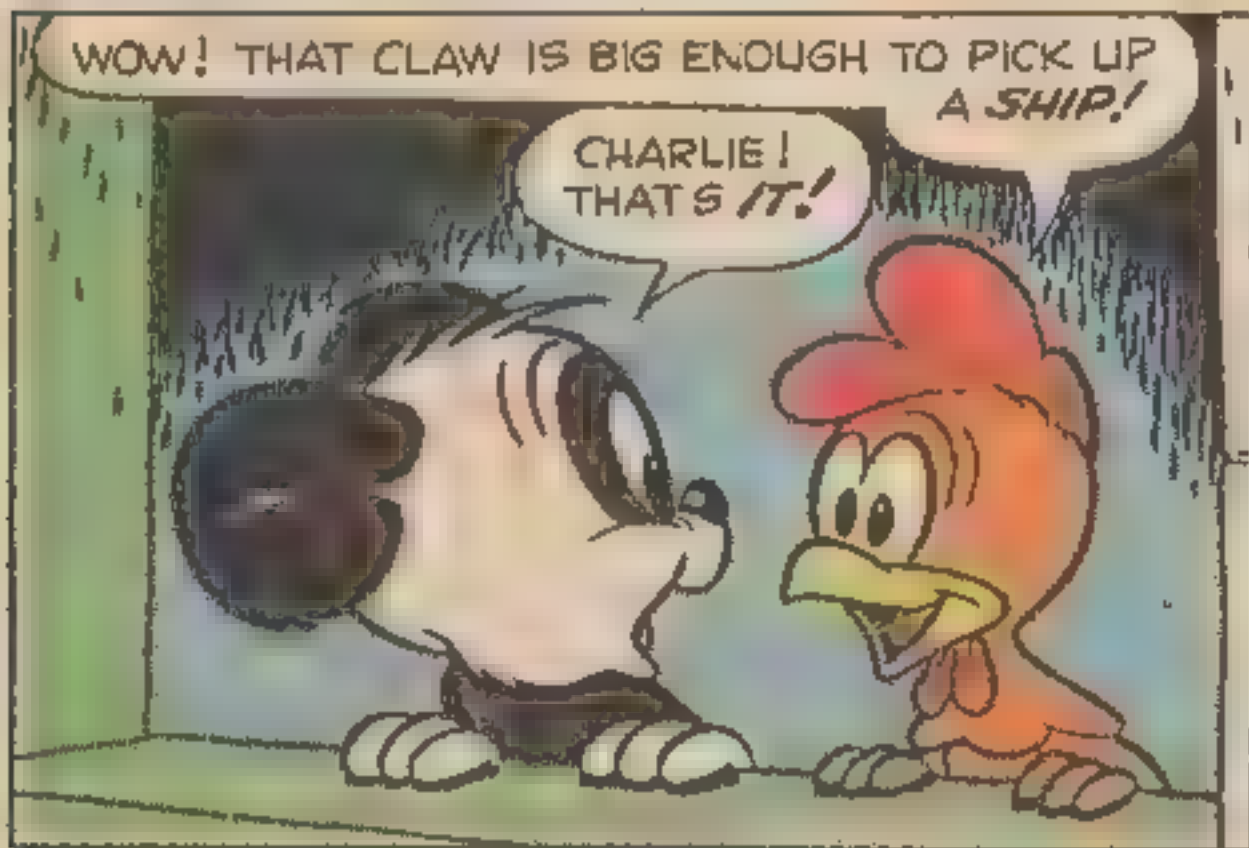


CHARLIE! LOOK OUT THE WINDOW: QUICK!

WOW! THINGS ARE SURE POPPING!

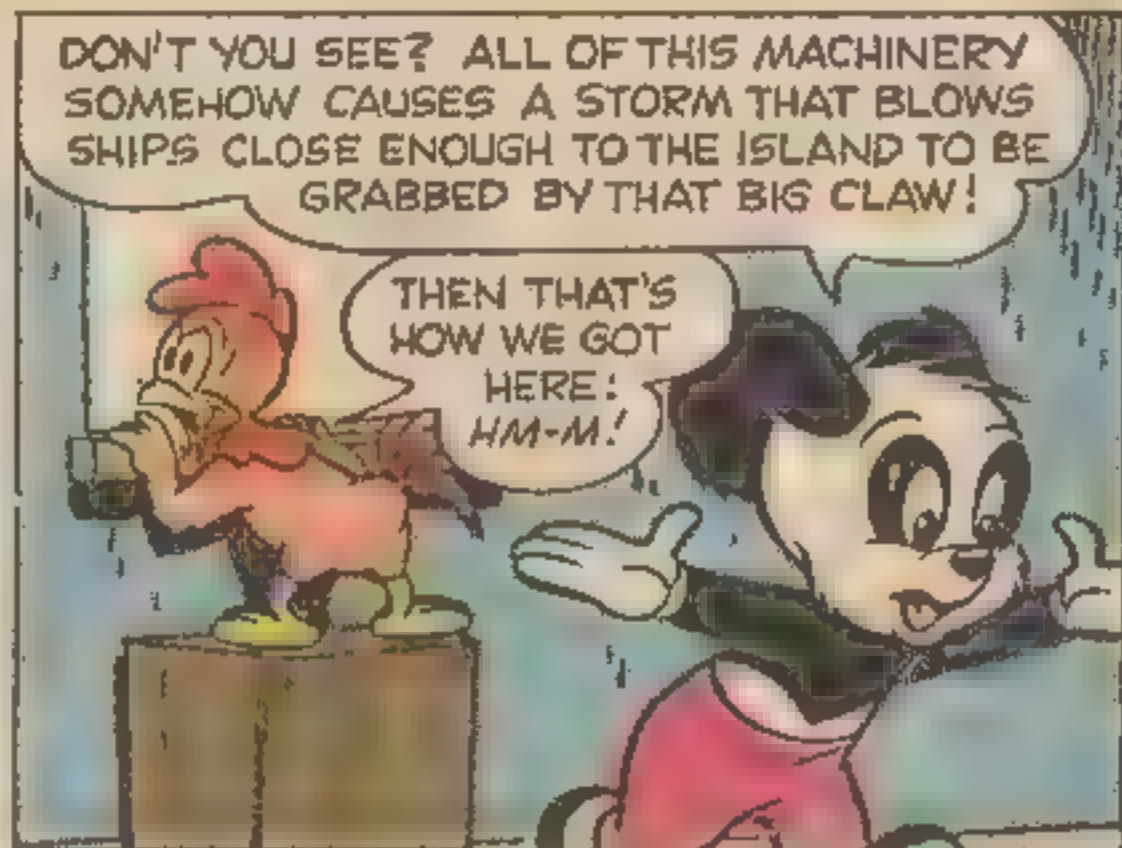


I'LL SAY! WHEN YOU PULLED ALL OF THOSE LEVERS, THE THUNDER, LIGHTNING, AND WIND STARTED—AND THEN, THAT BIG CLAW CAME OUT AND STARTED TO SNAP AROUND!



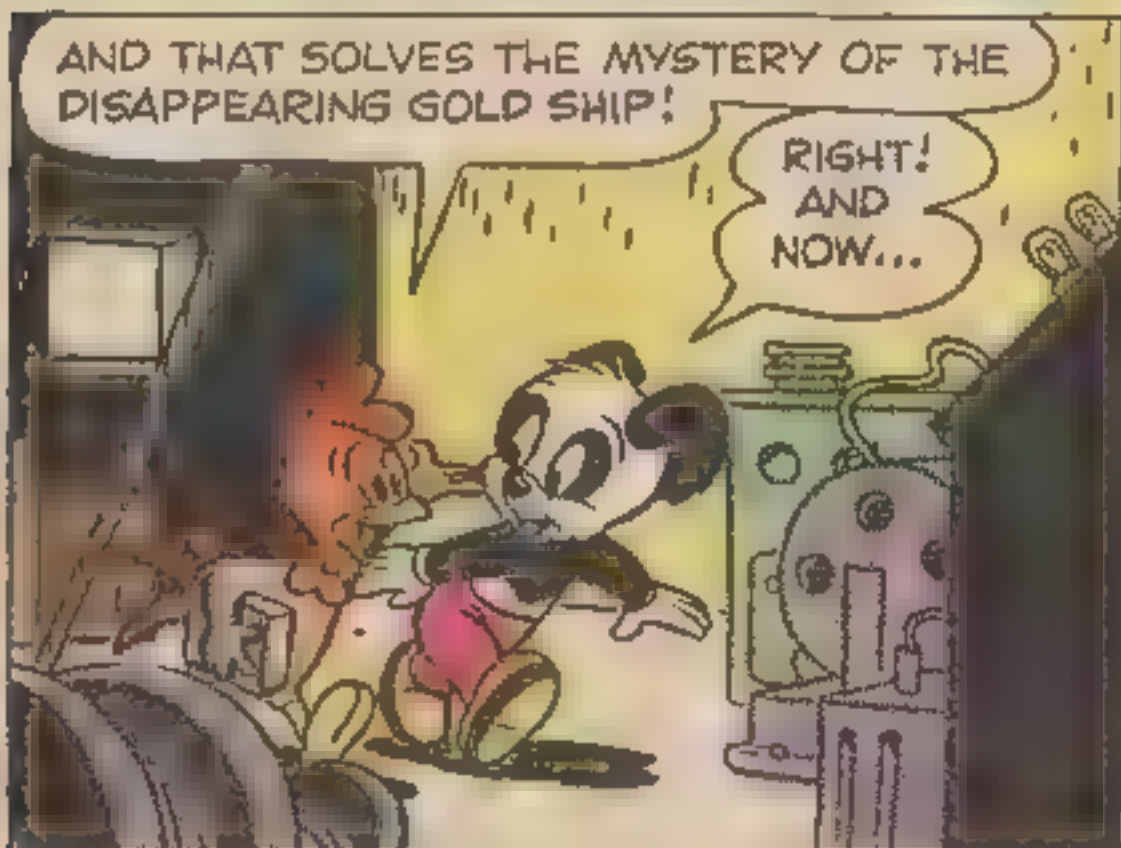
WOW! THAT CLAW IS BIG ENOUGH TO PICK UP A SHIP!

CHARLIE! THAT'S IT!



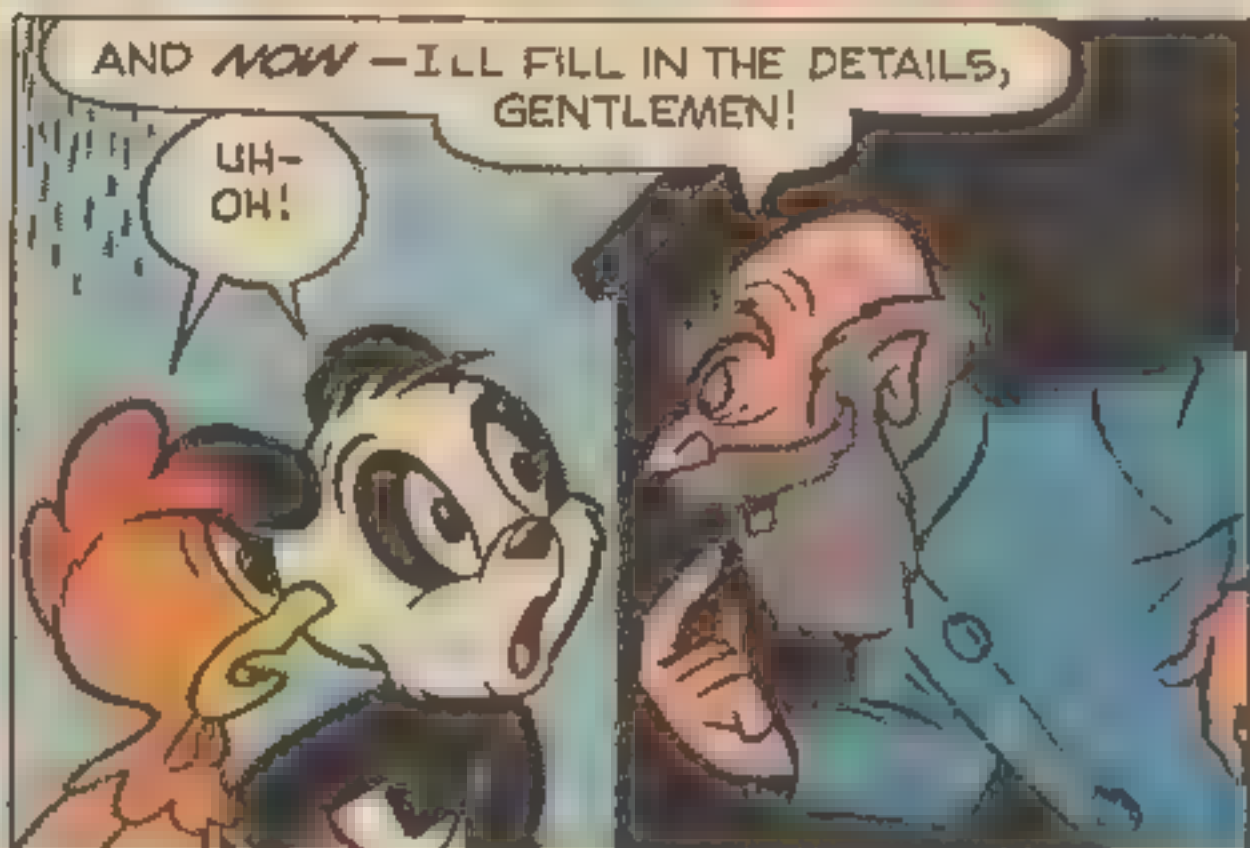
DON'T YOU SEE? ALL OF THIS MACHINERY SOMEHOW CAUSES A STORM THAT BLOWS SHIPS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE ISLAND TO BE GRABBED BY THAT BIG CLAW!

THEN THAT'S HOW WE GOT HERE: HM-M!



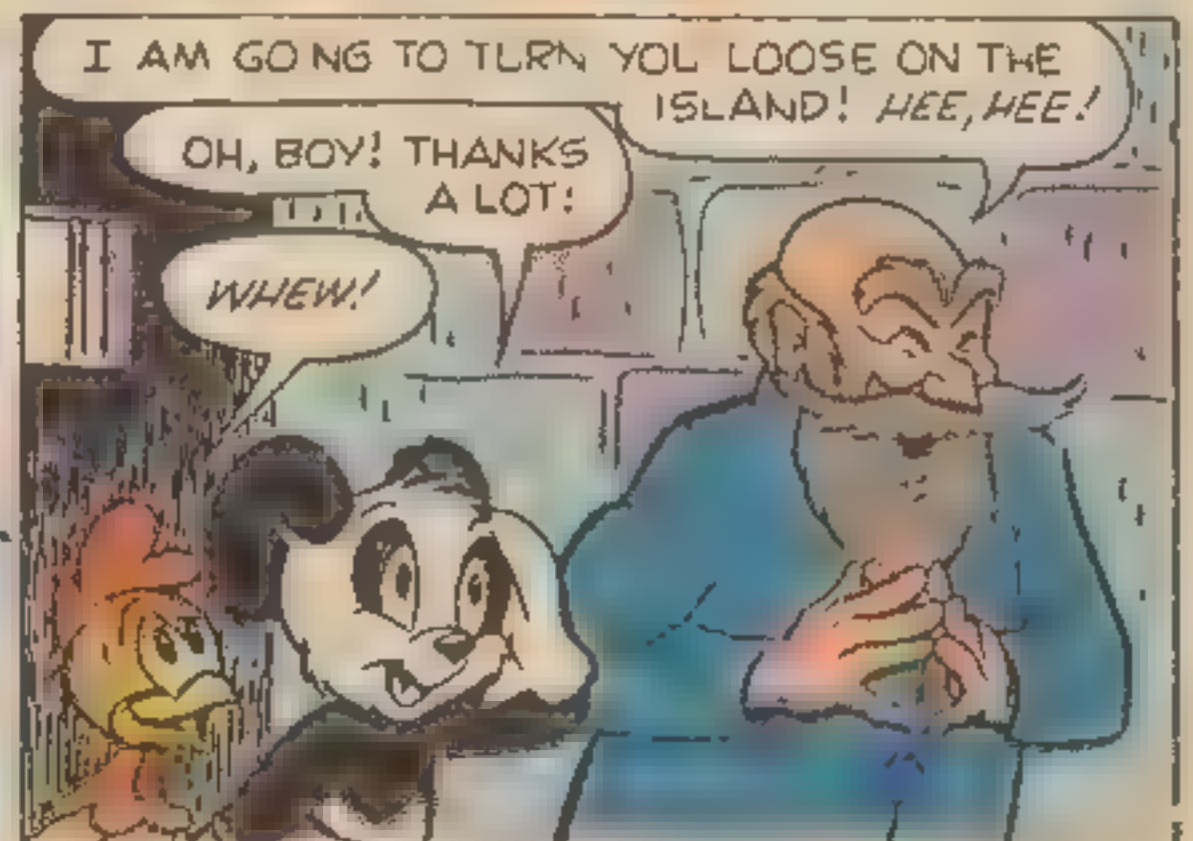
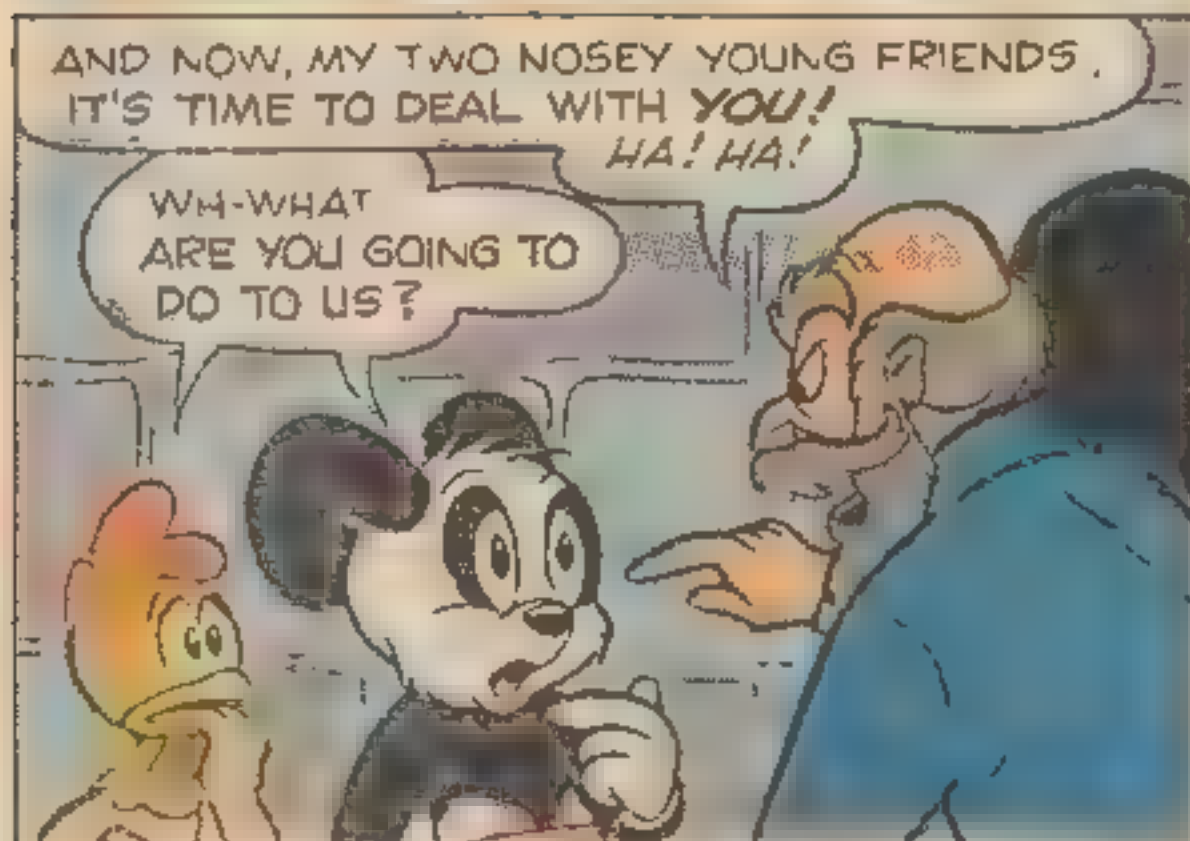
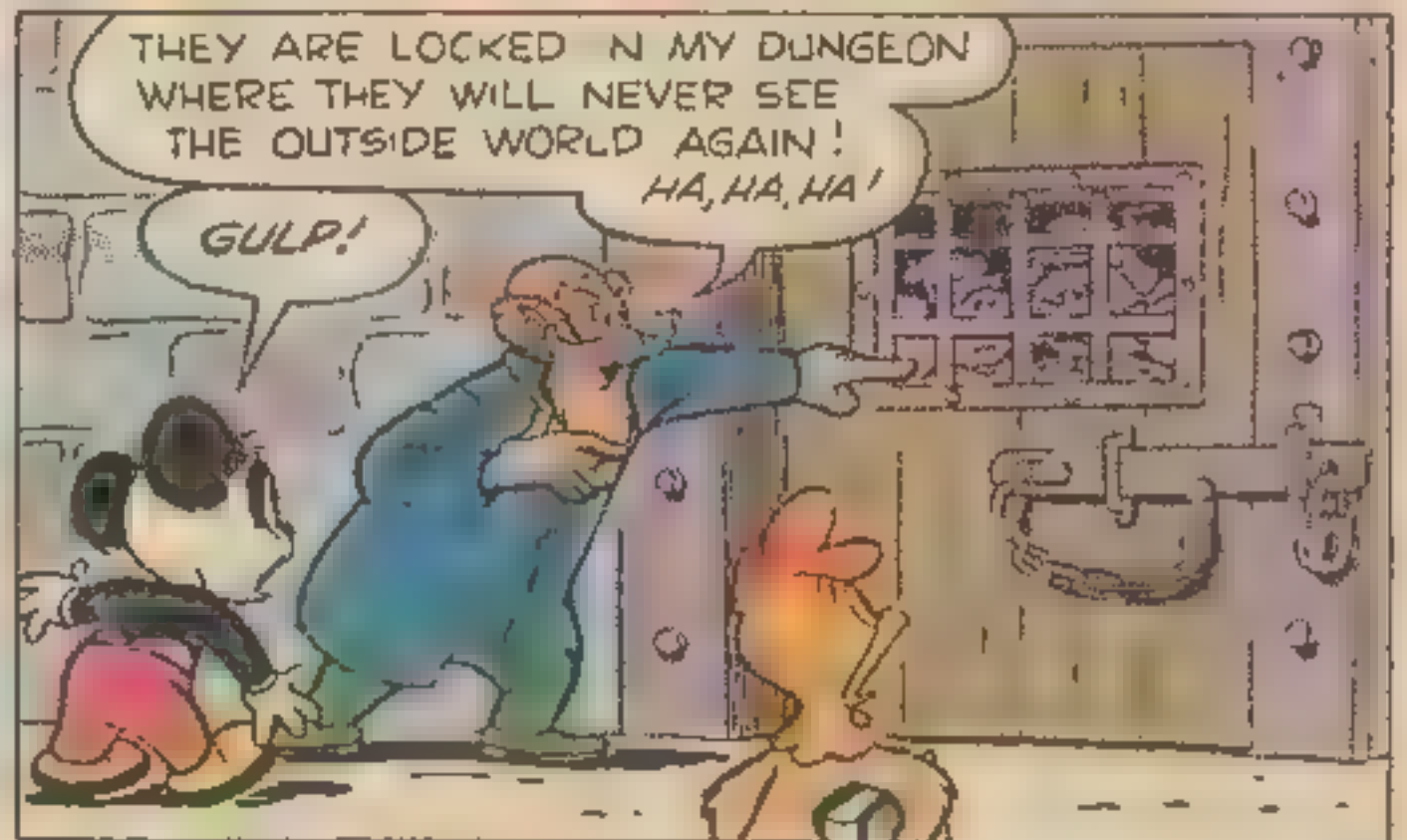
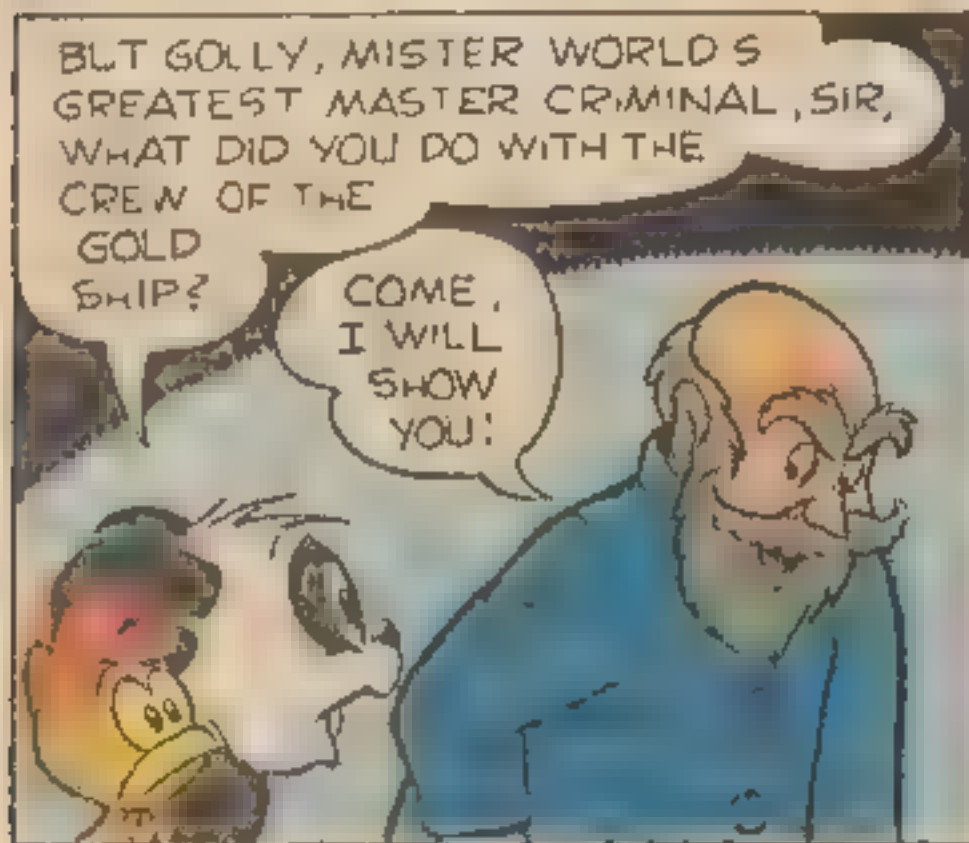
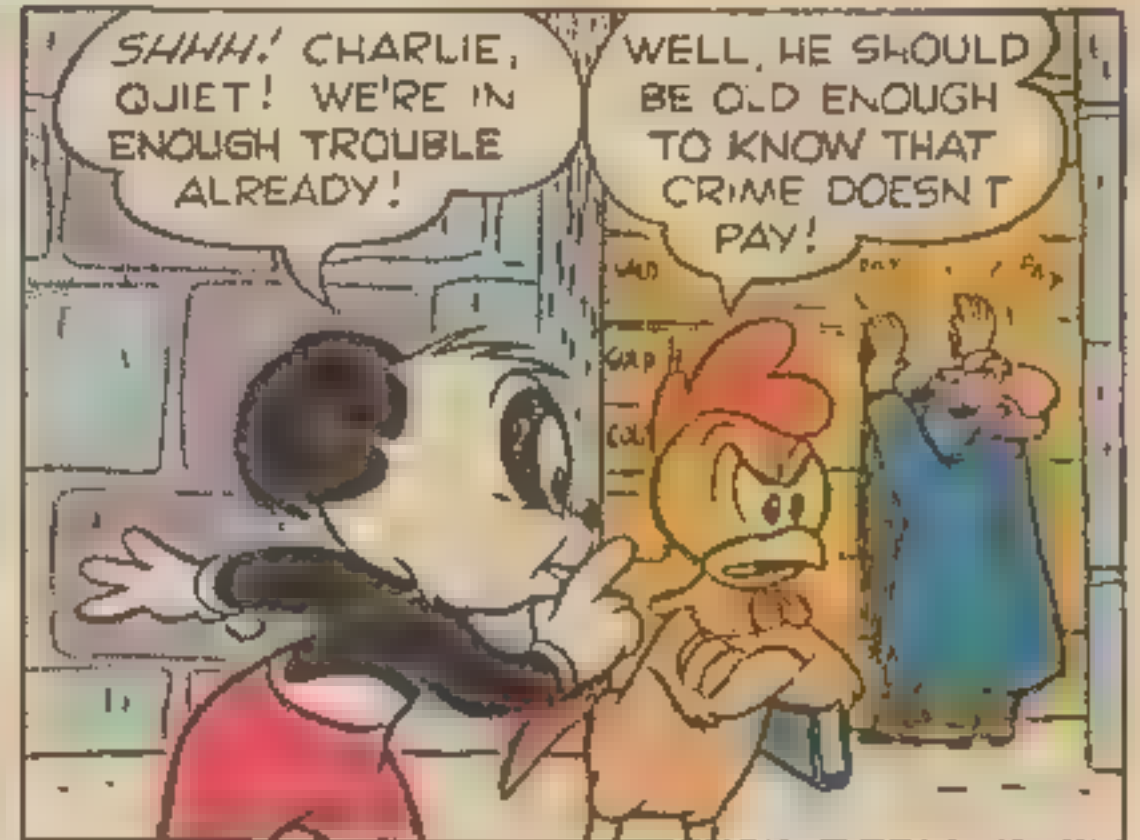
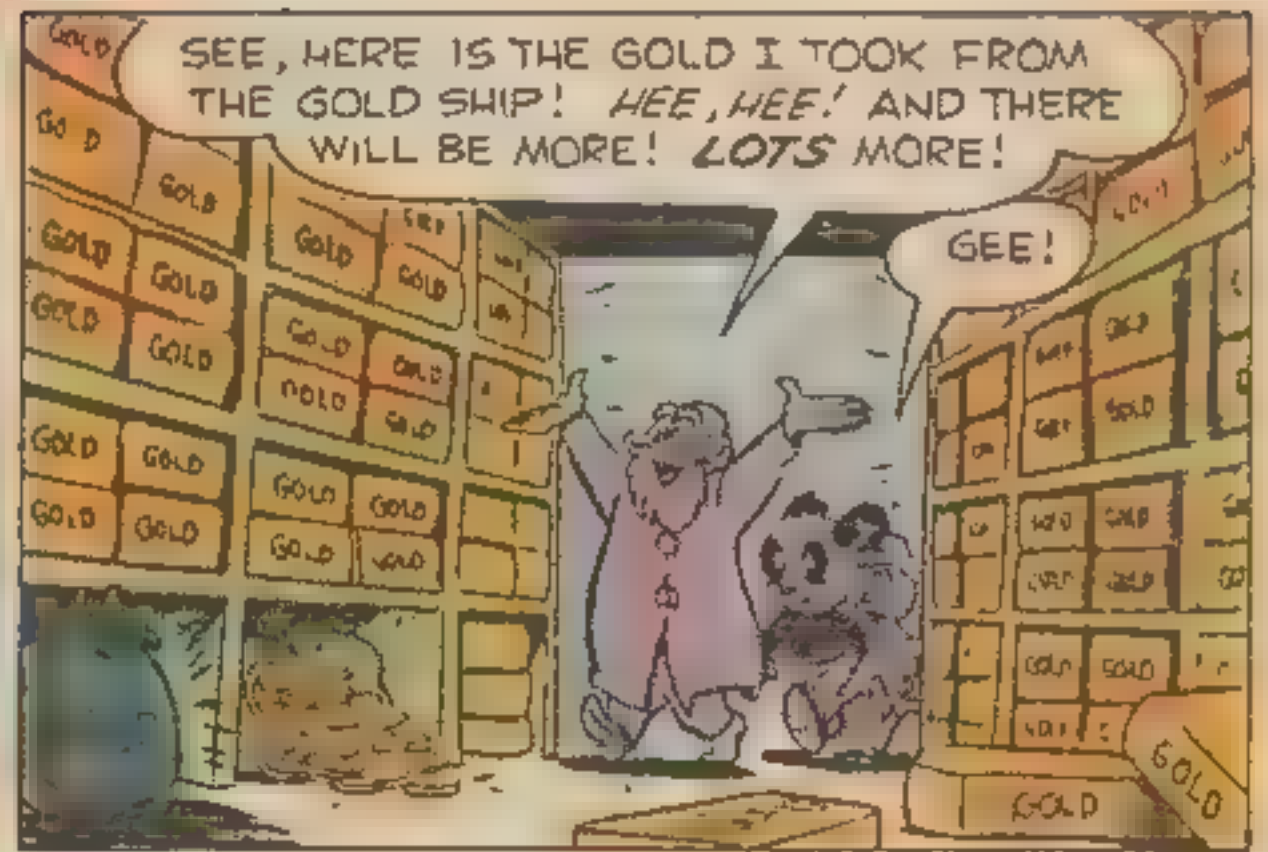
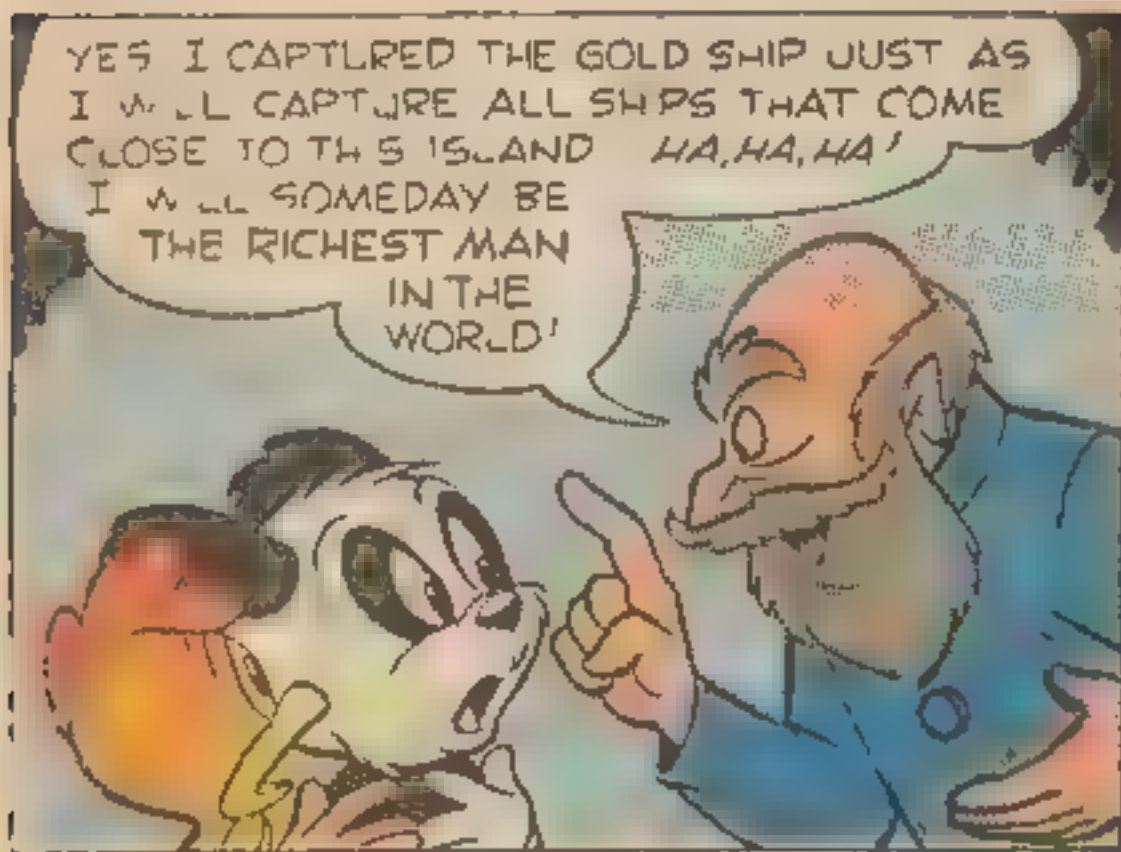
AND THAT SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING GOLD SHIP!

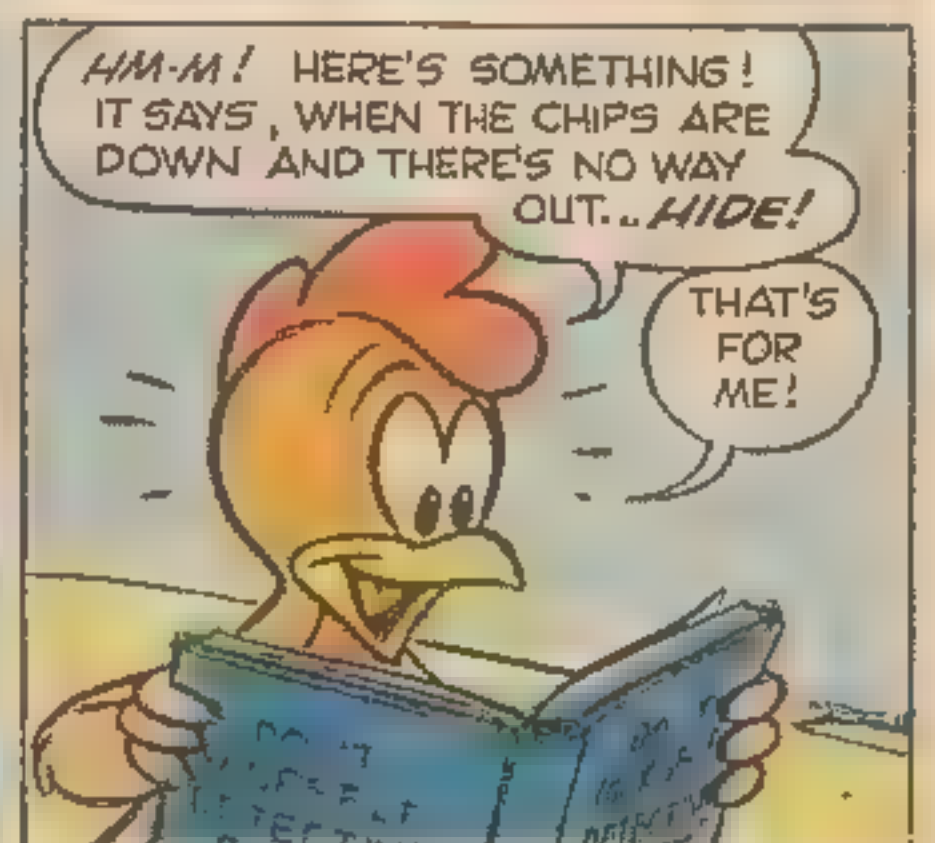
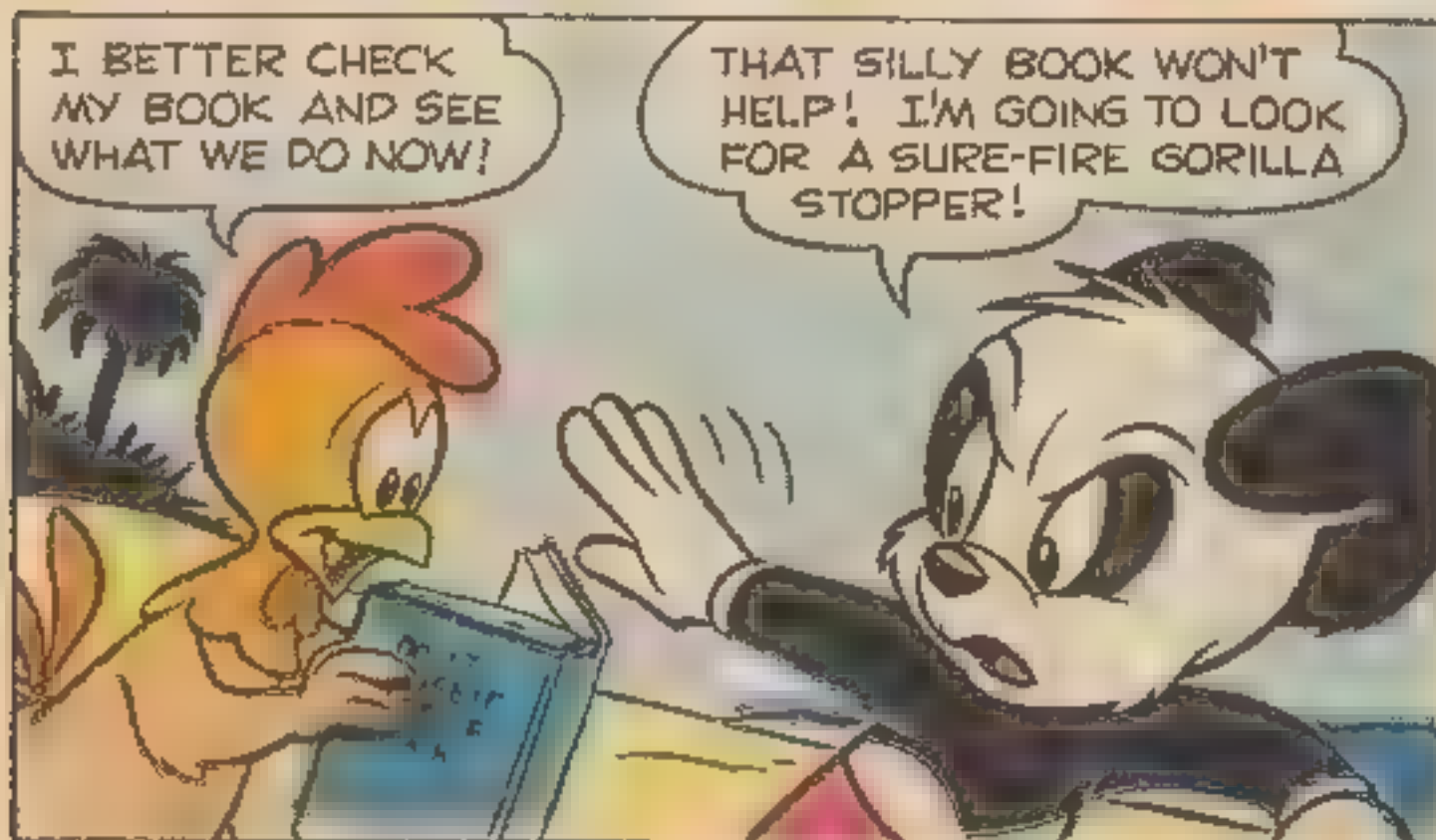
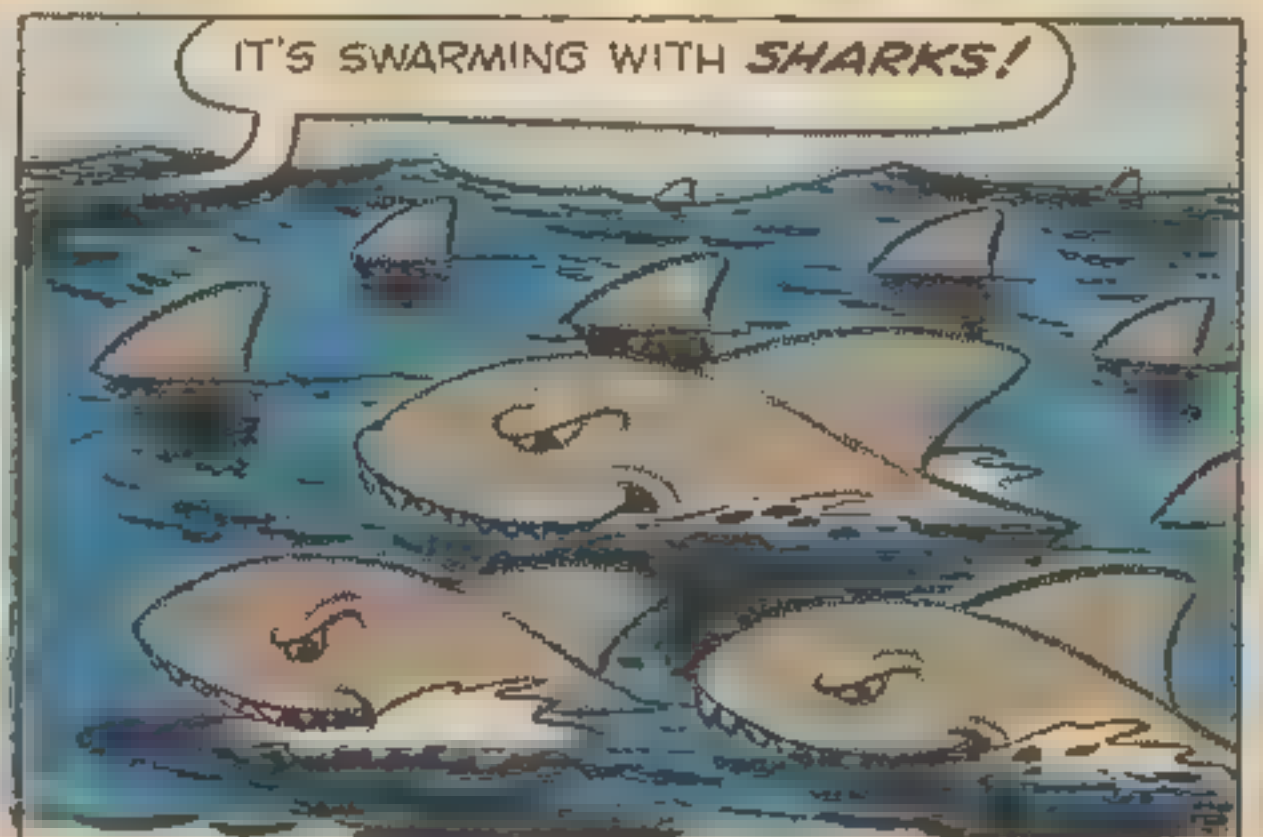
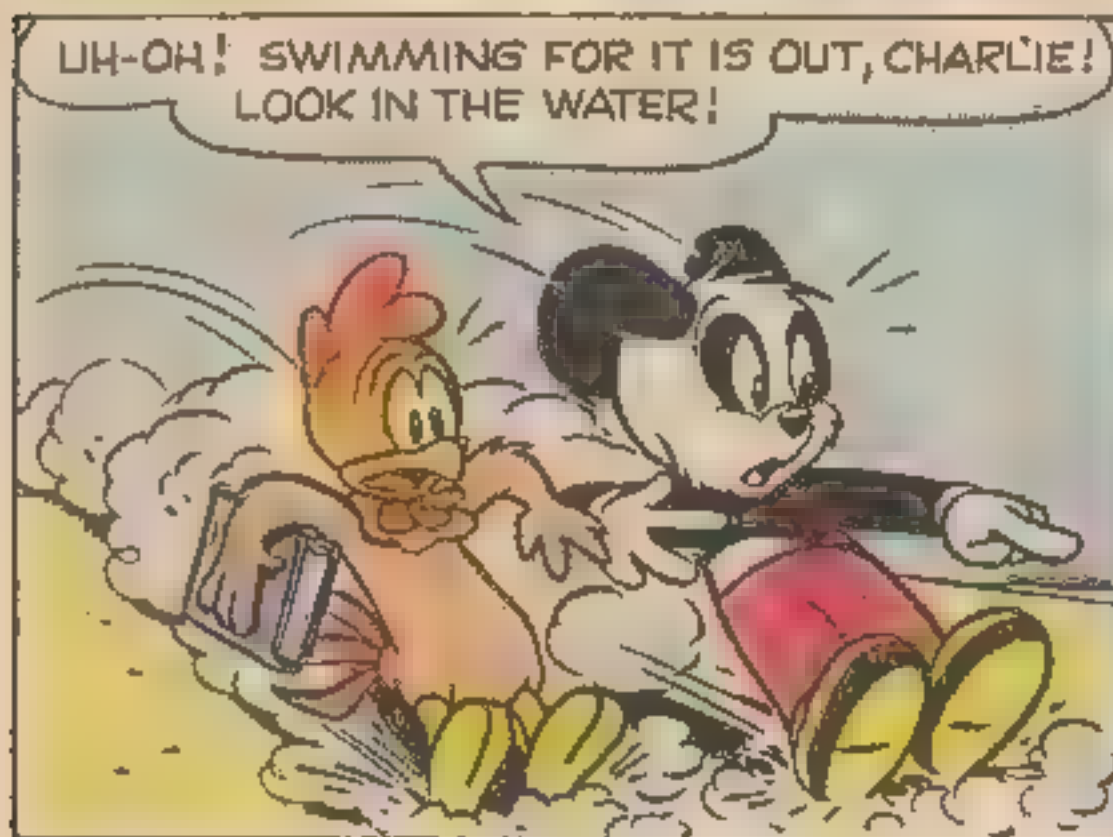
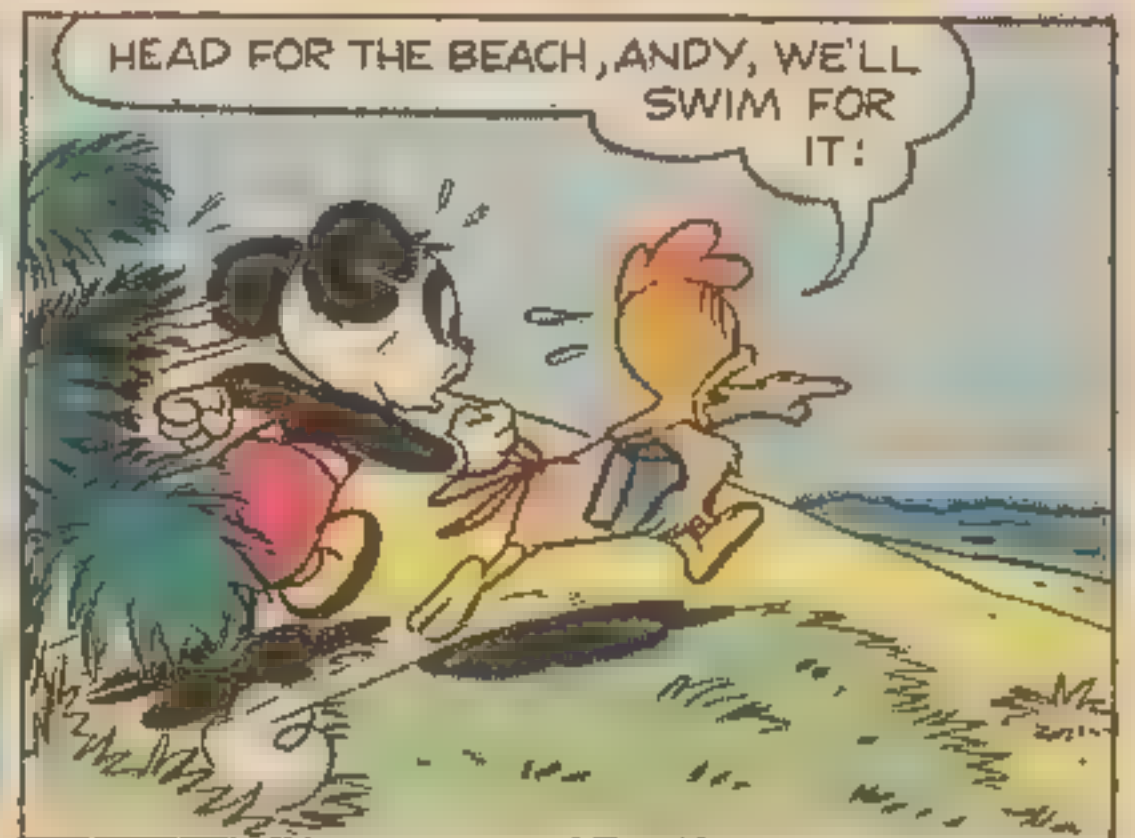
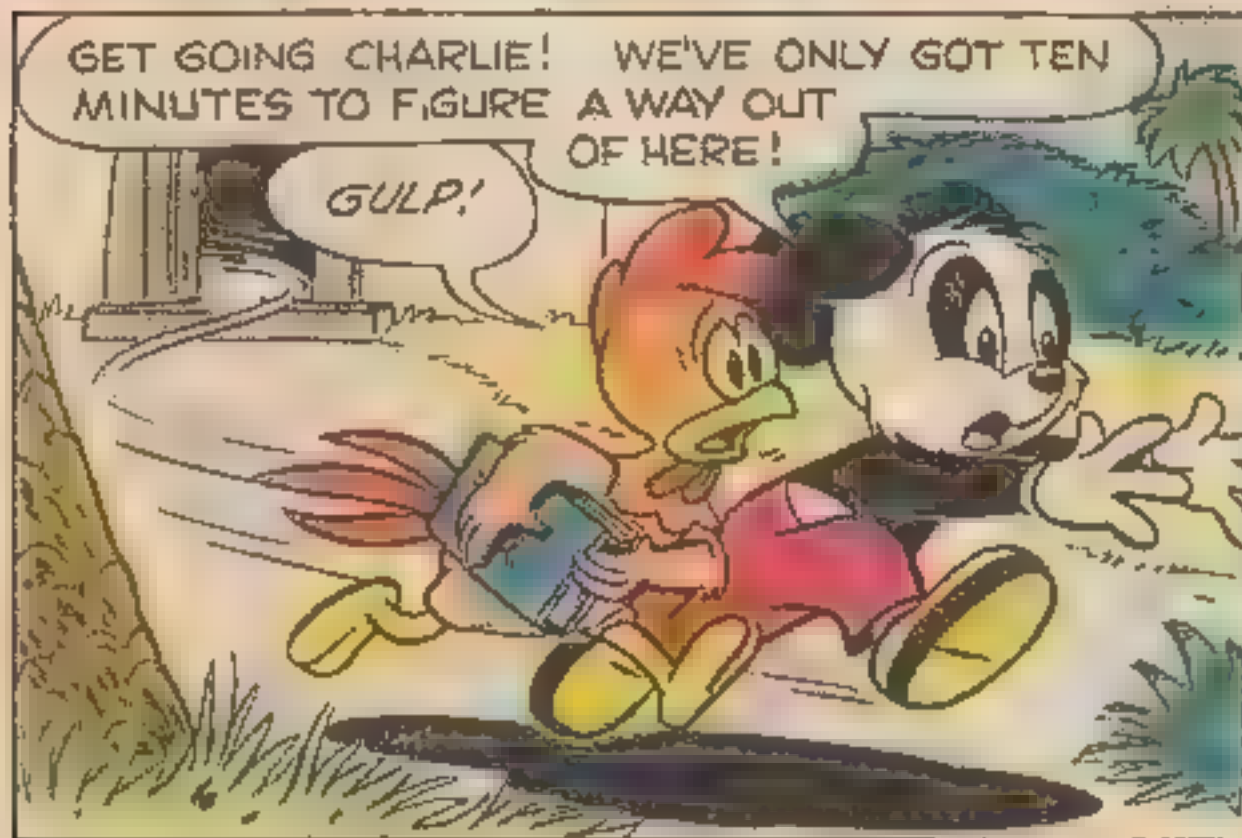
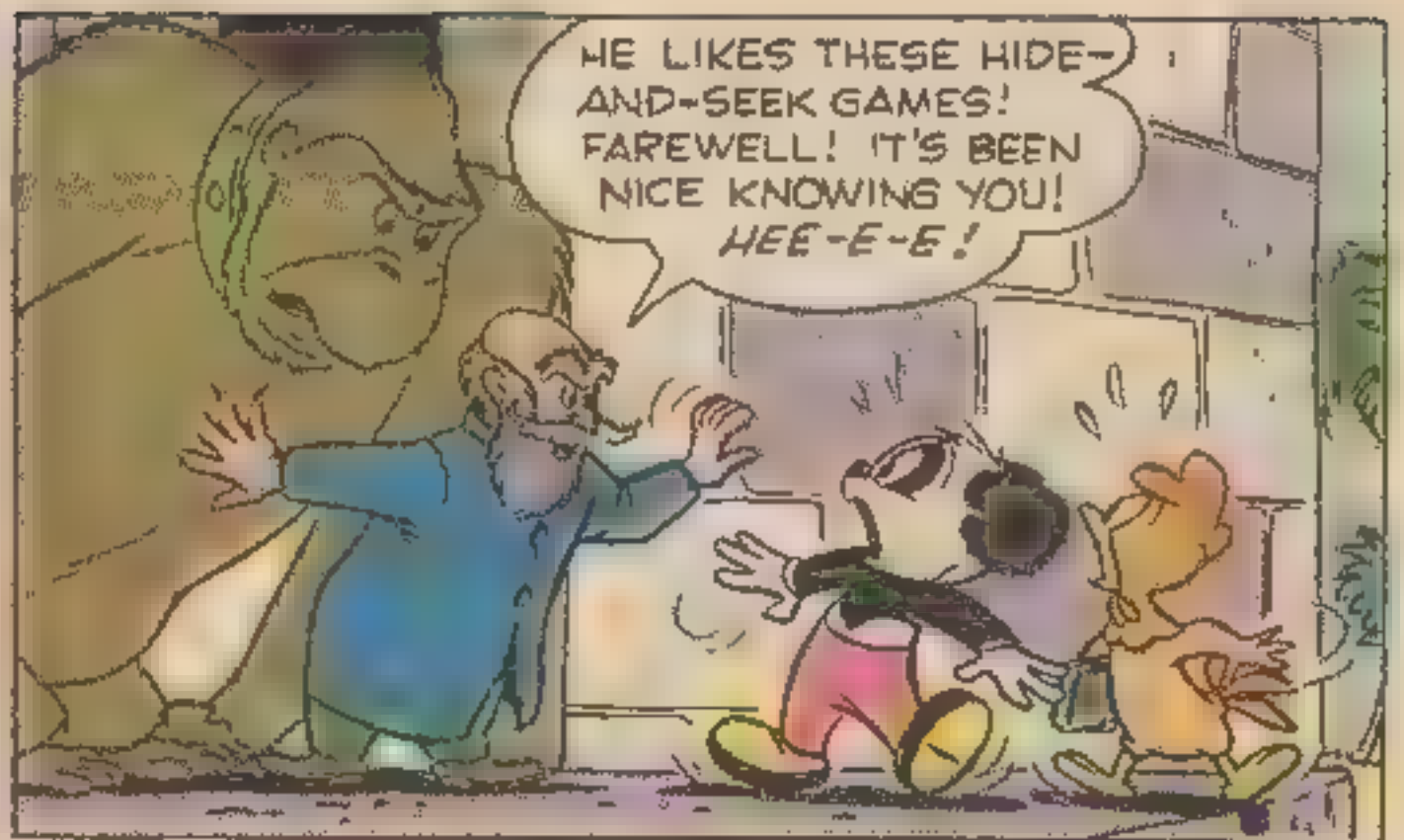
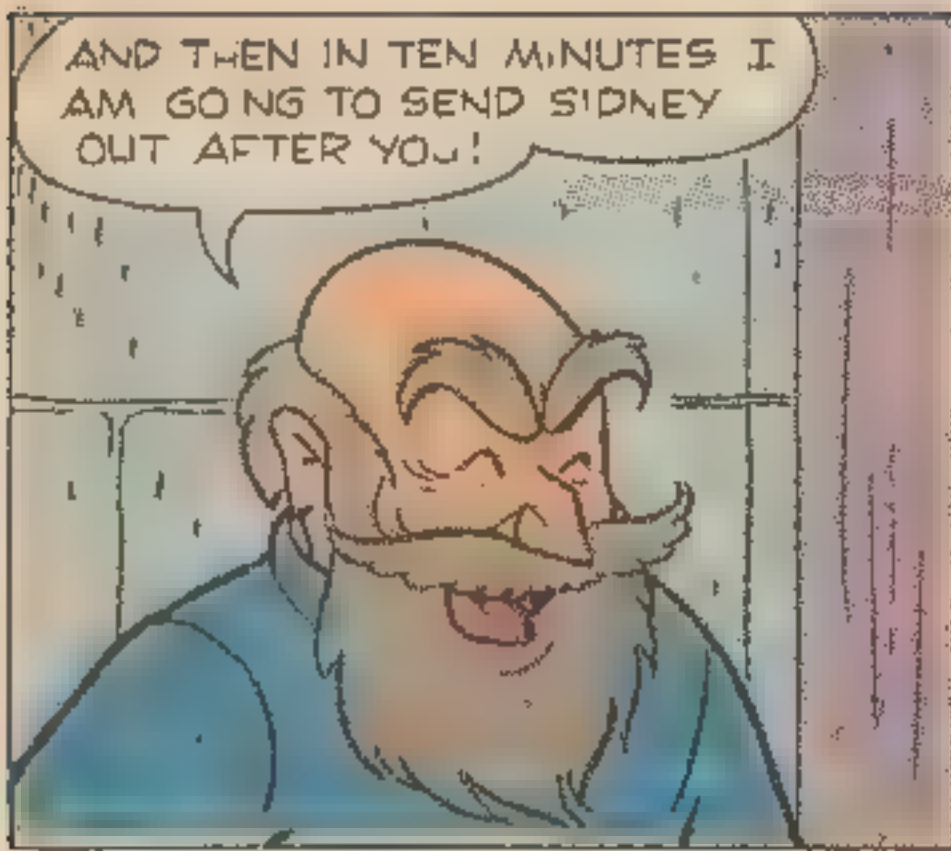
RIGHT! AND NOW...

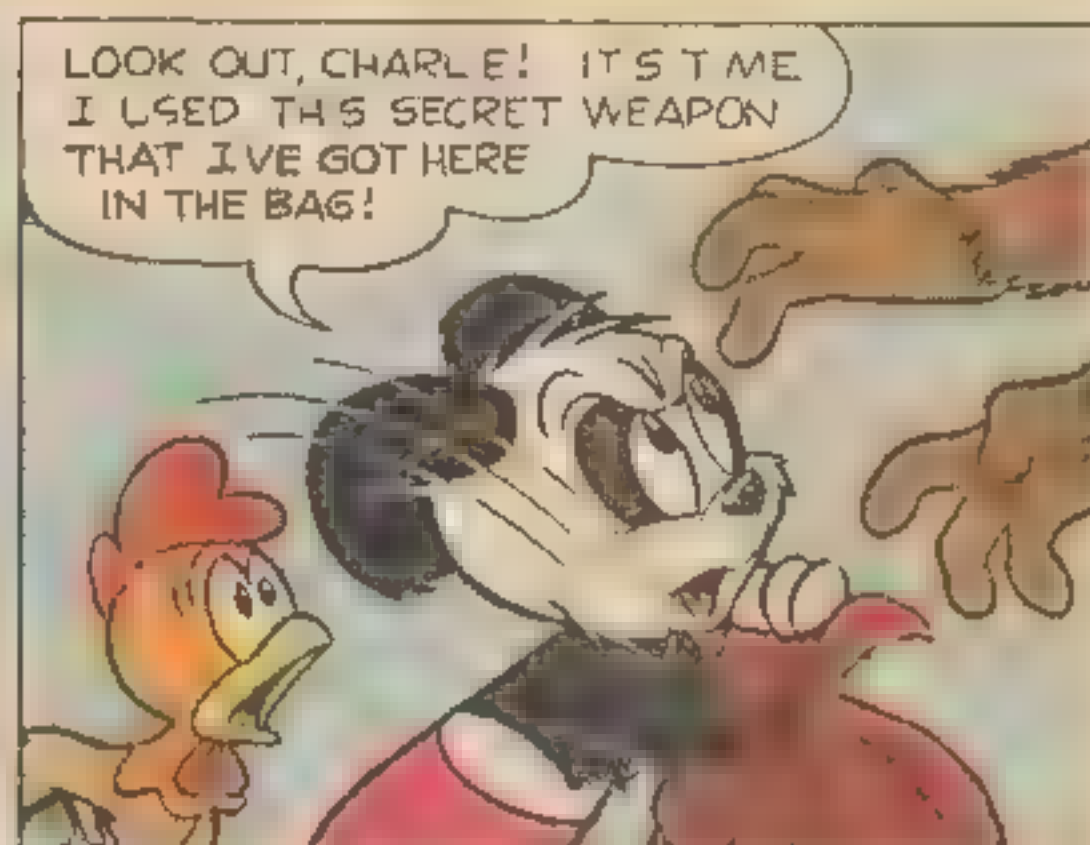
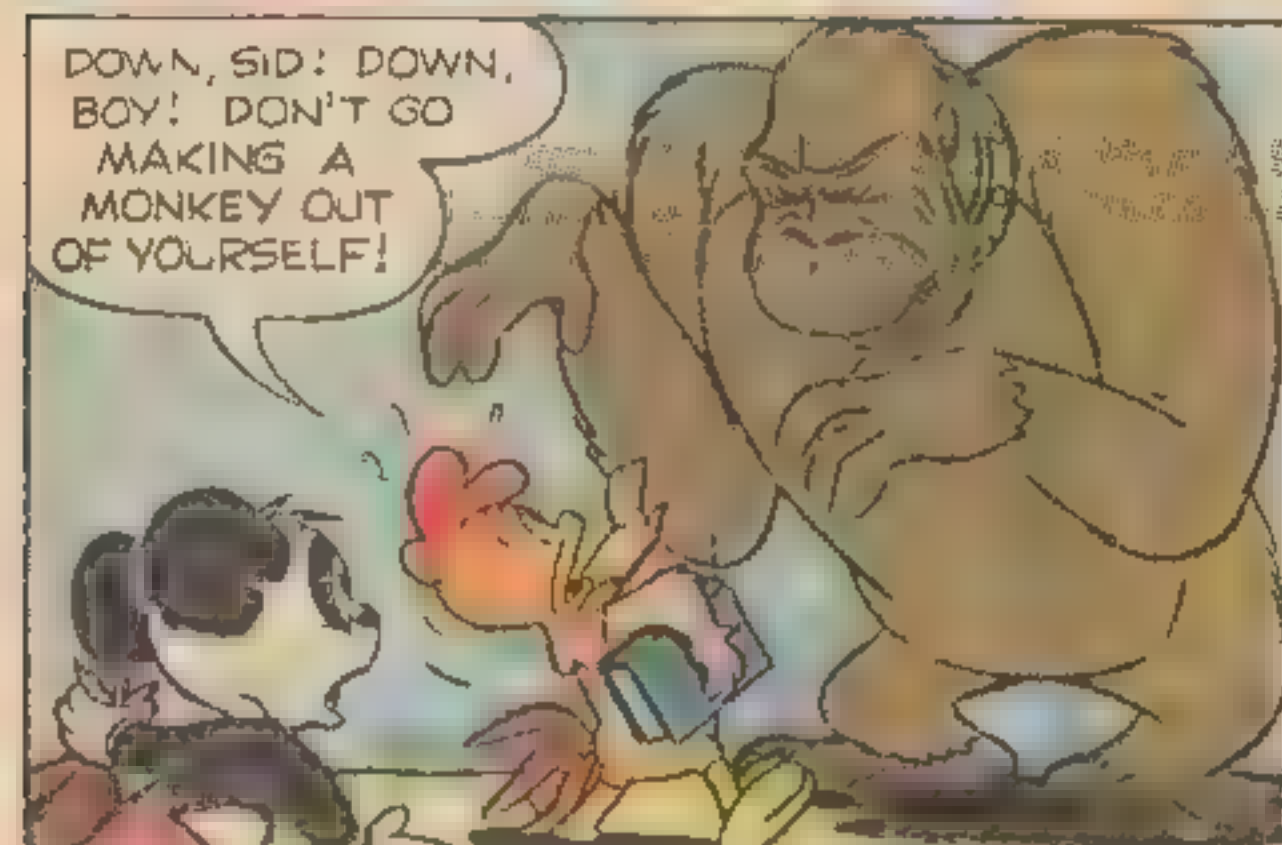
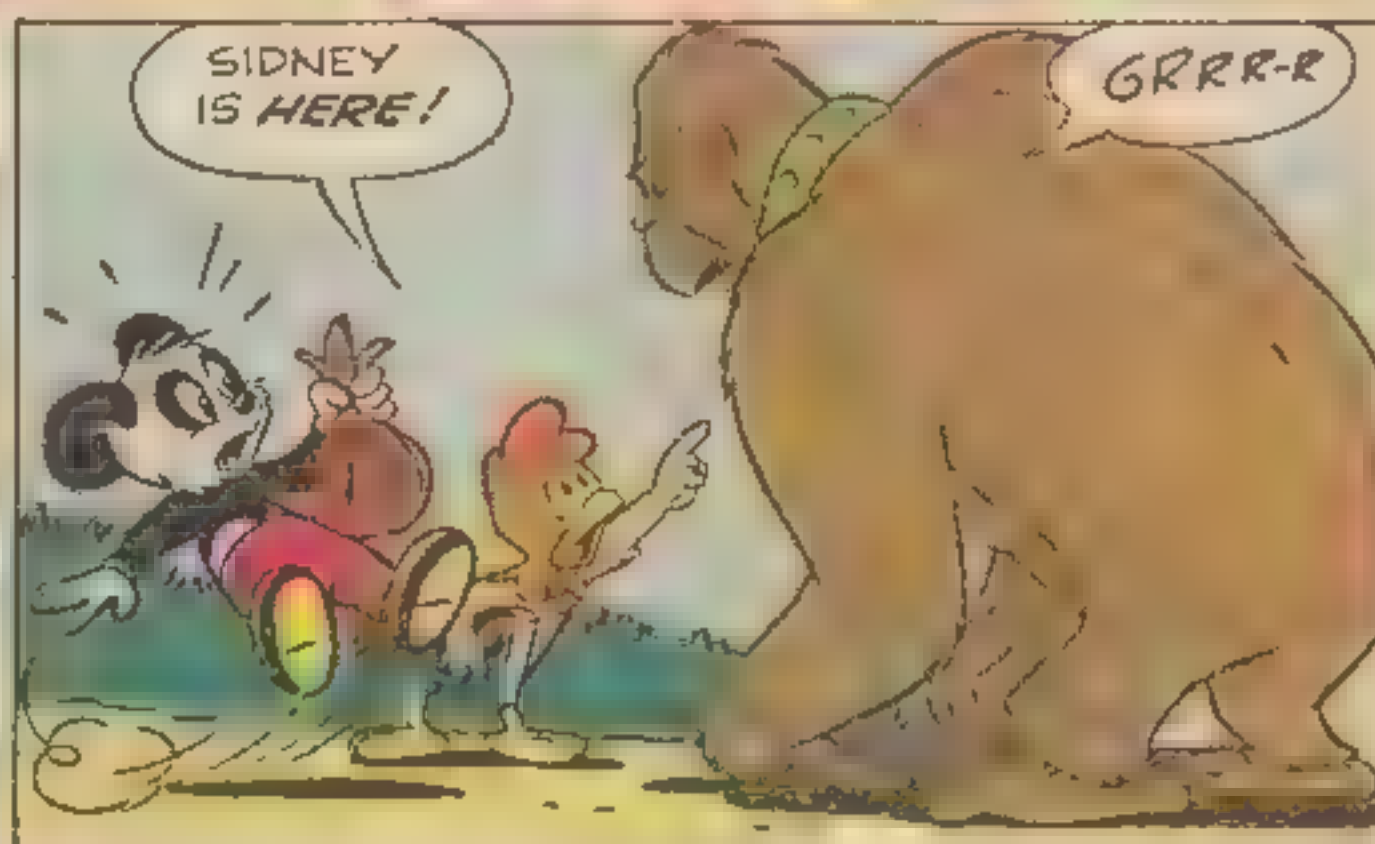
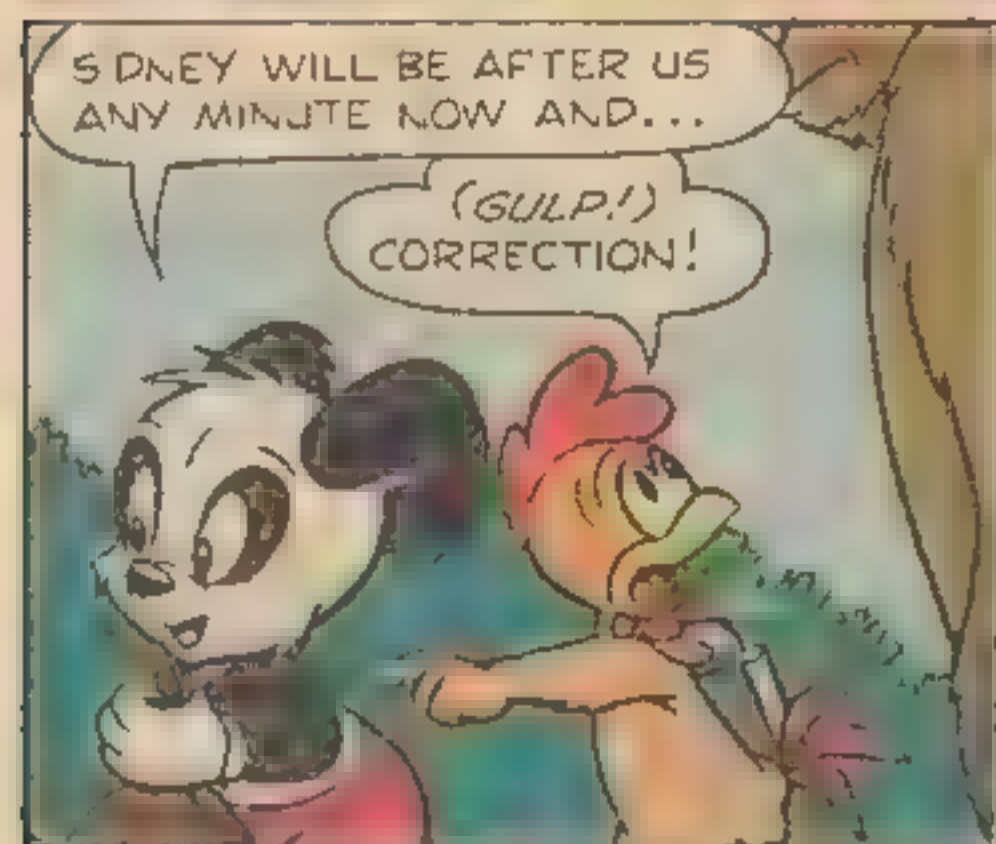
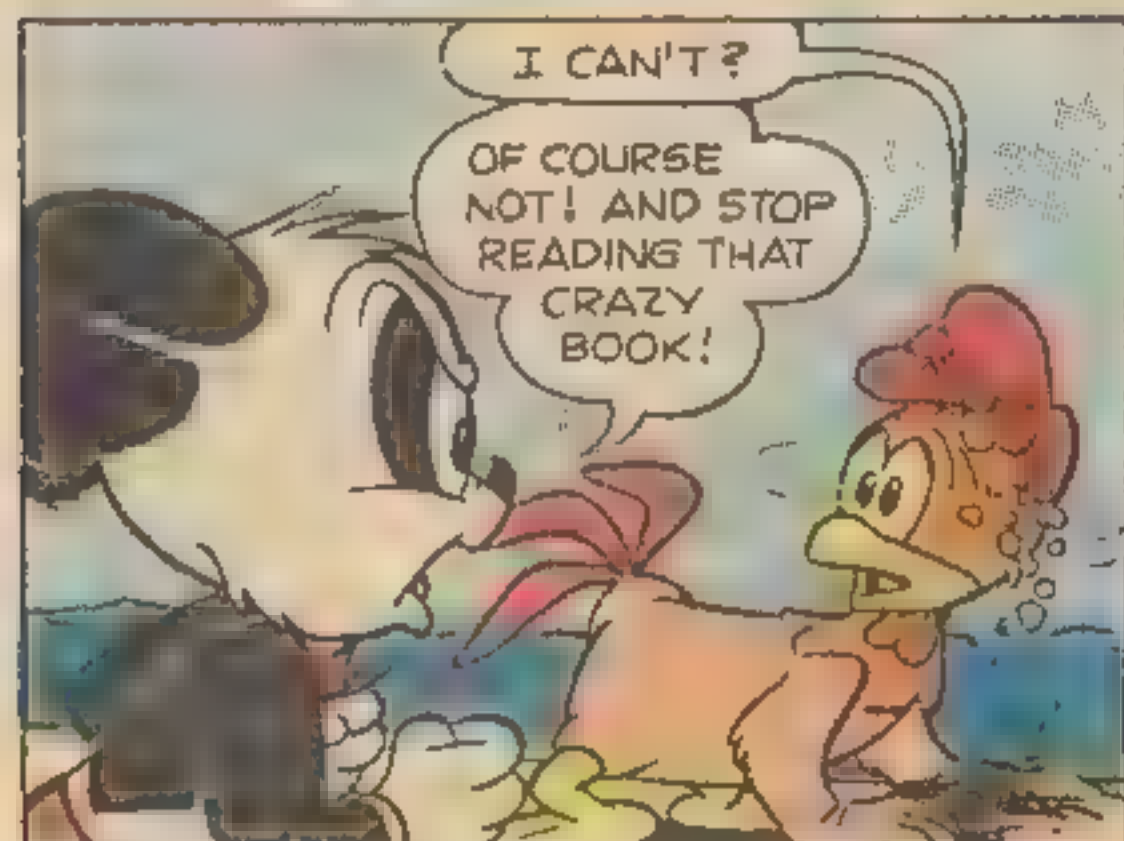
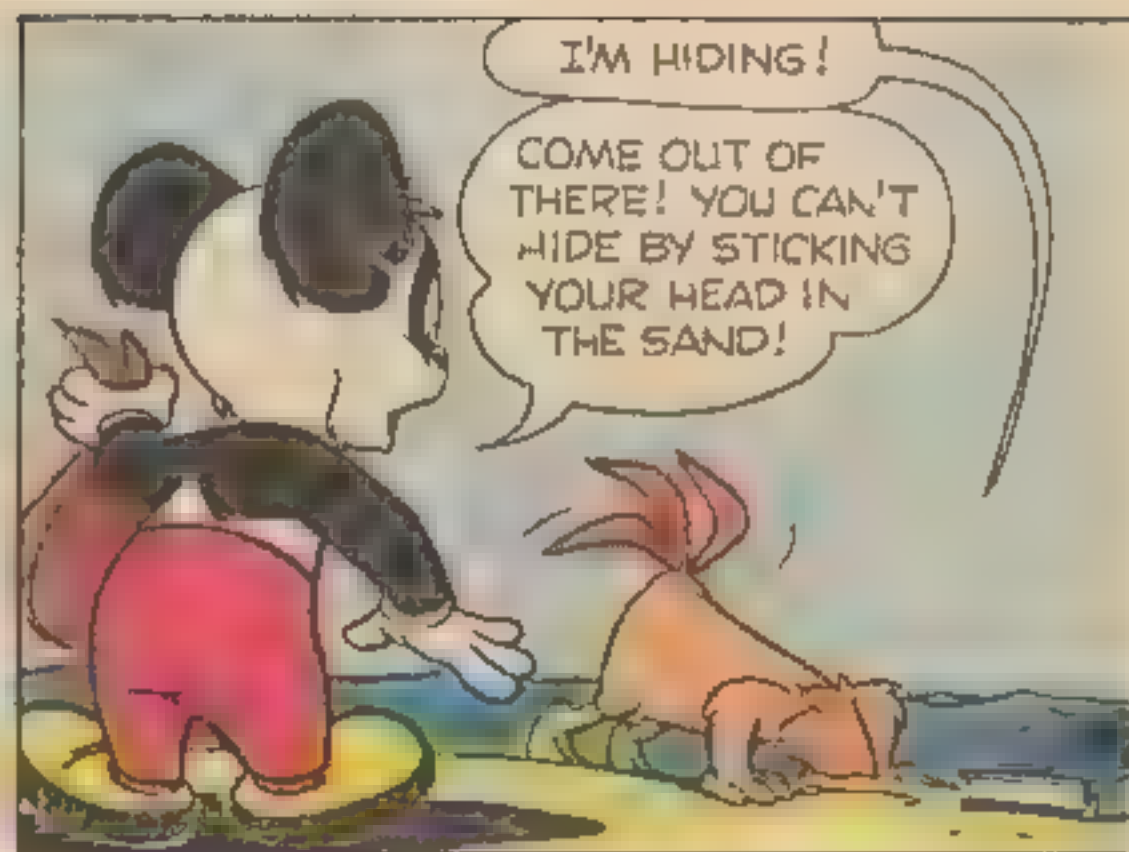
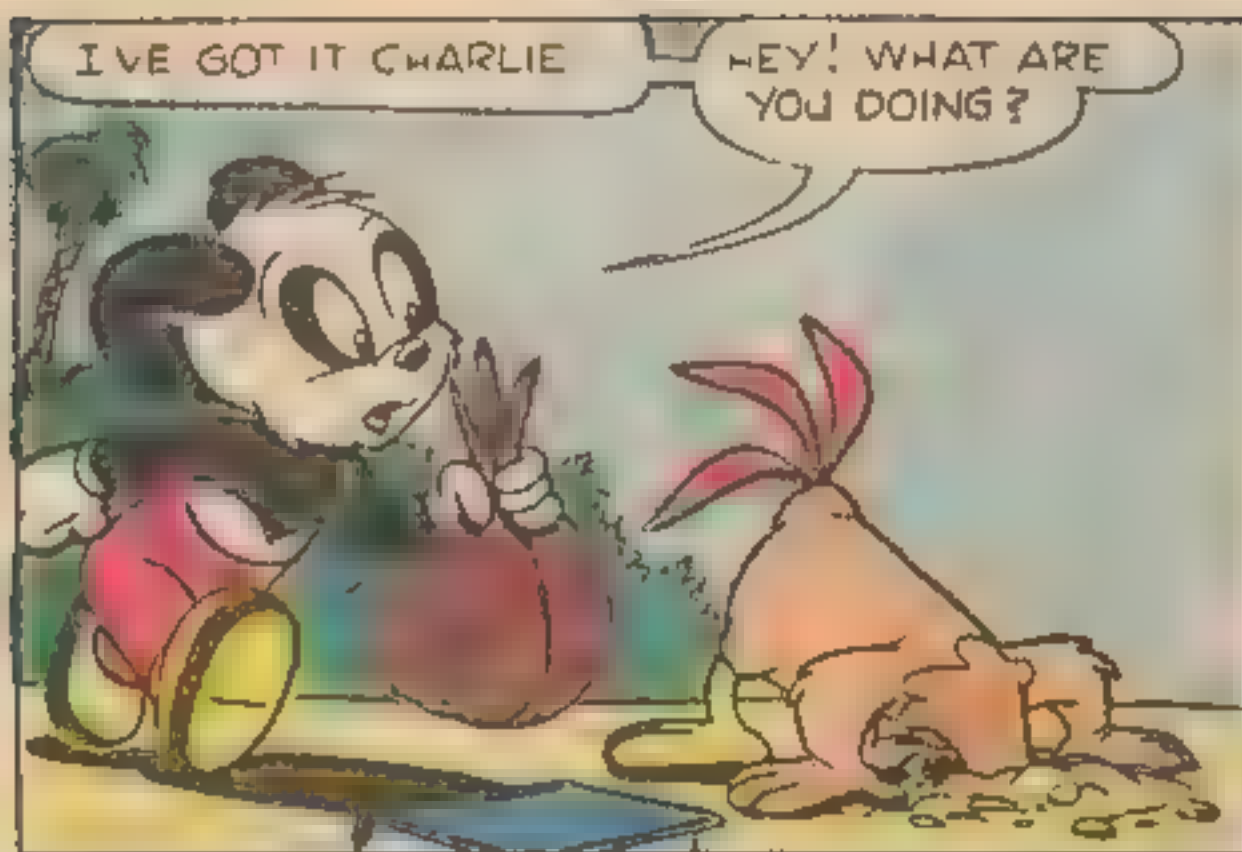


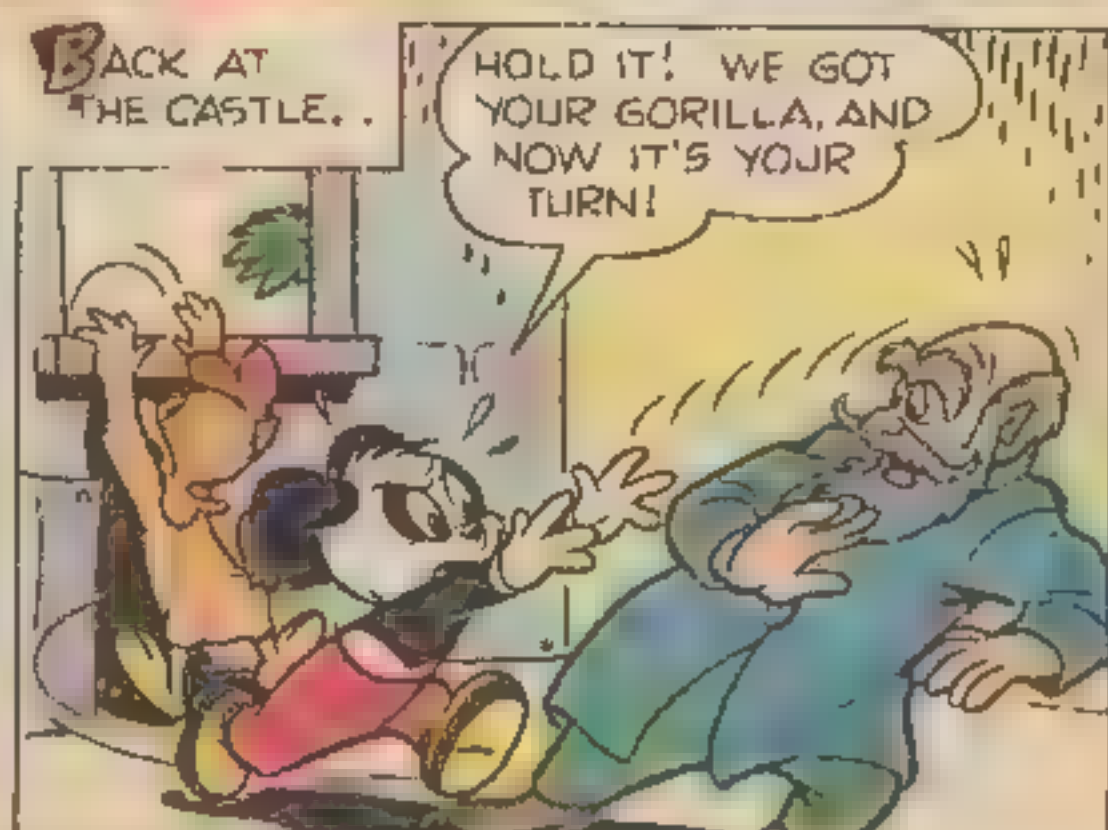
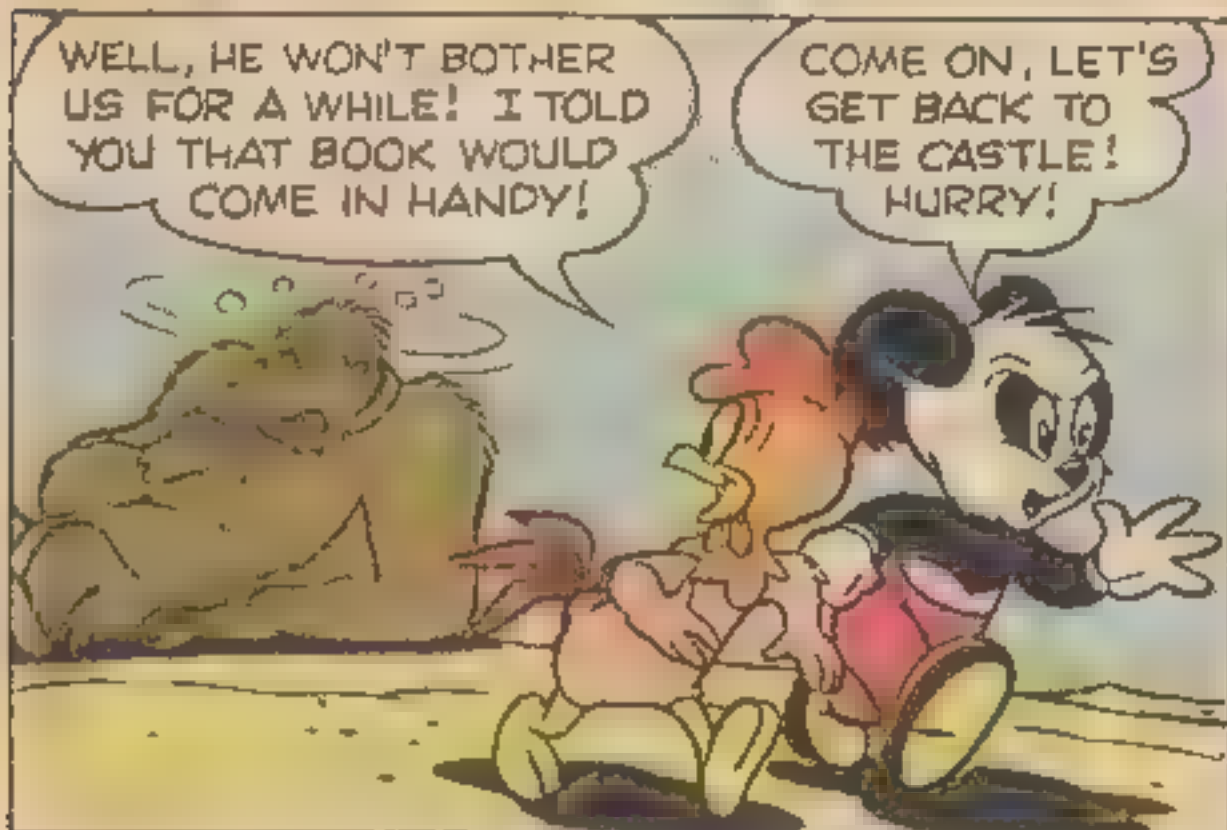
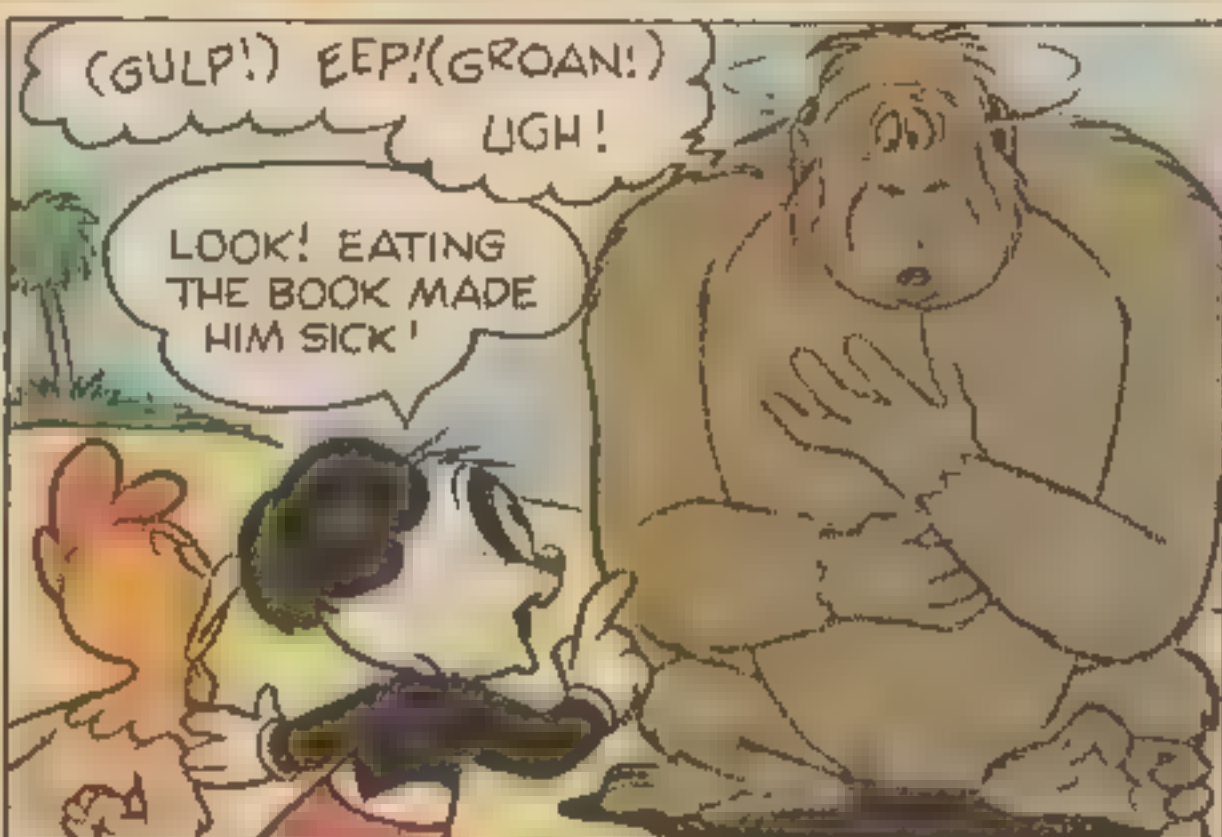
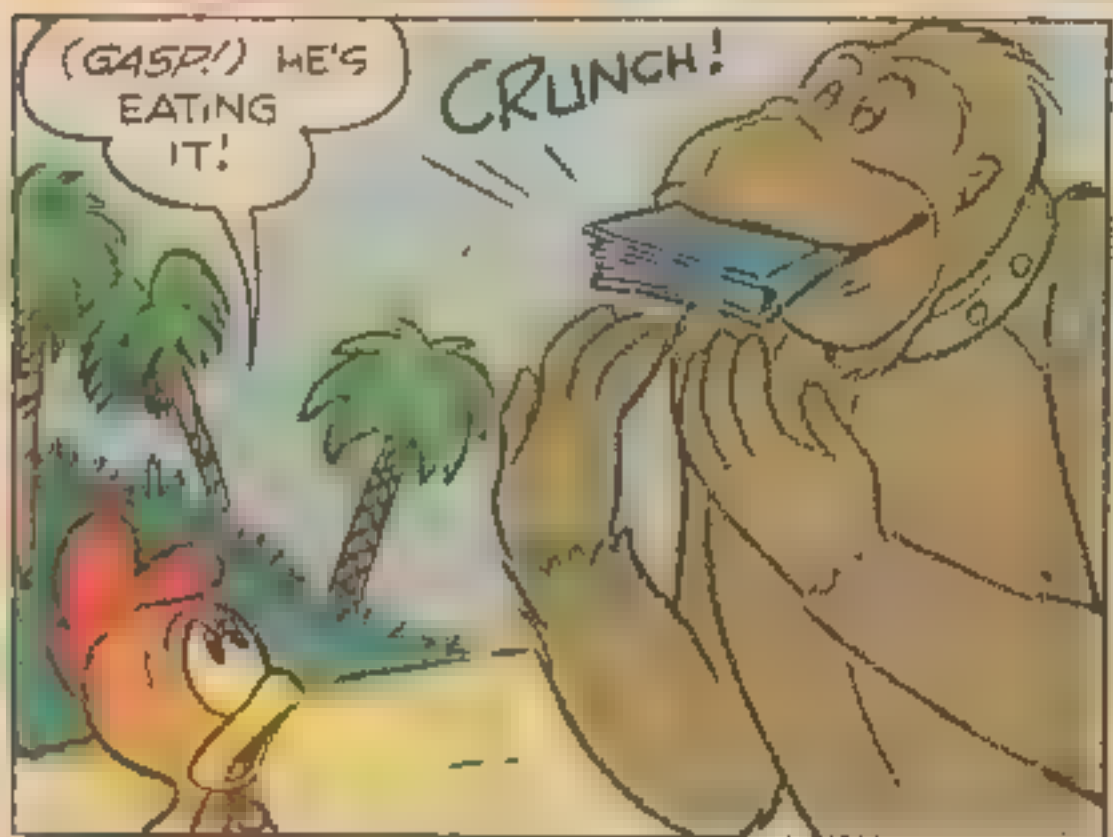
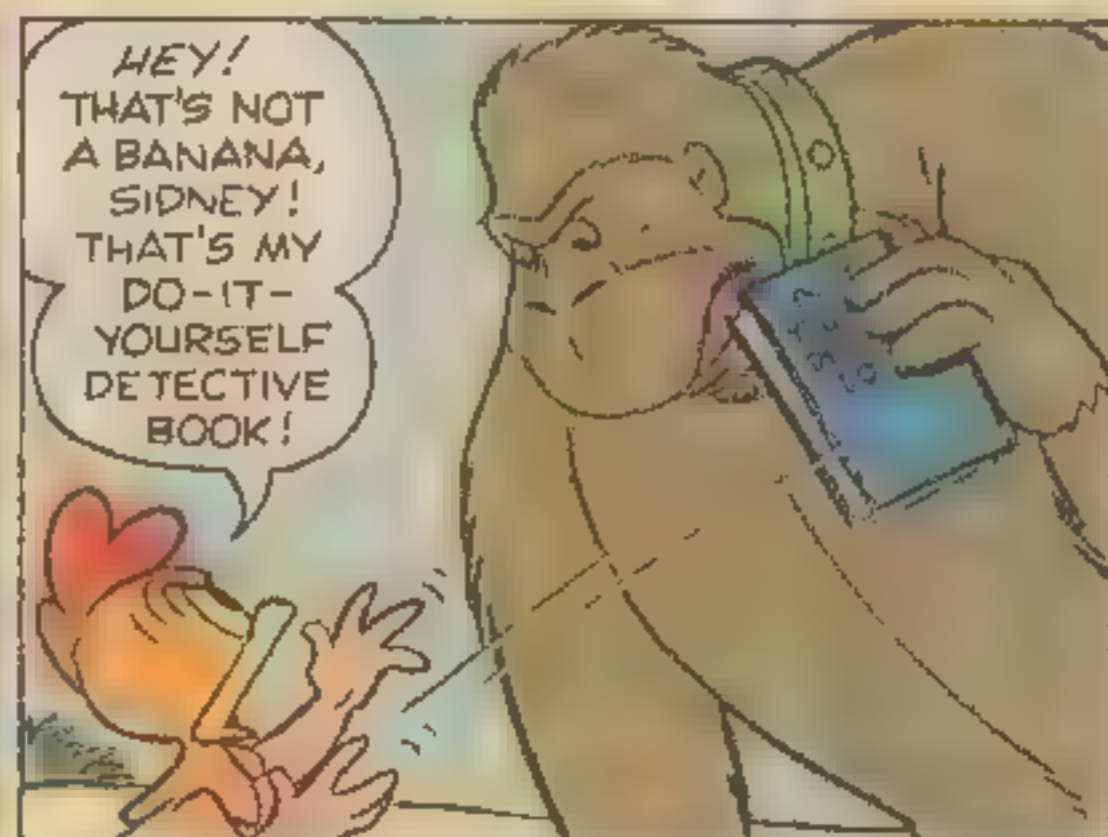
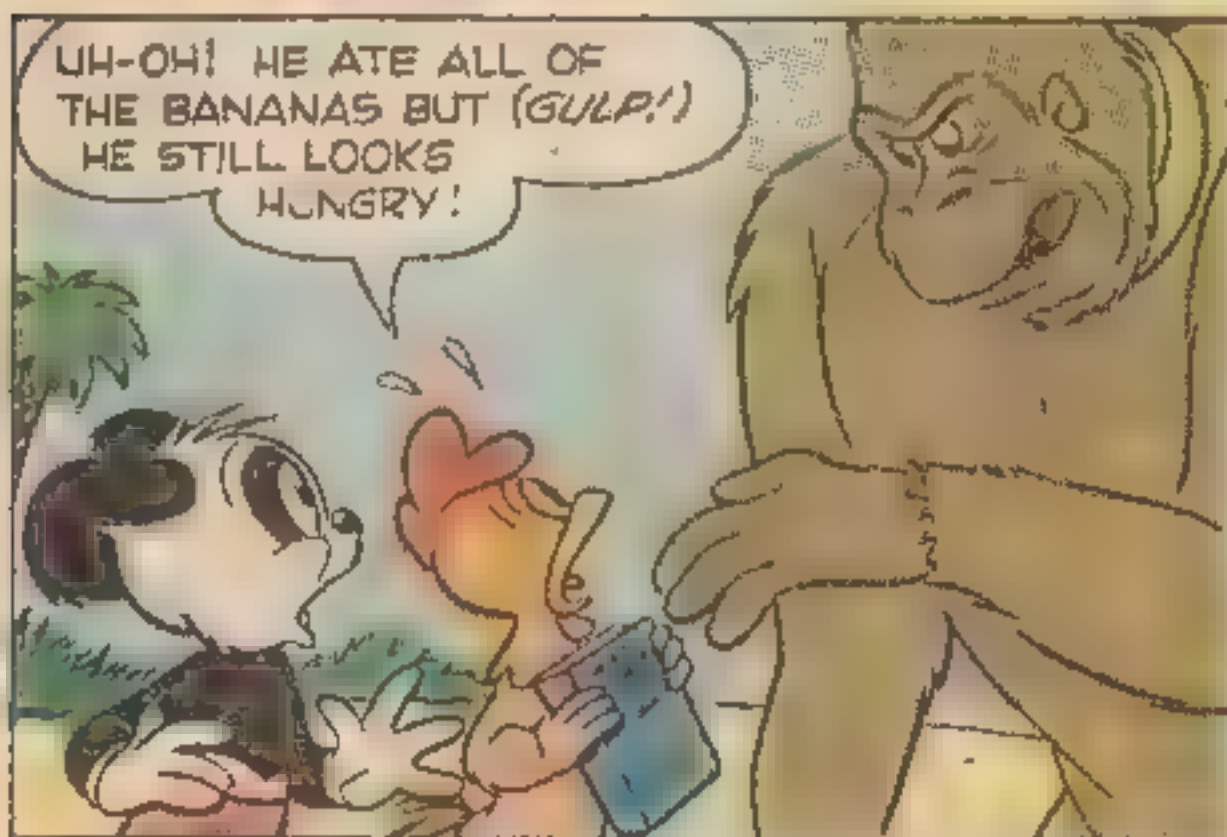
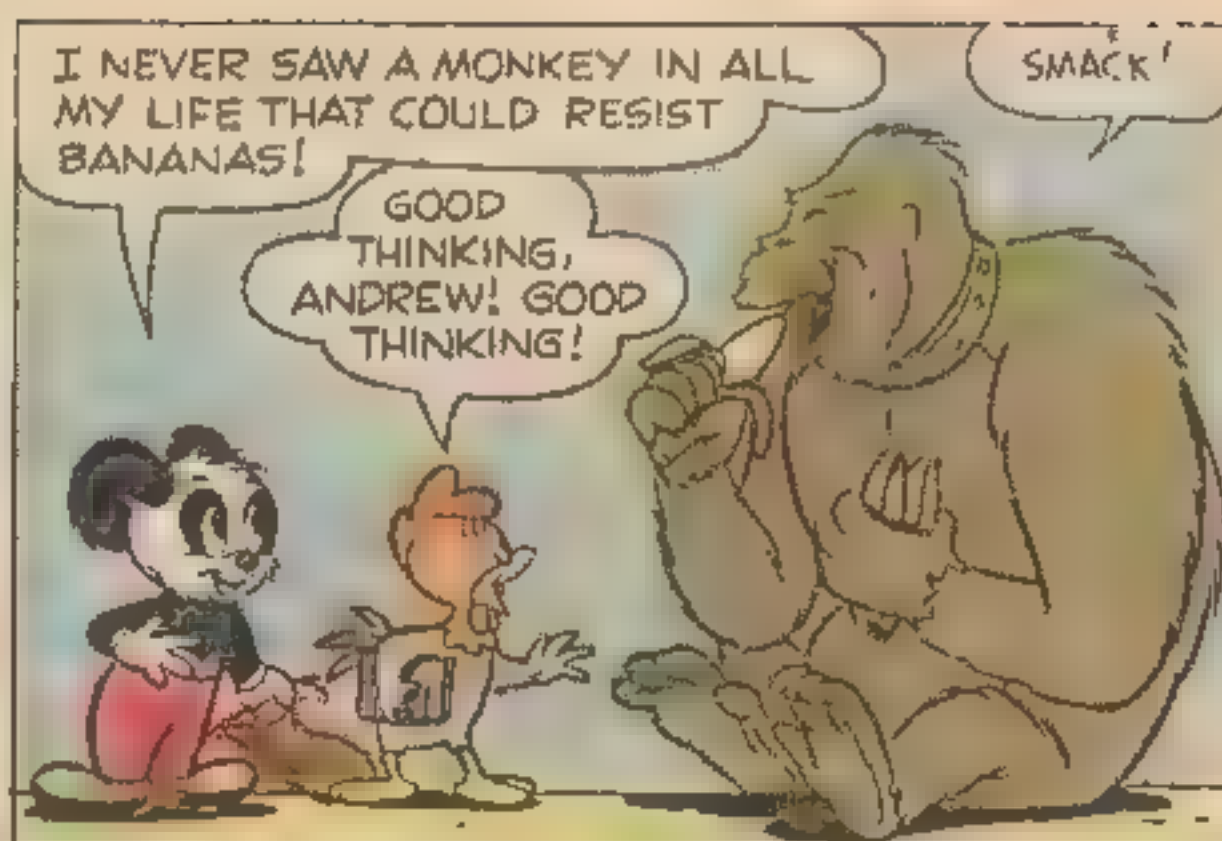
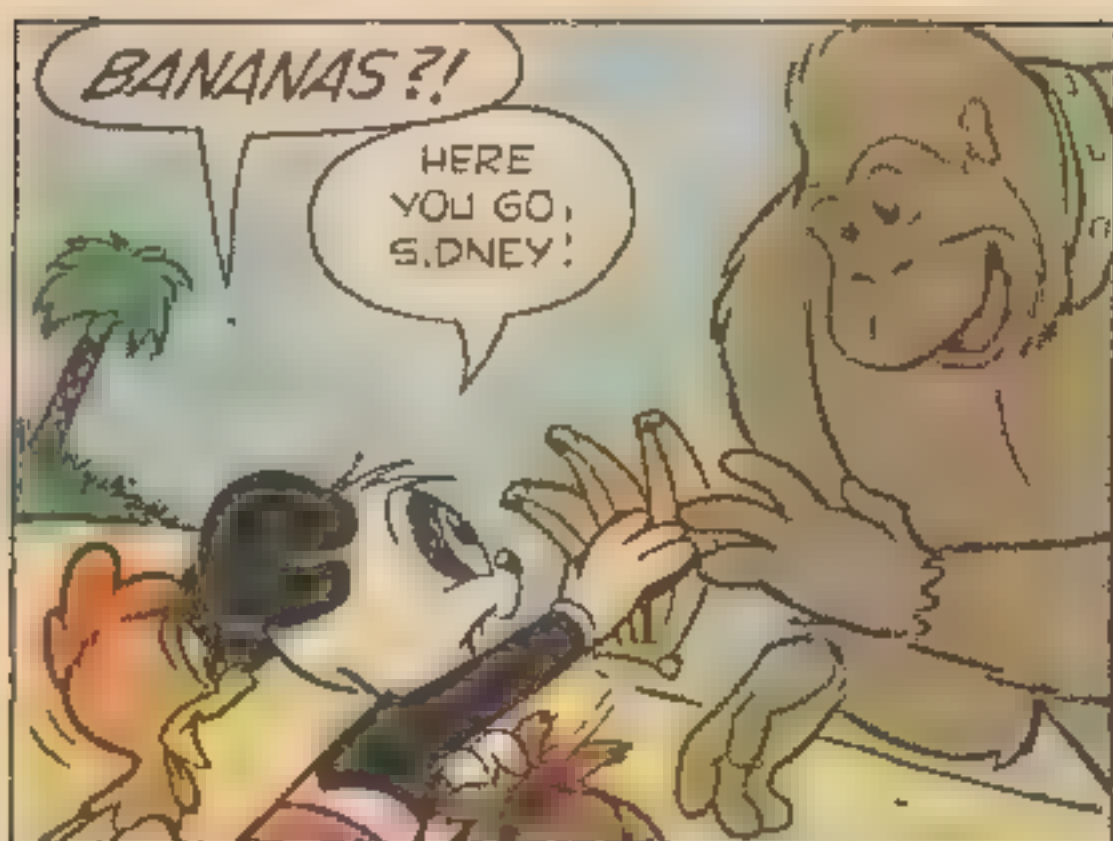
AND NOW—I'LL FILL IN THE DETAILS, GENTLEMEN!

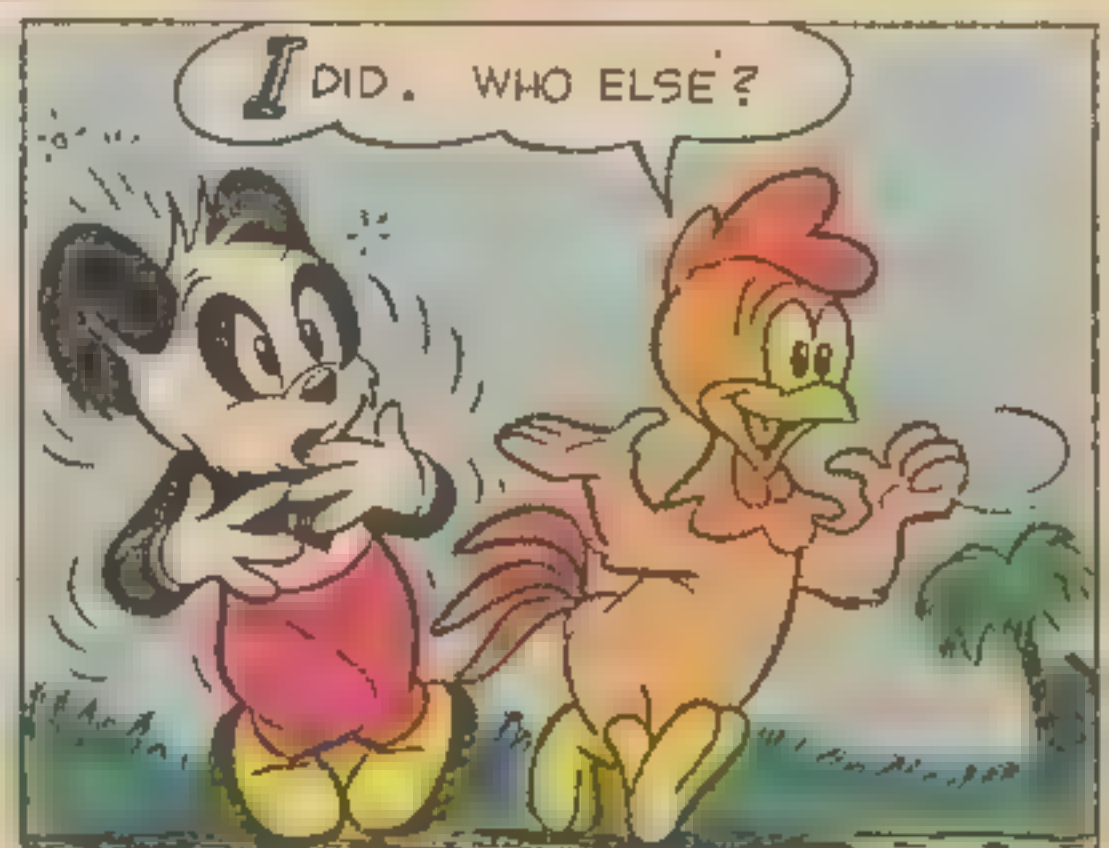
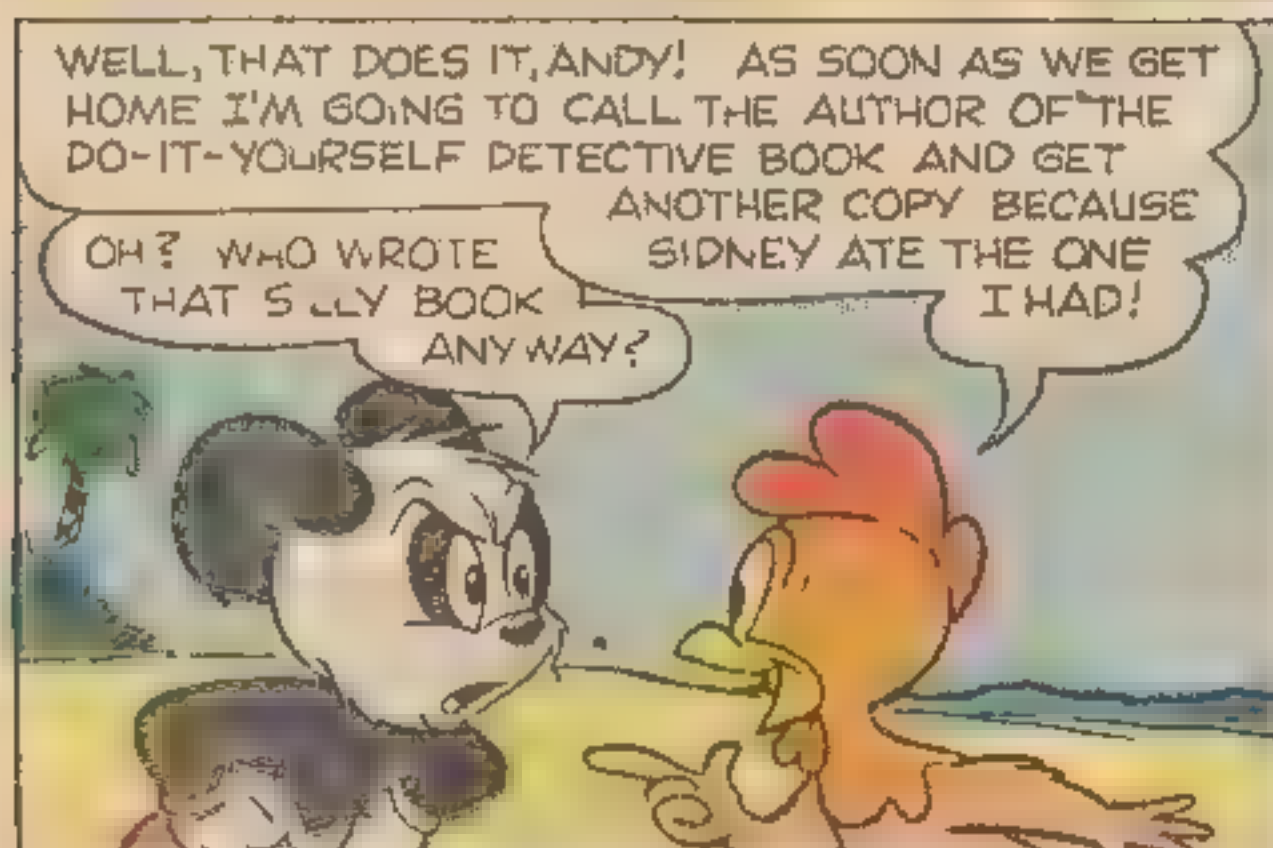
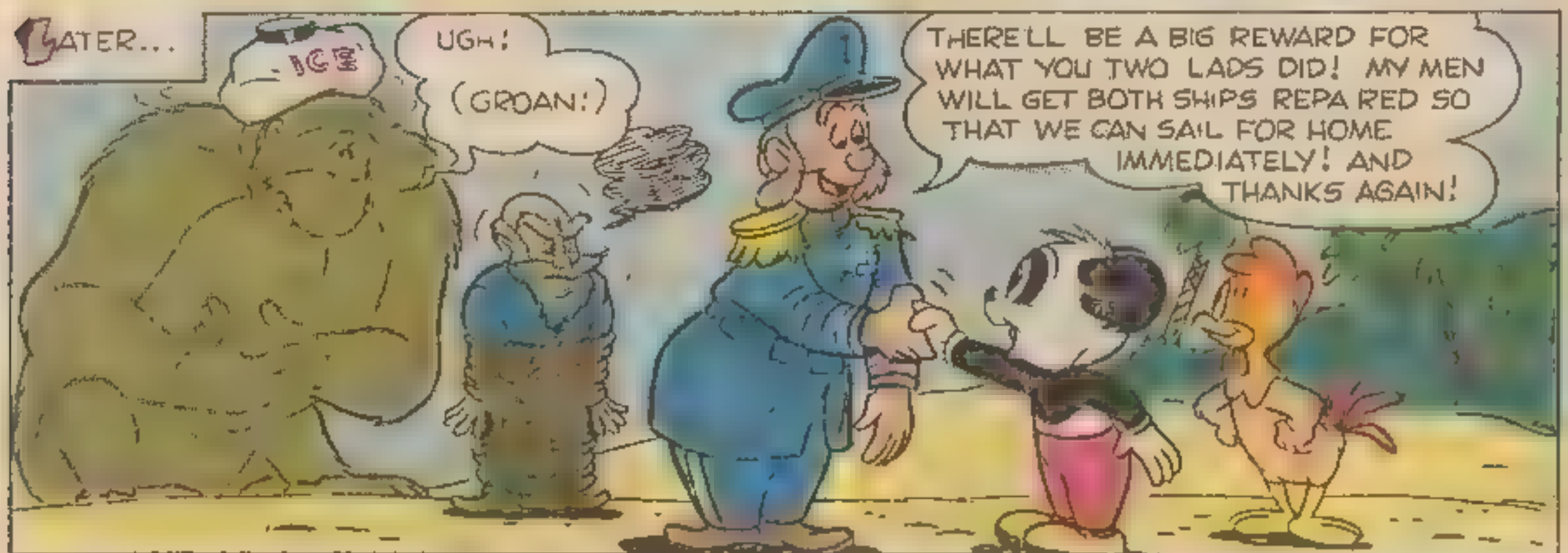
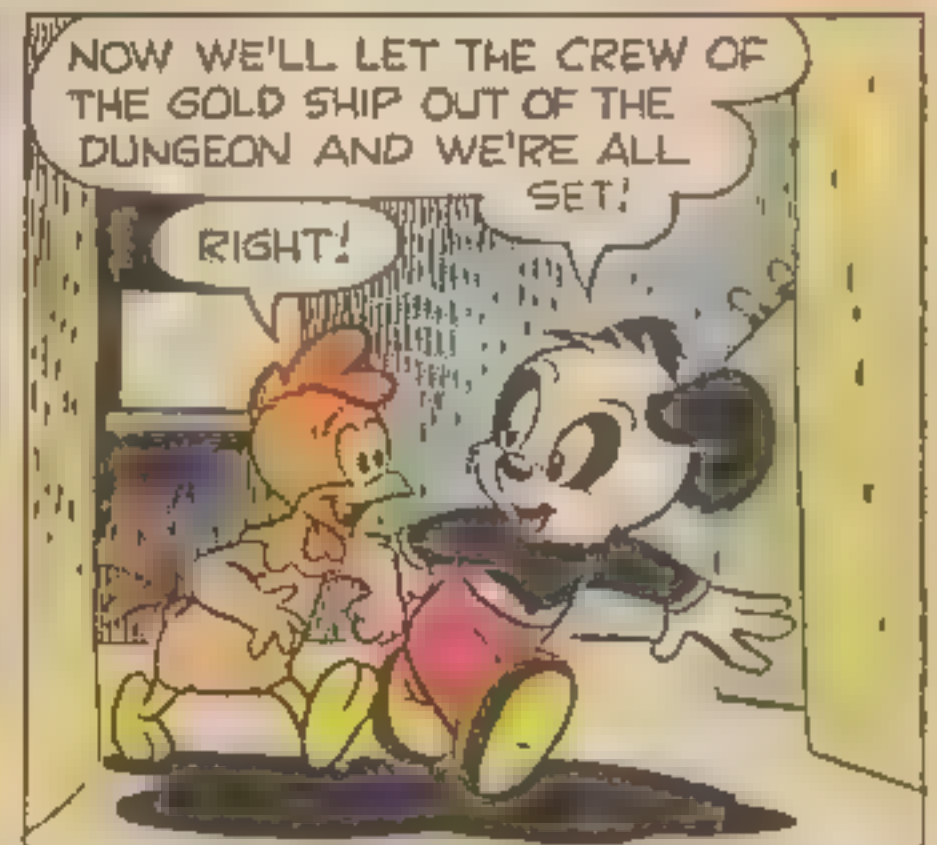
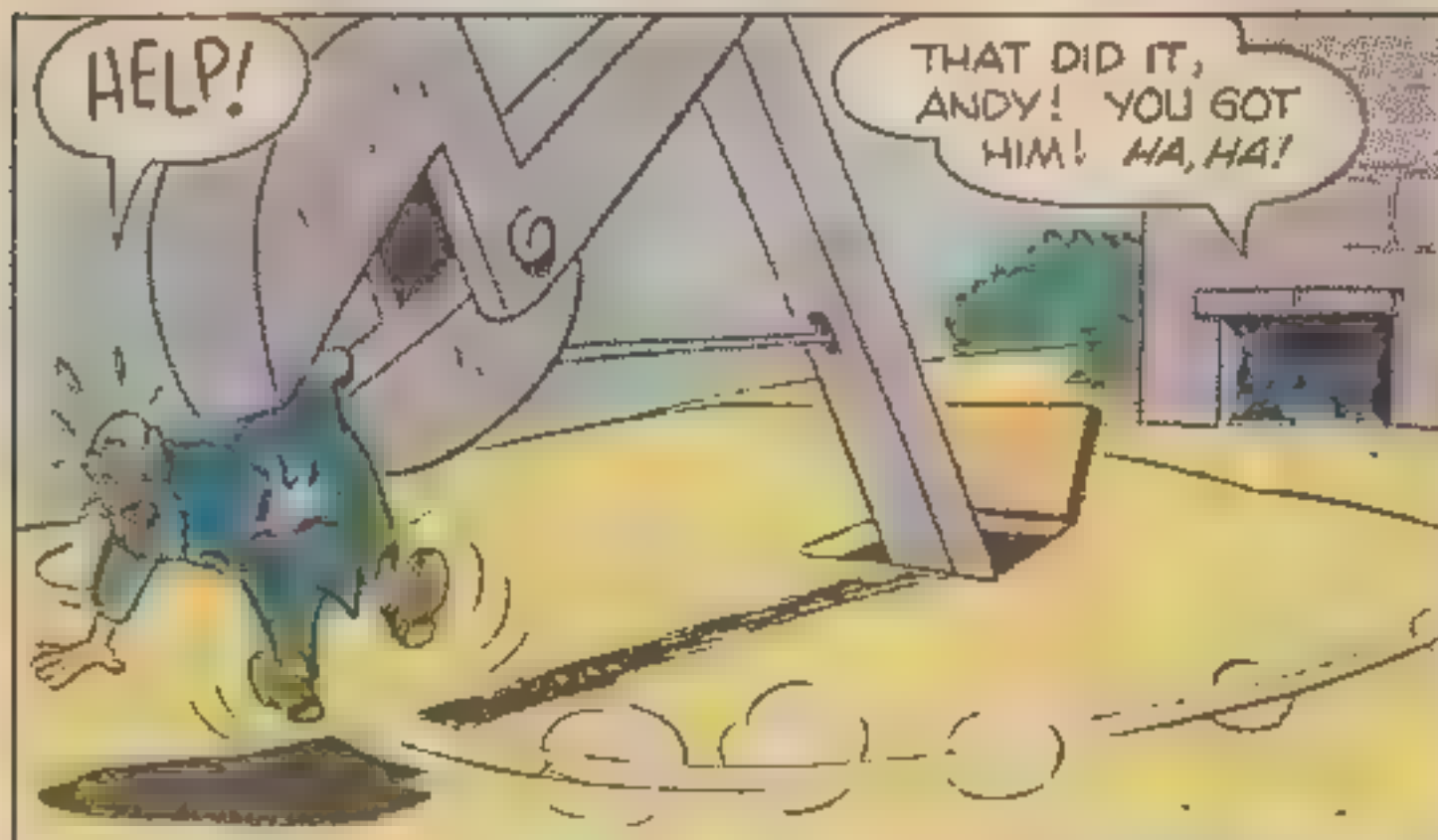
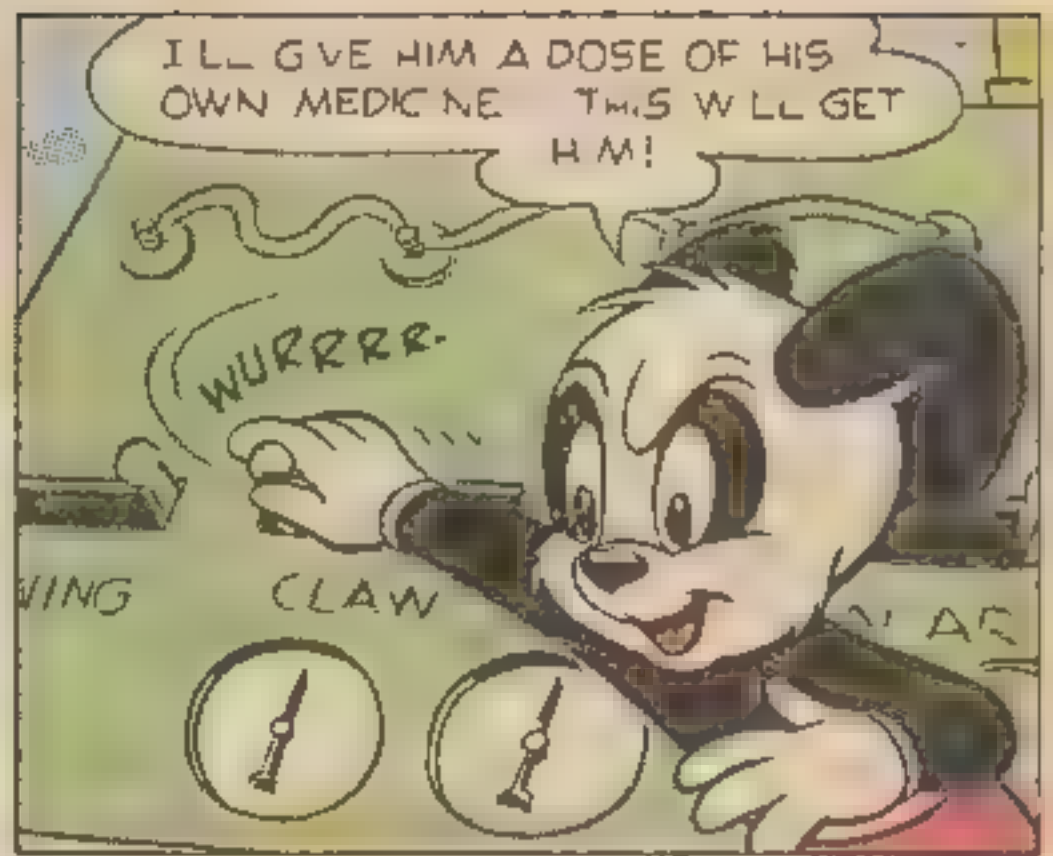
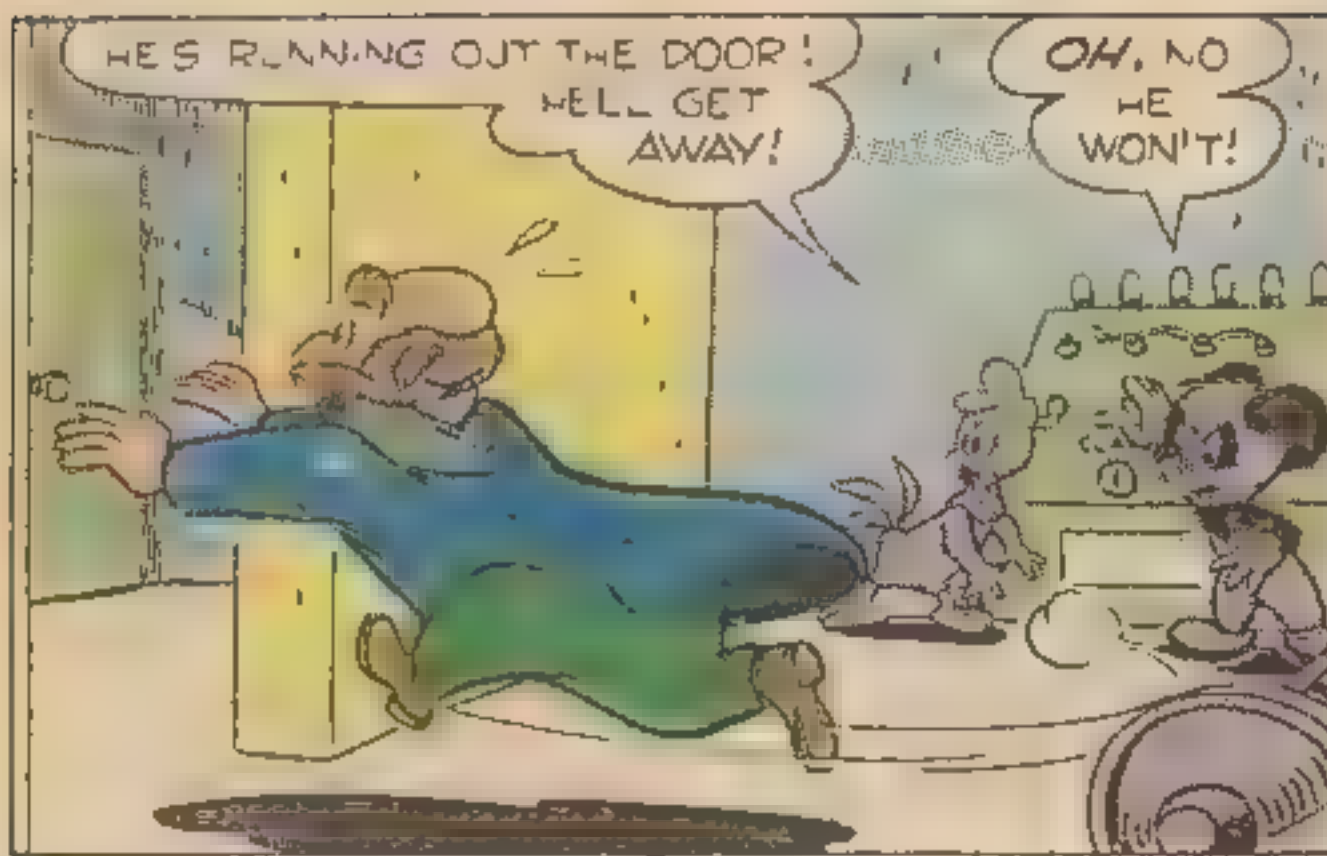
UH-OH!

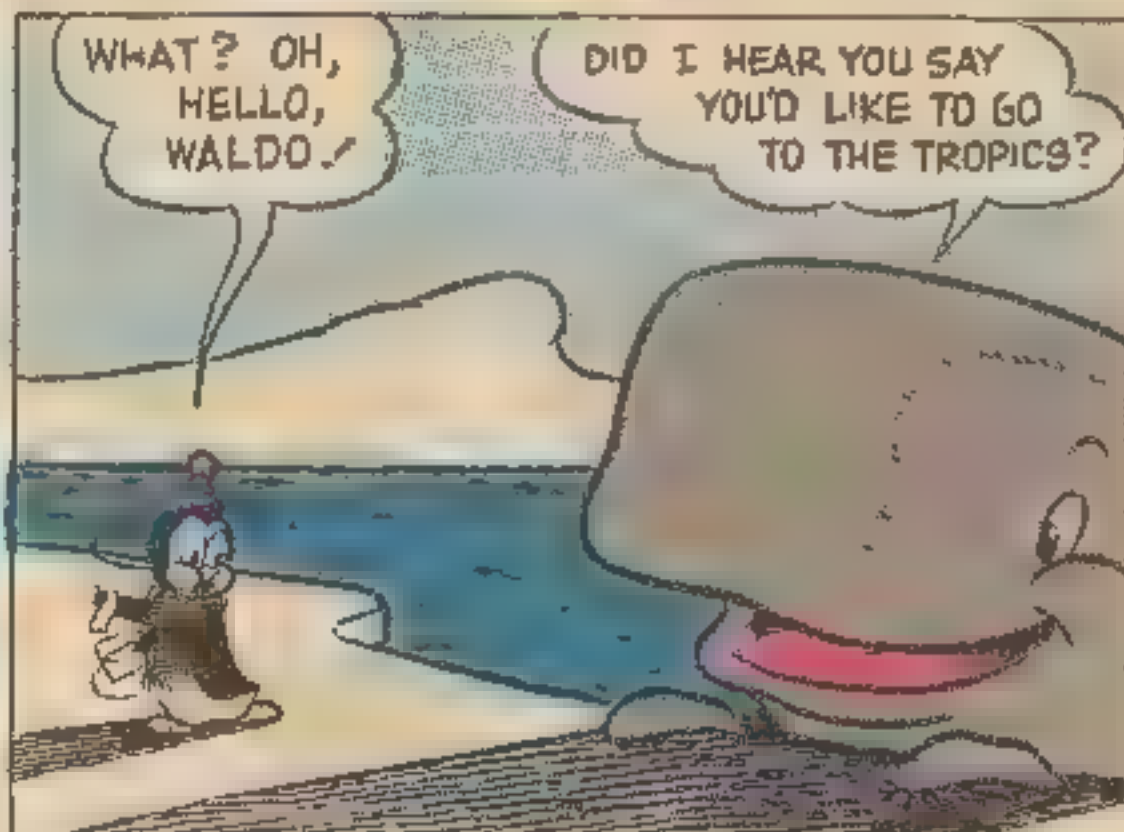
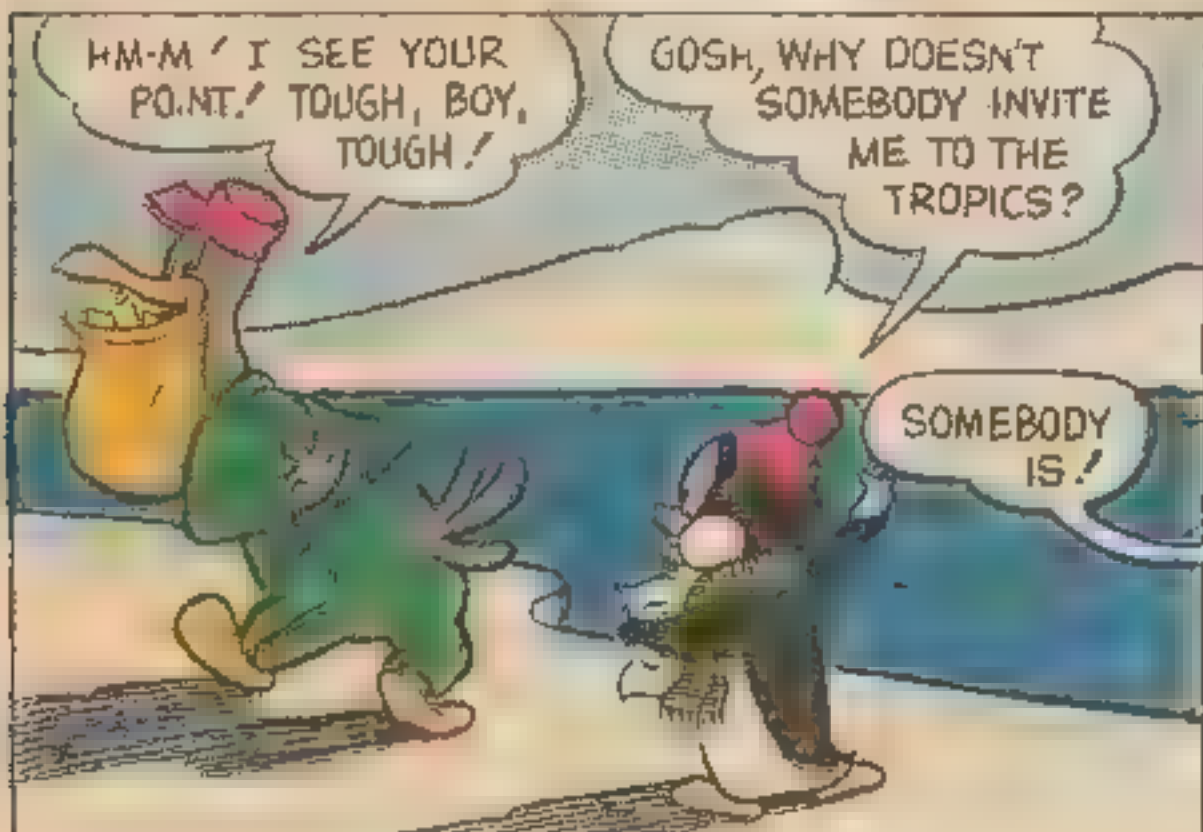
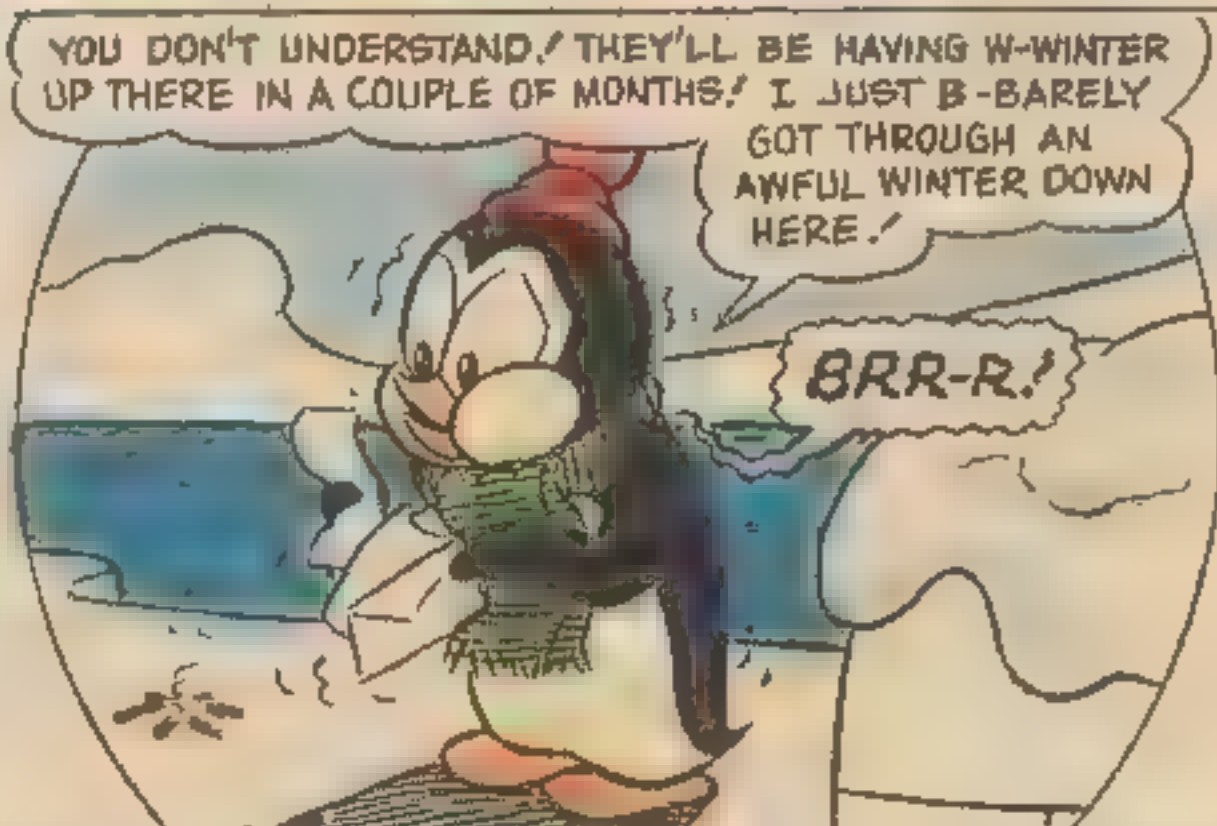
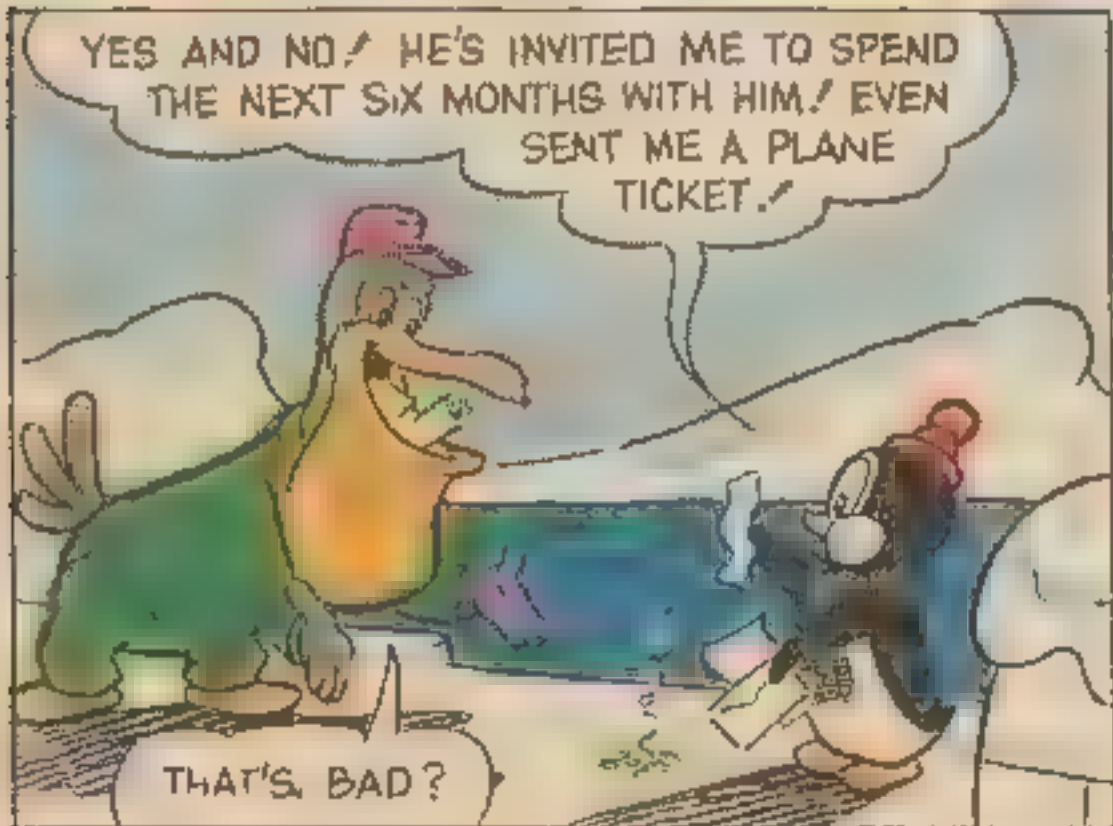
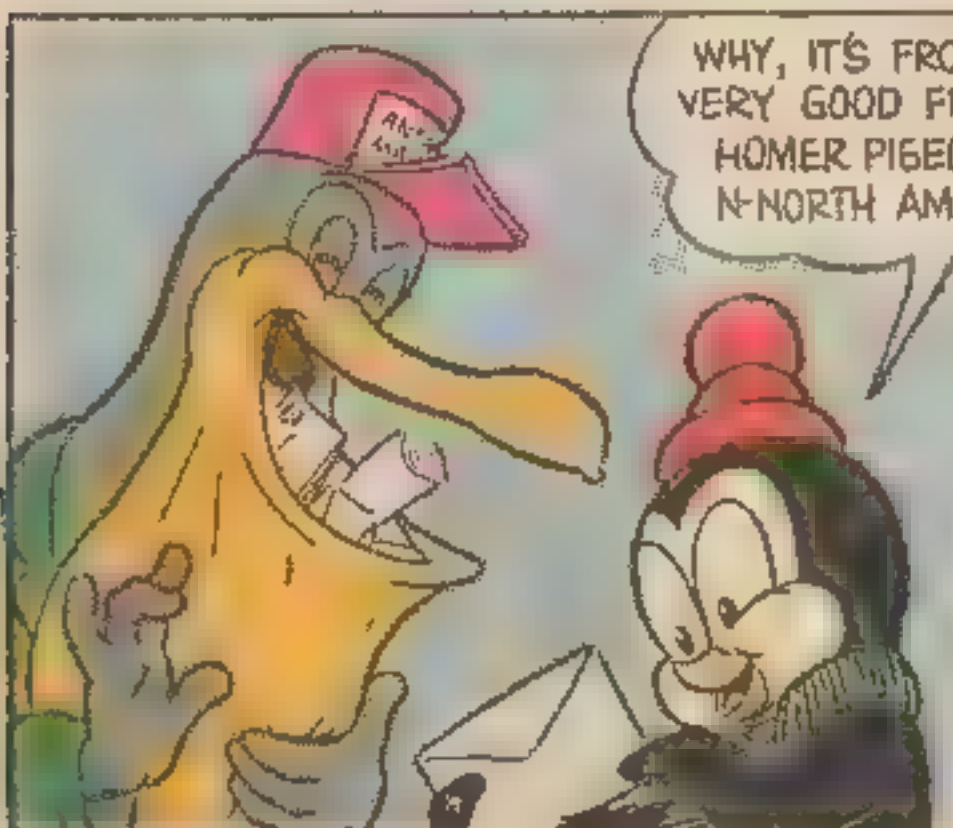


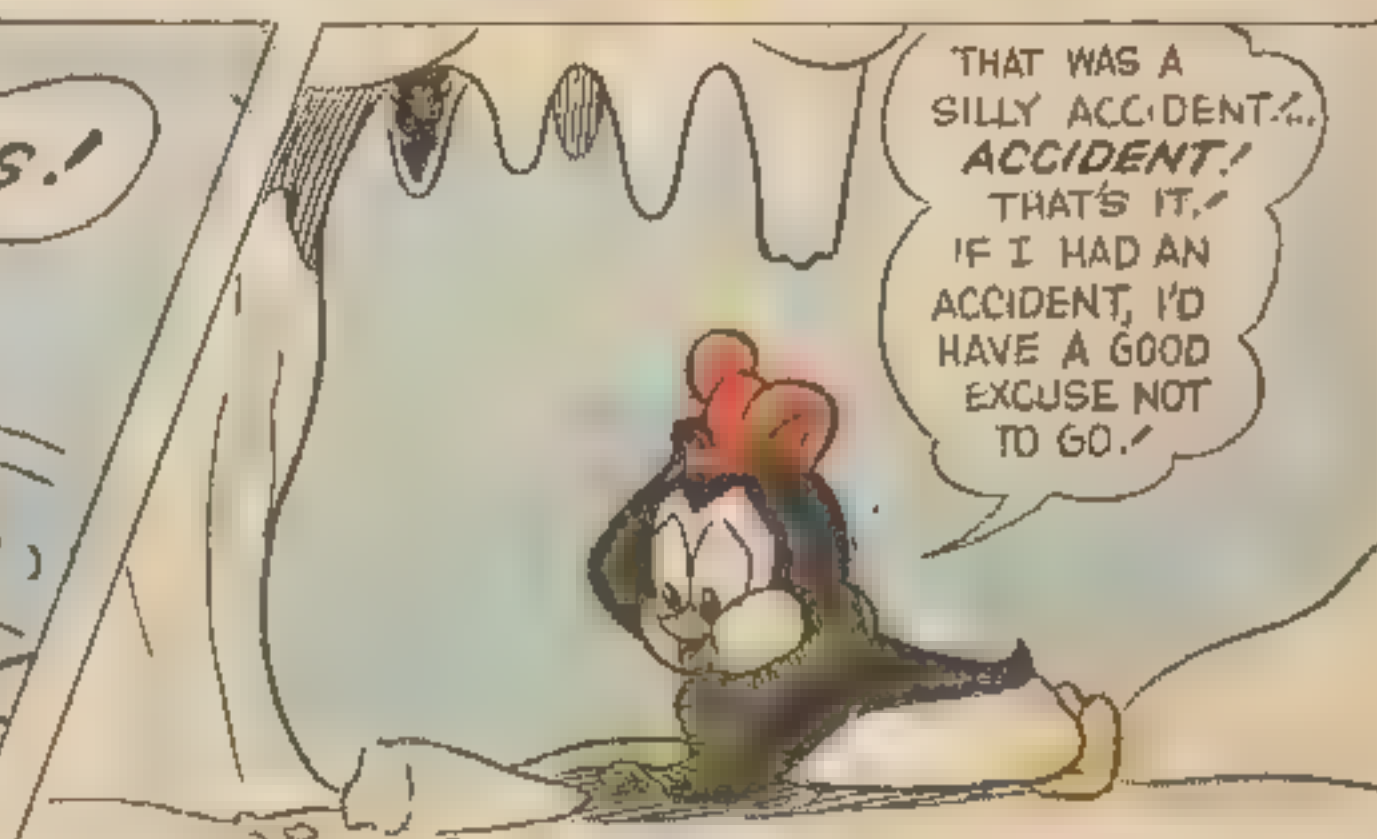
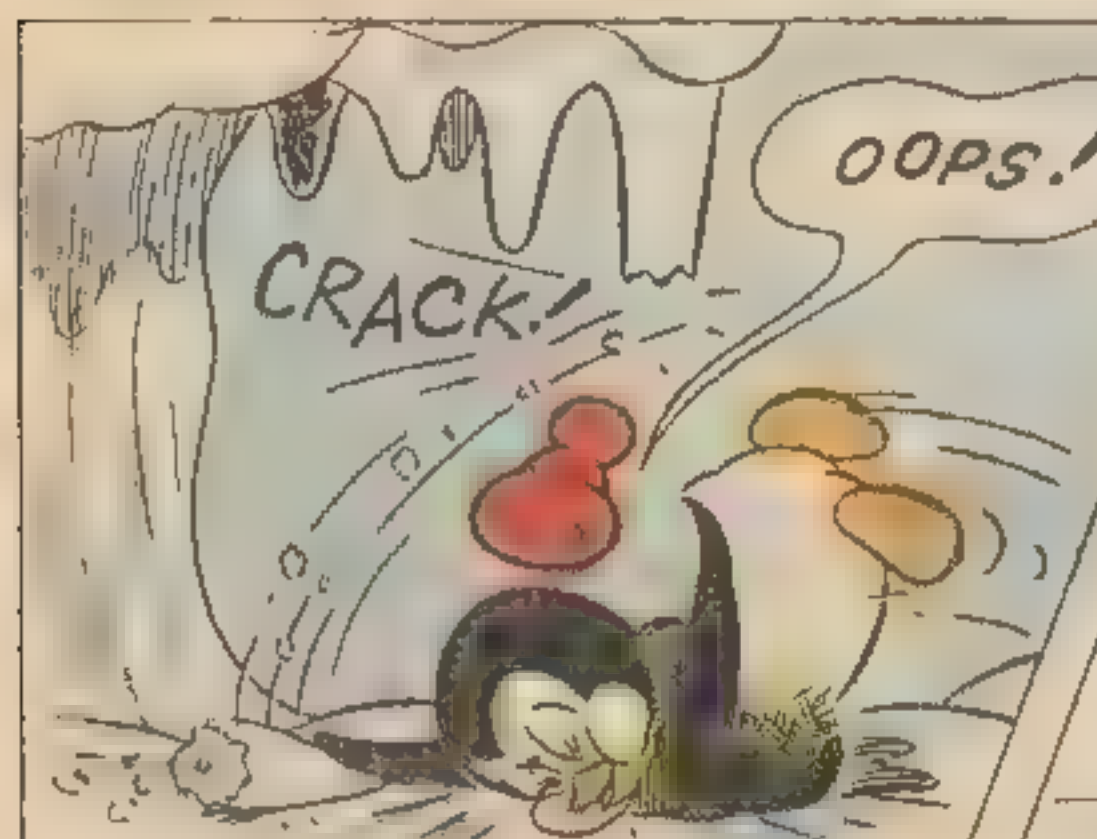
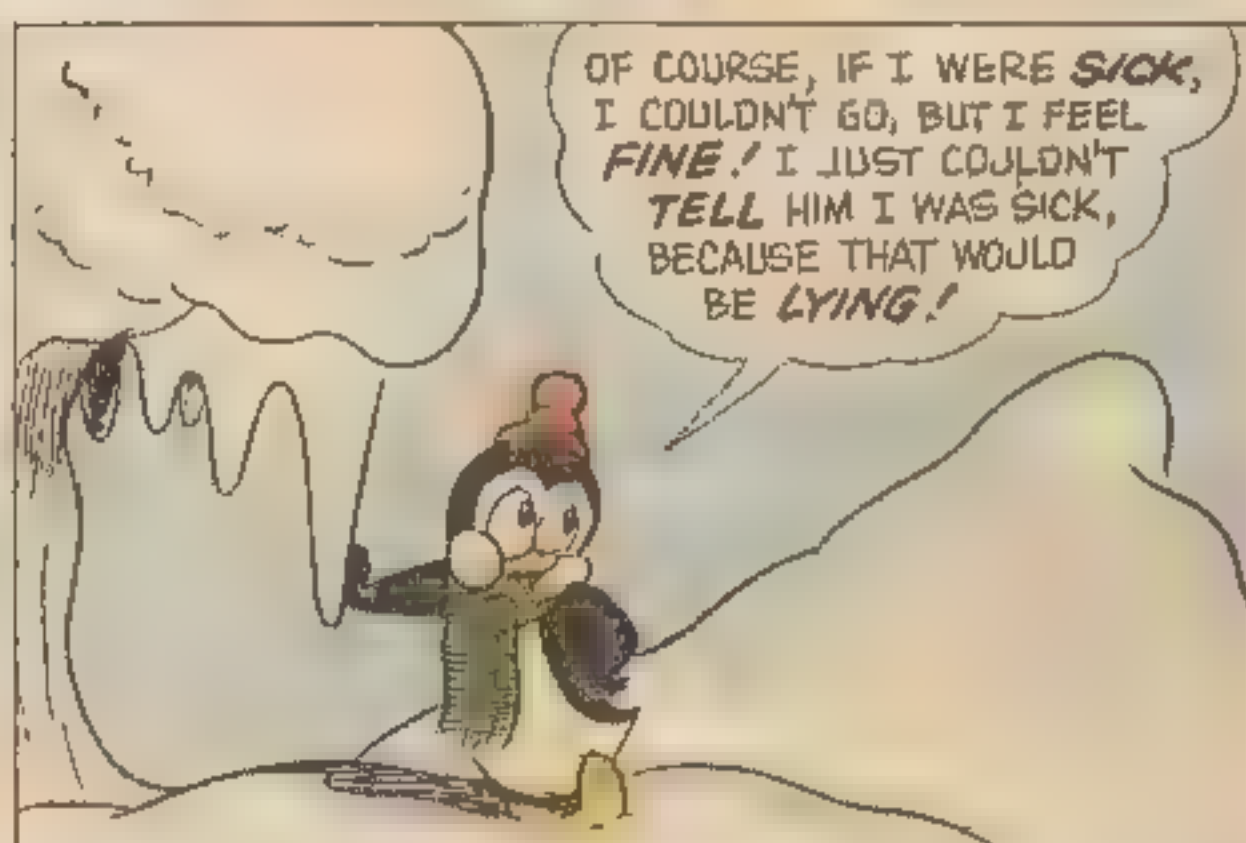
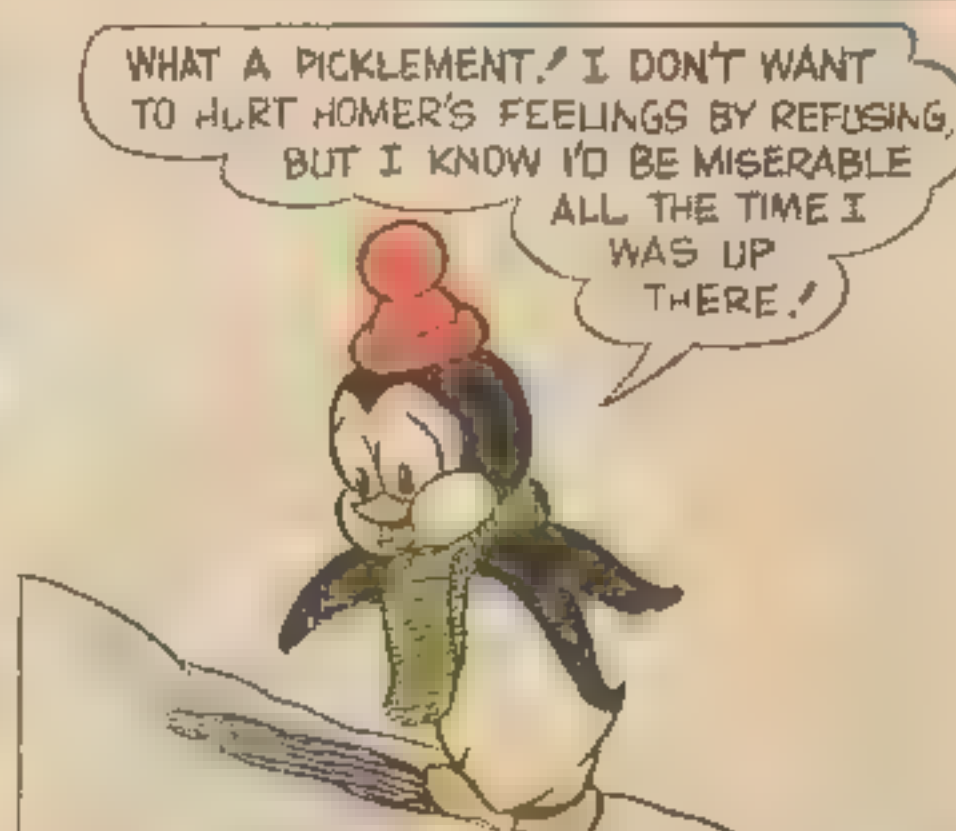
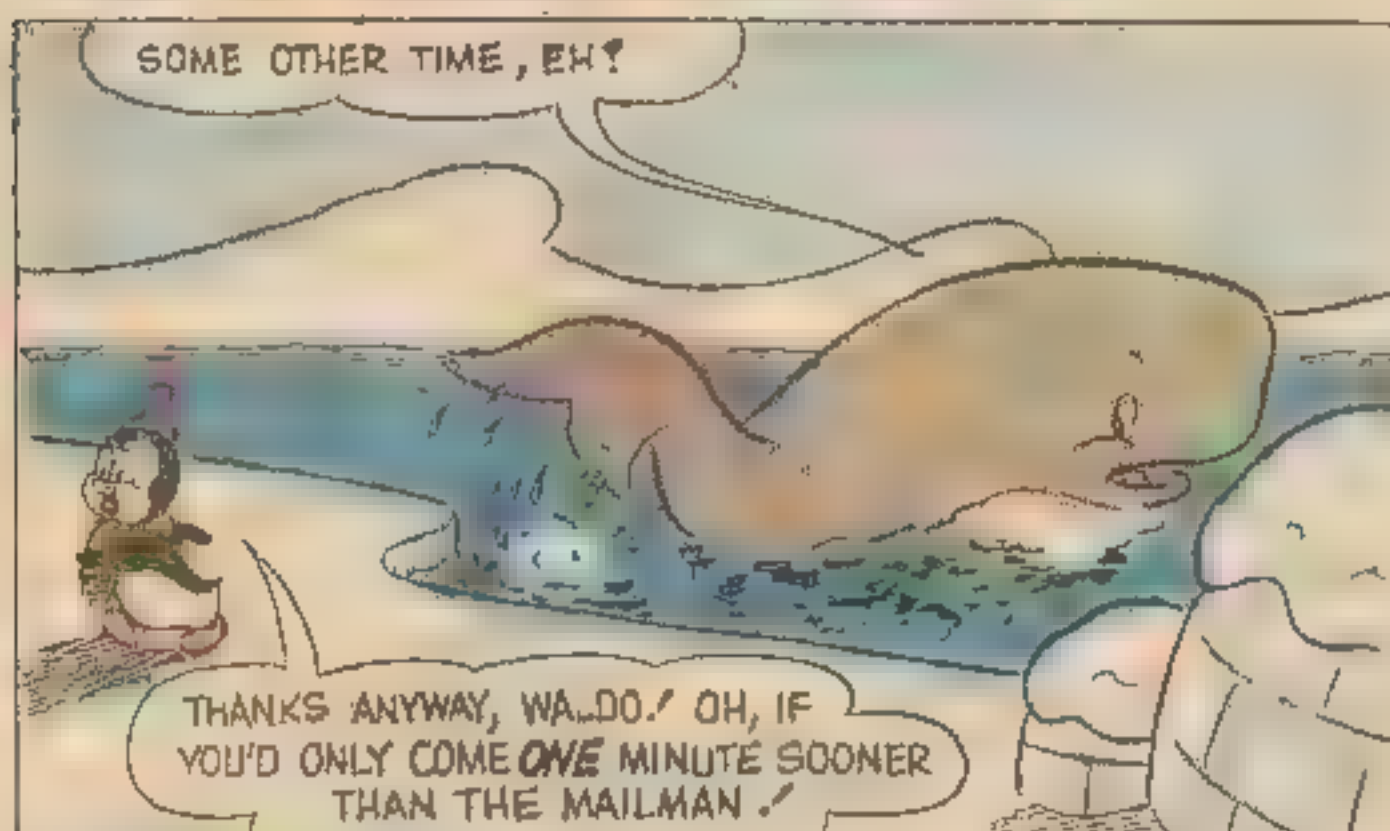
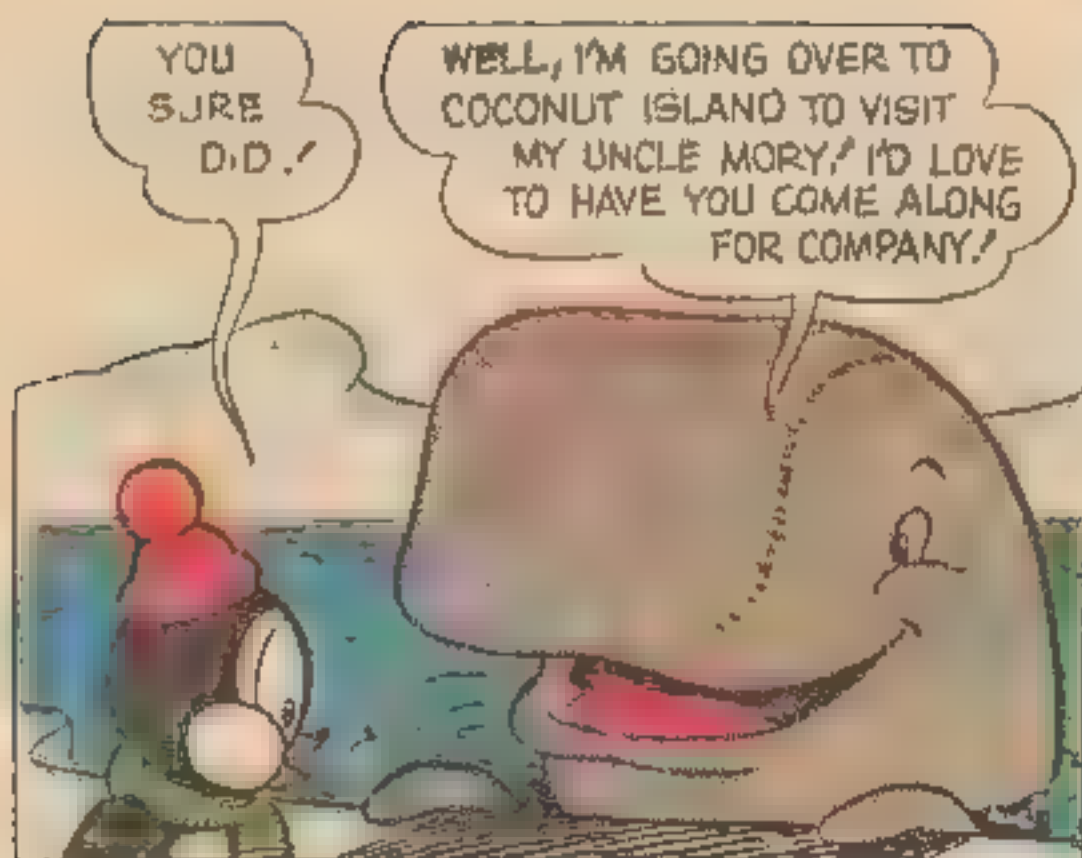


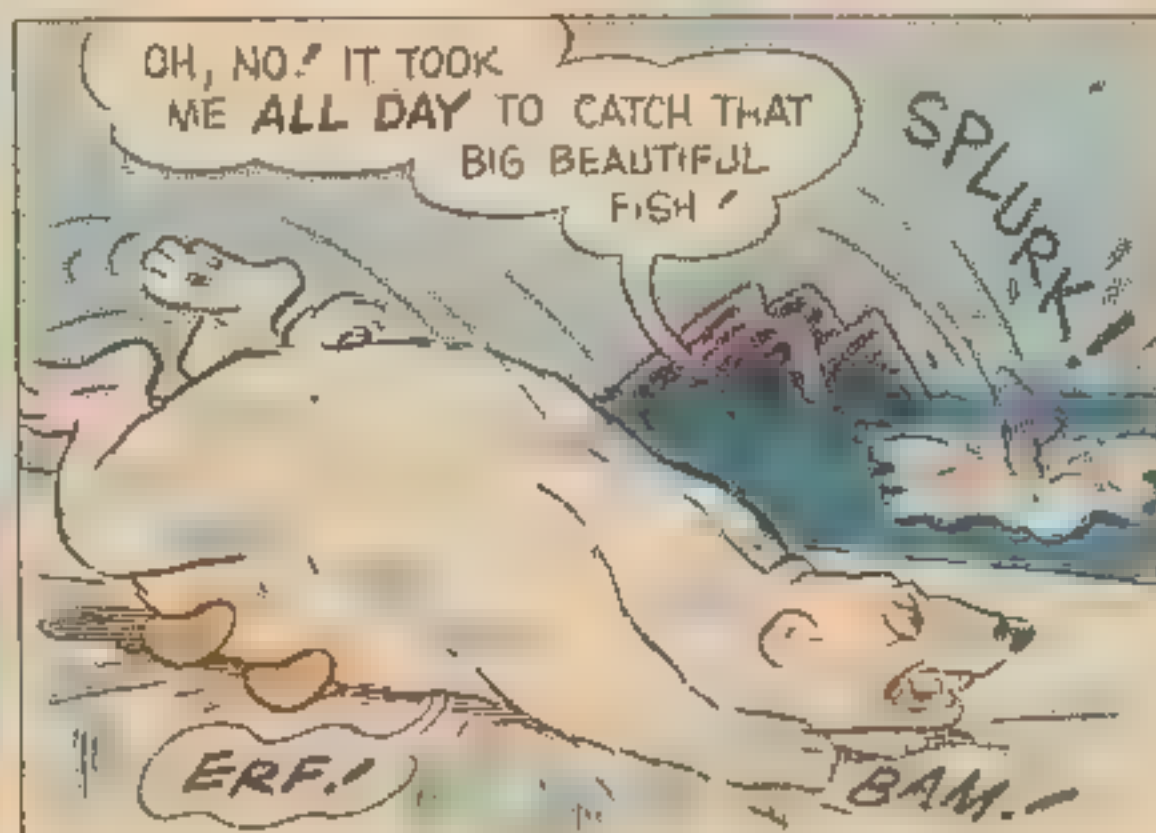
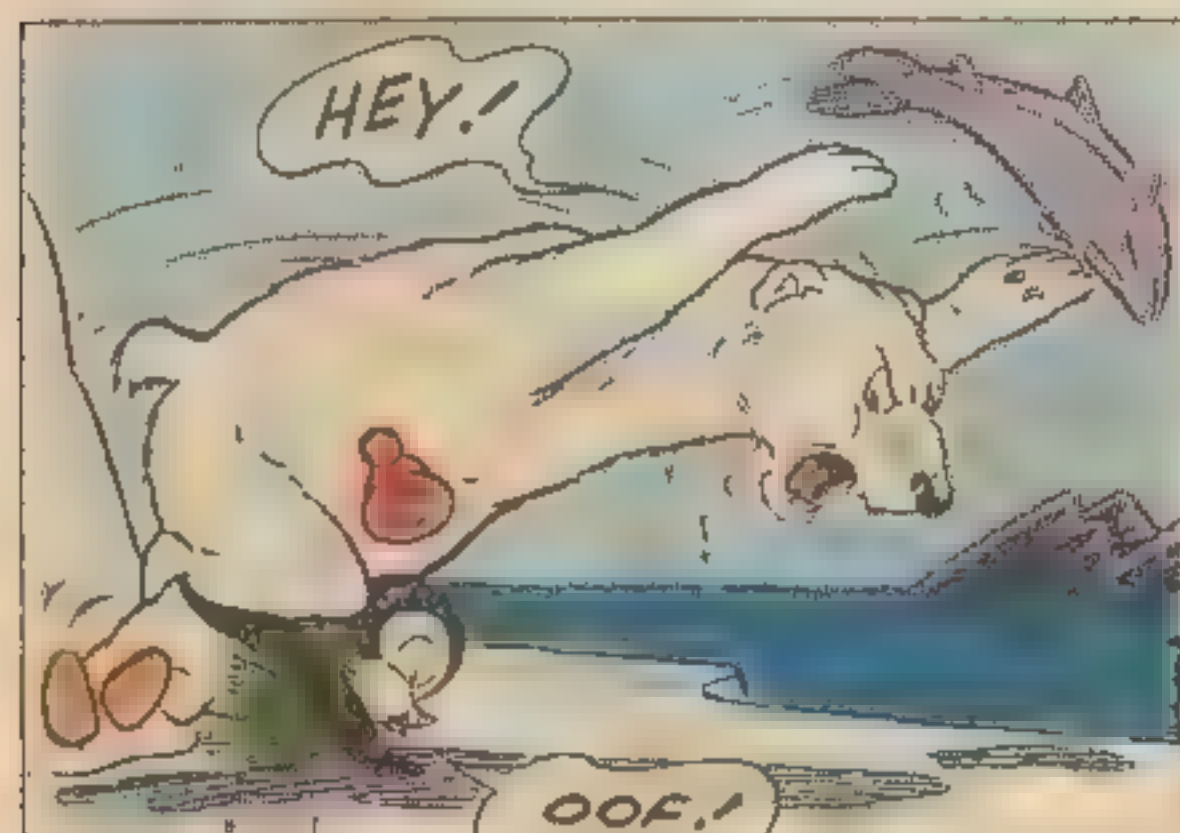
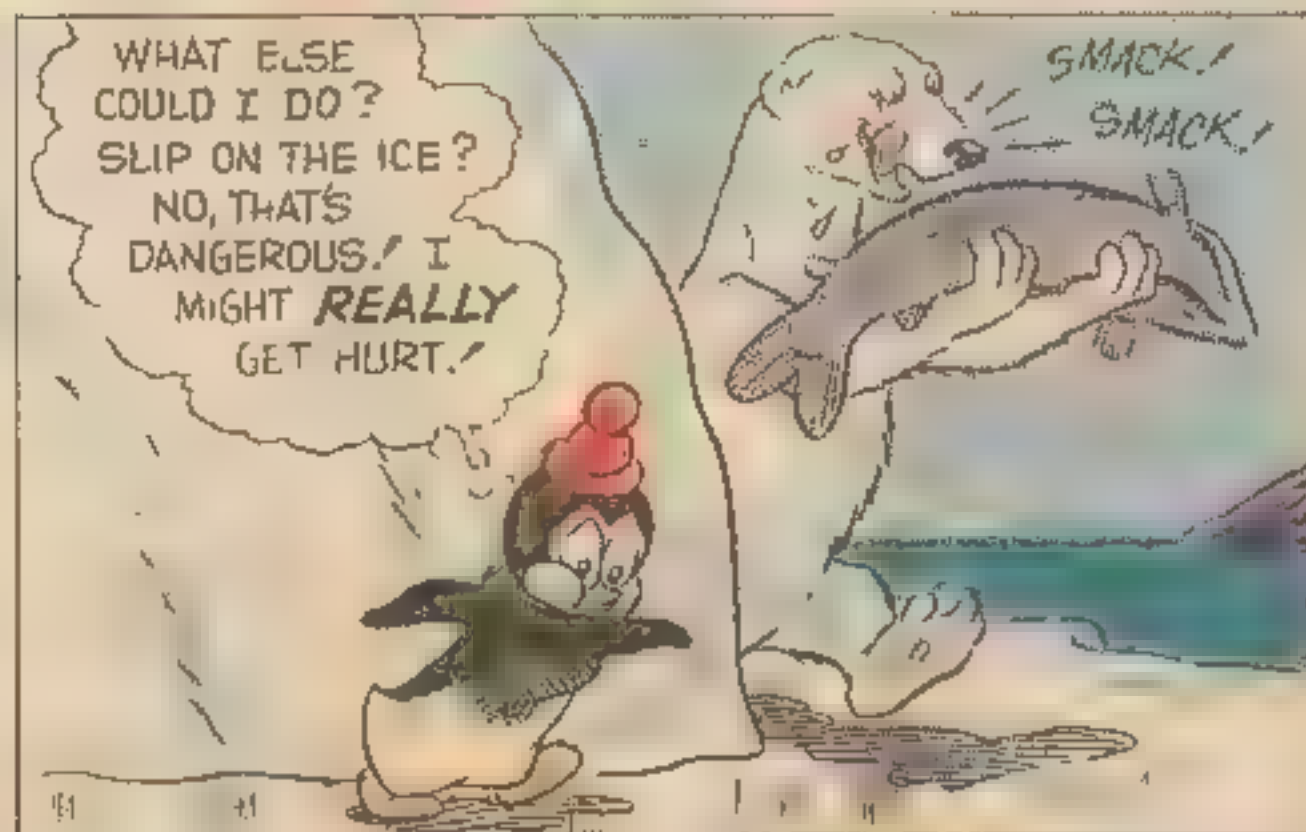
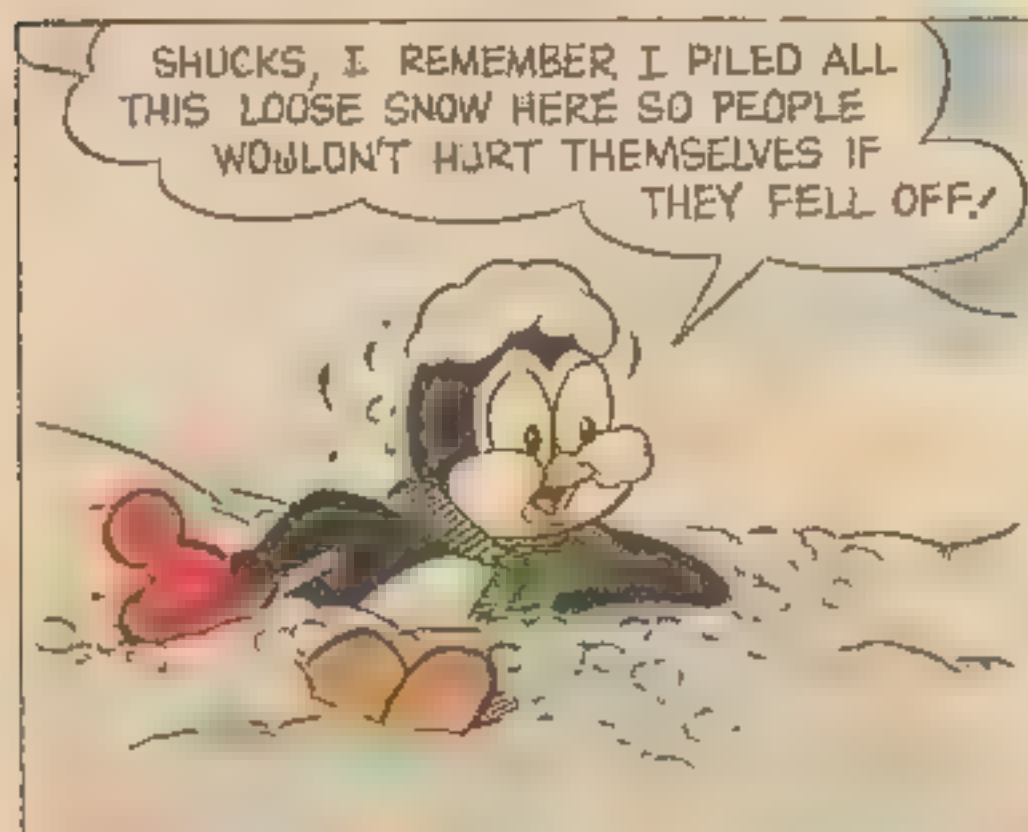
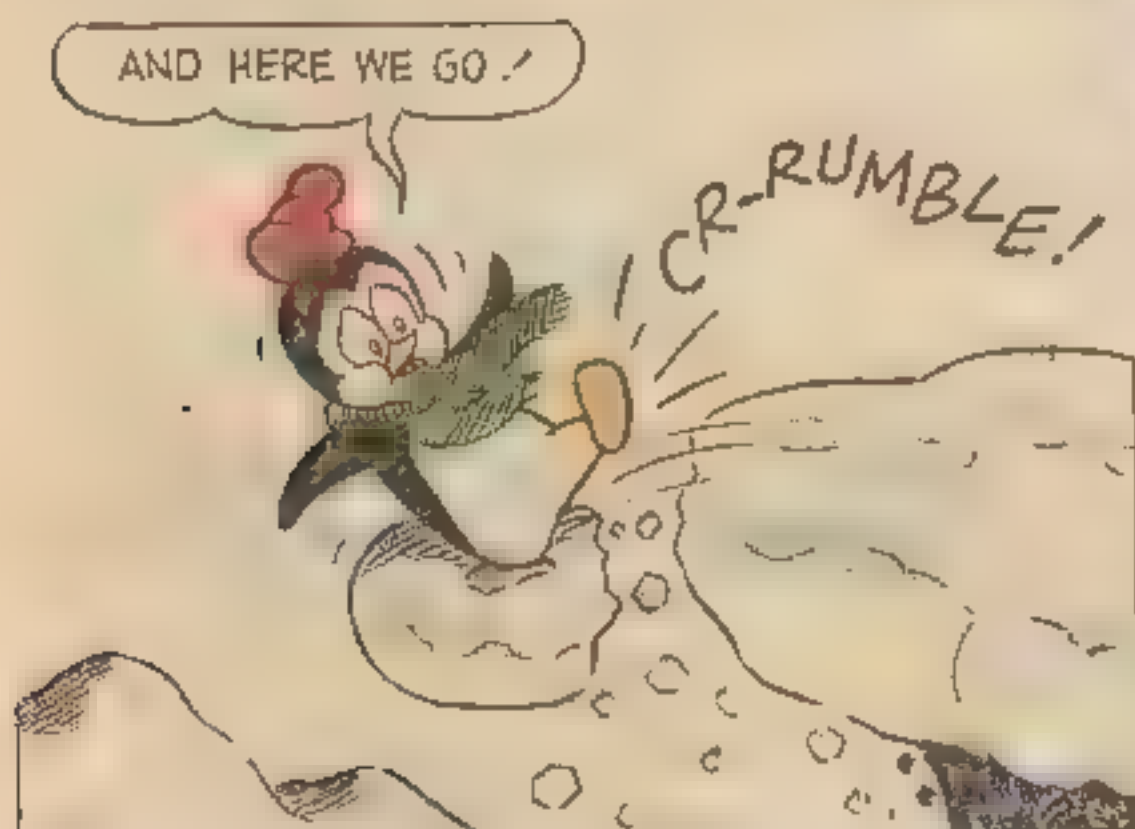
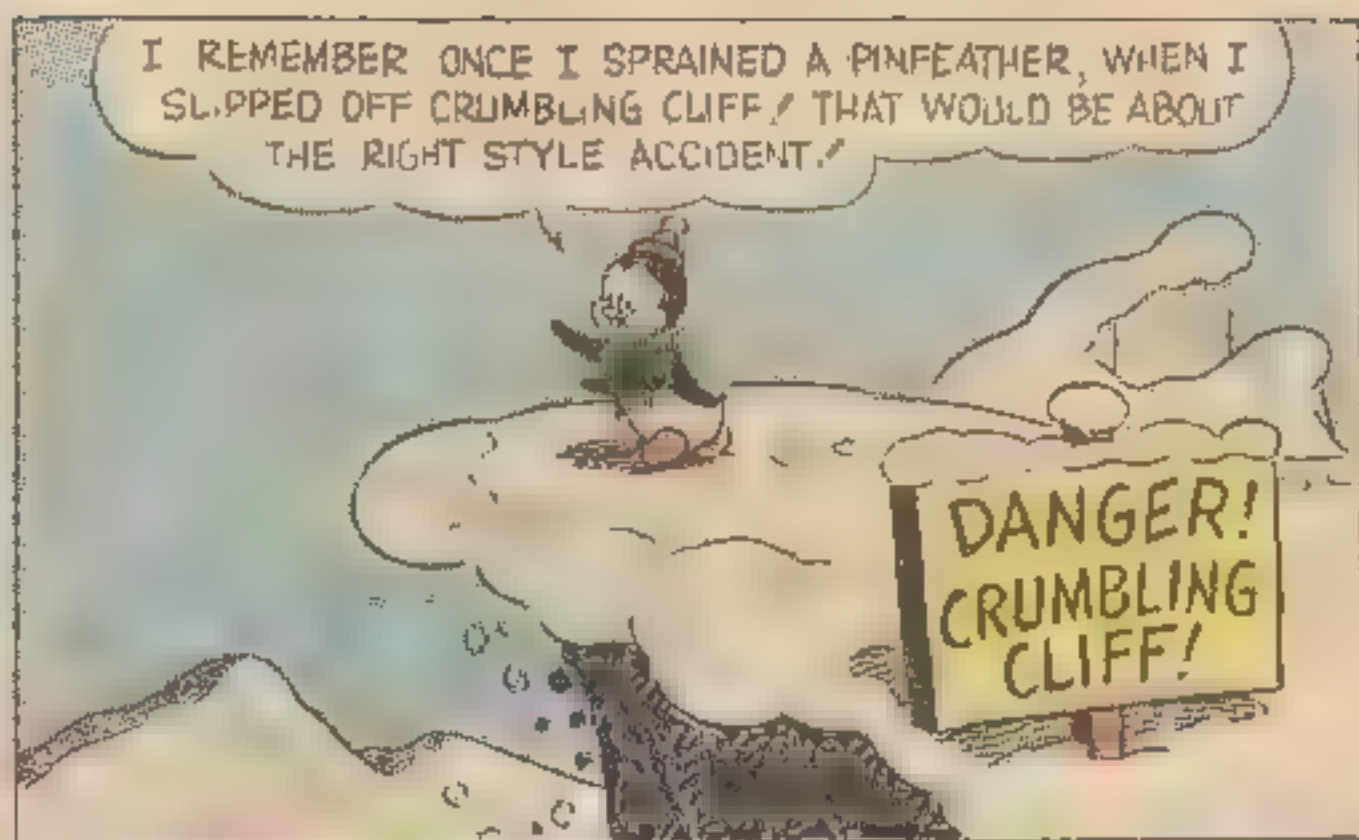
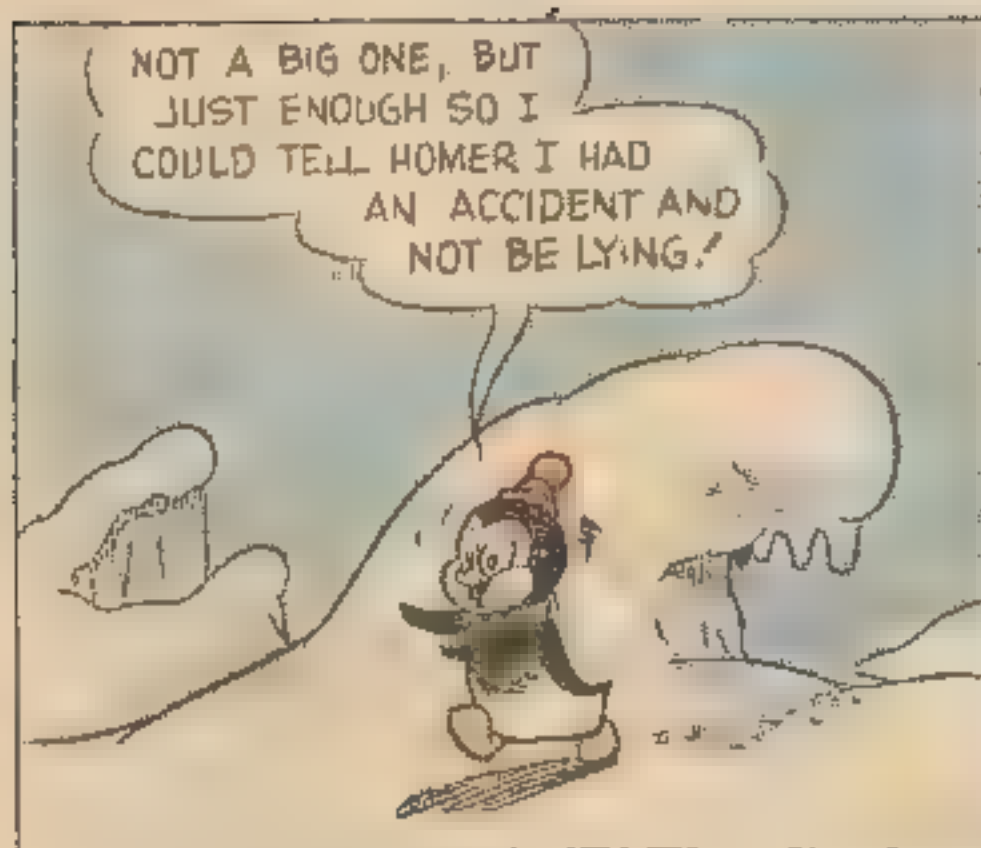


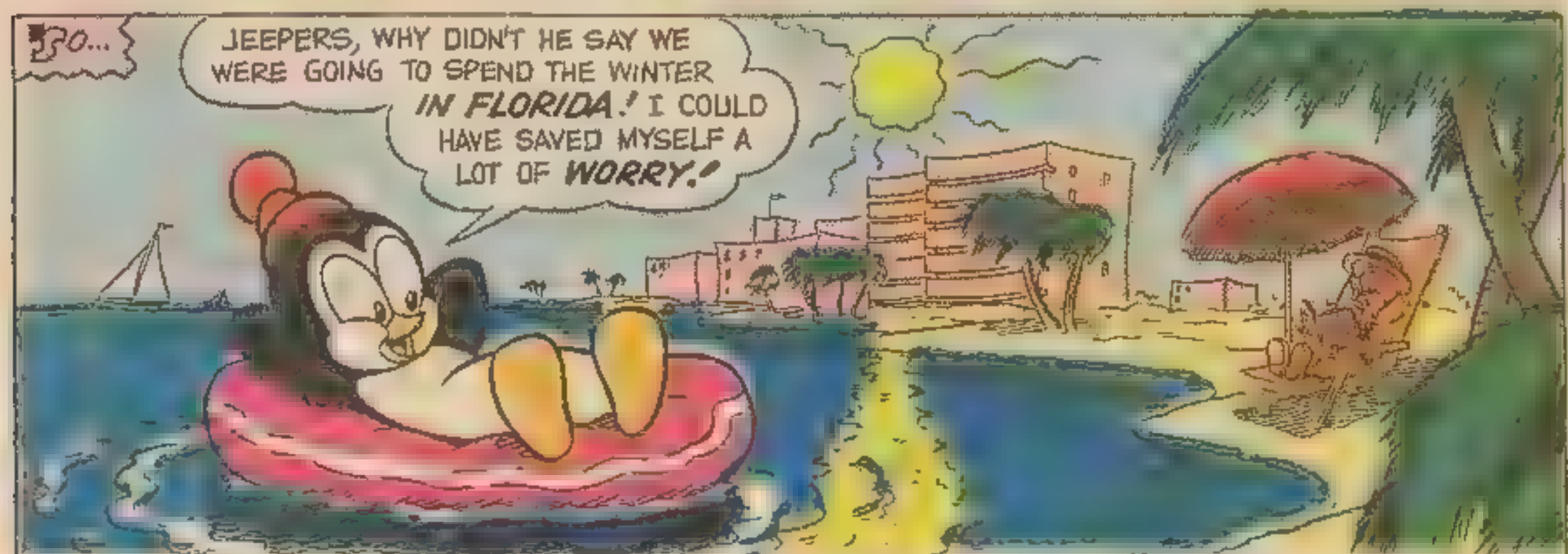
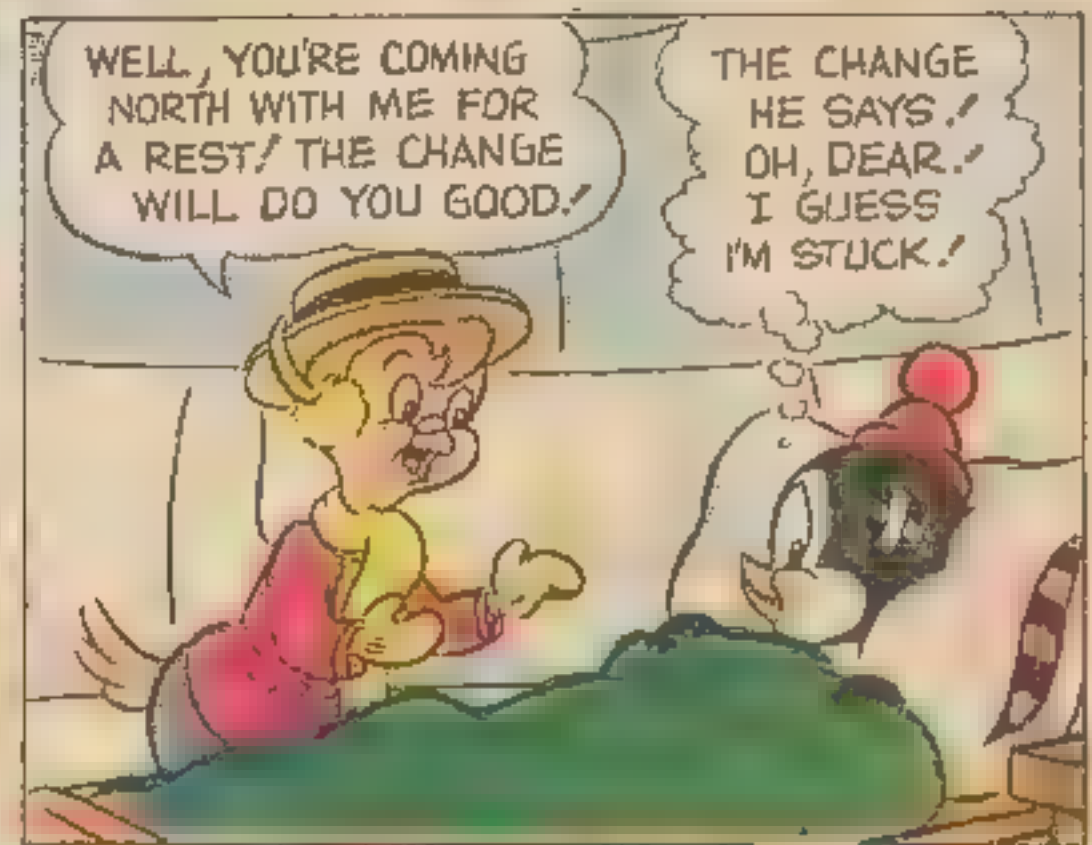
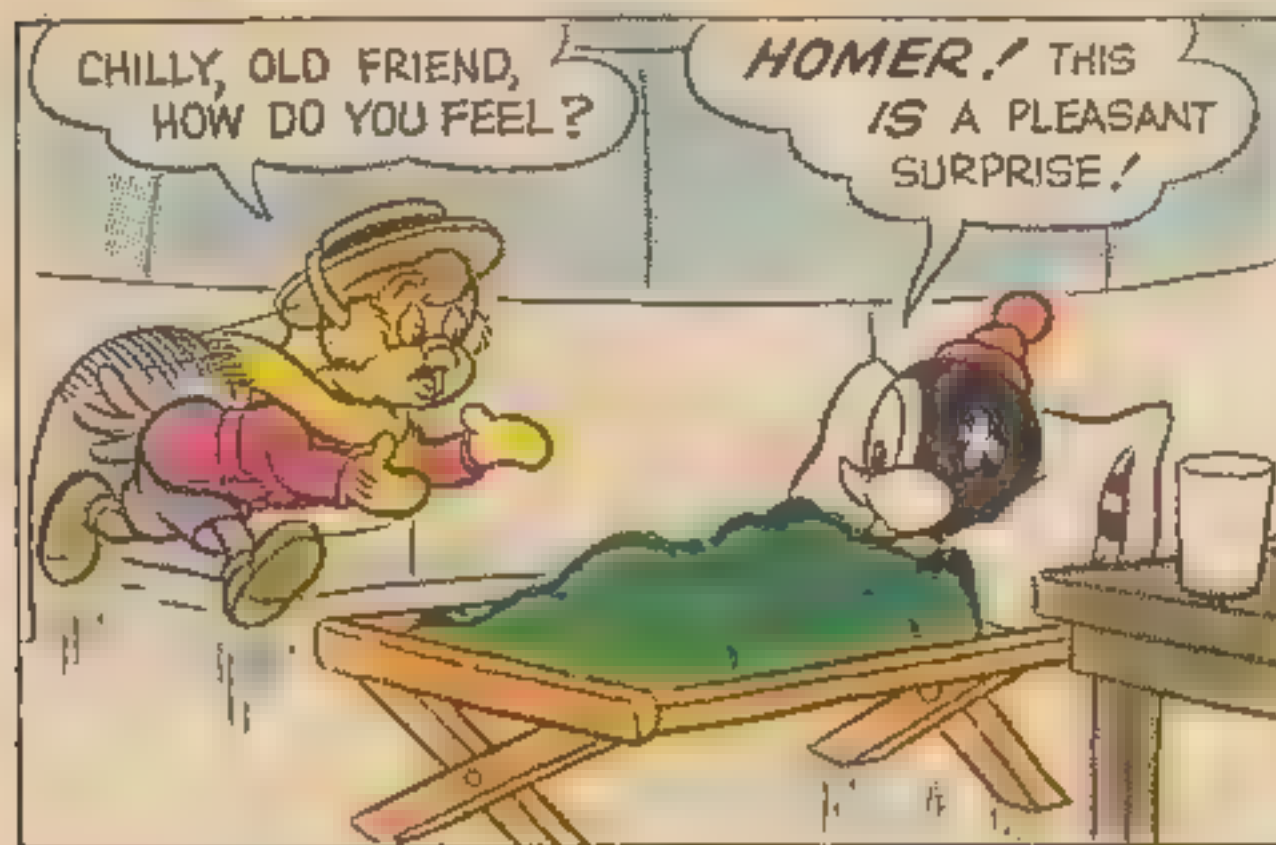
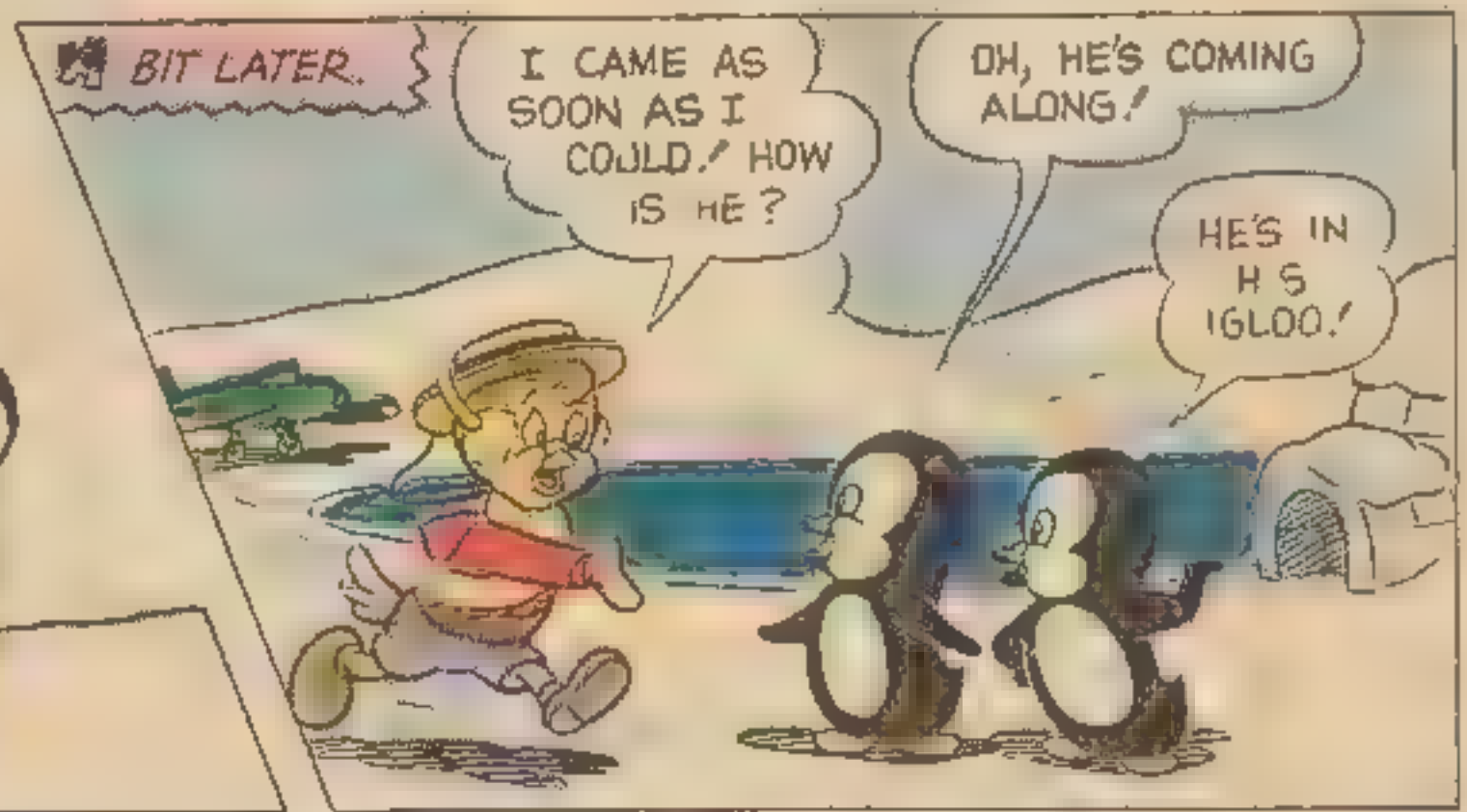
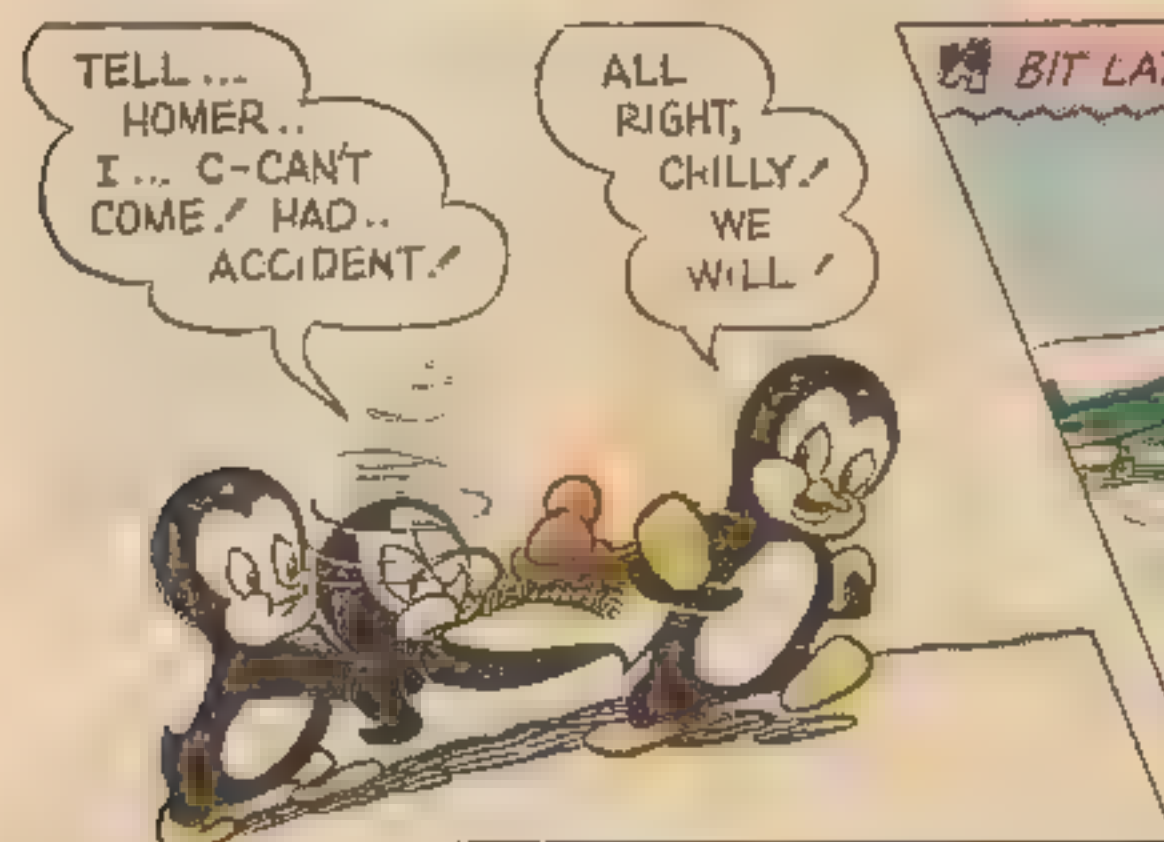
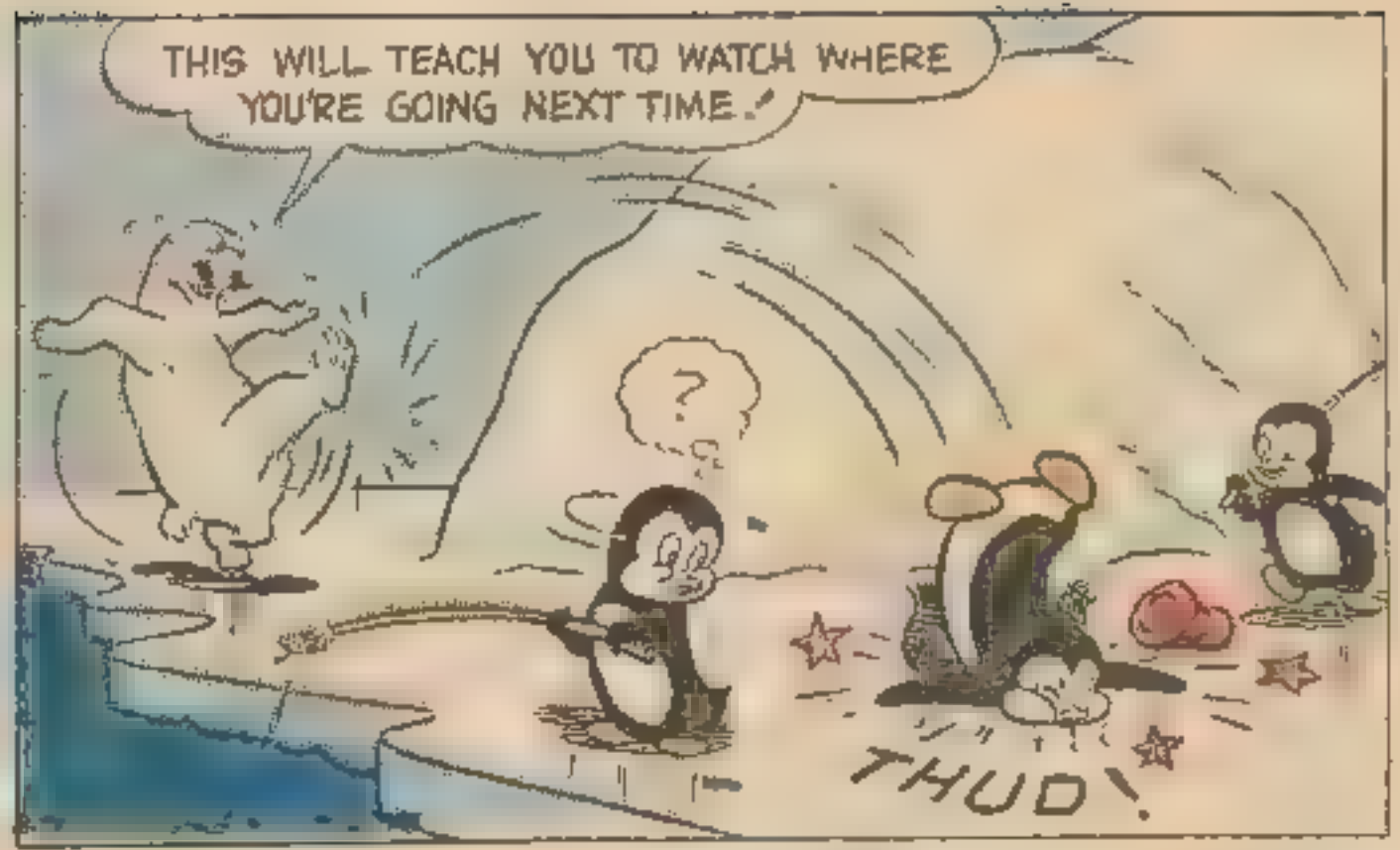
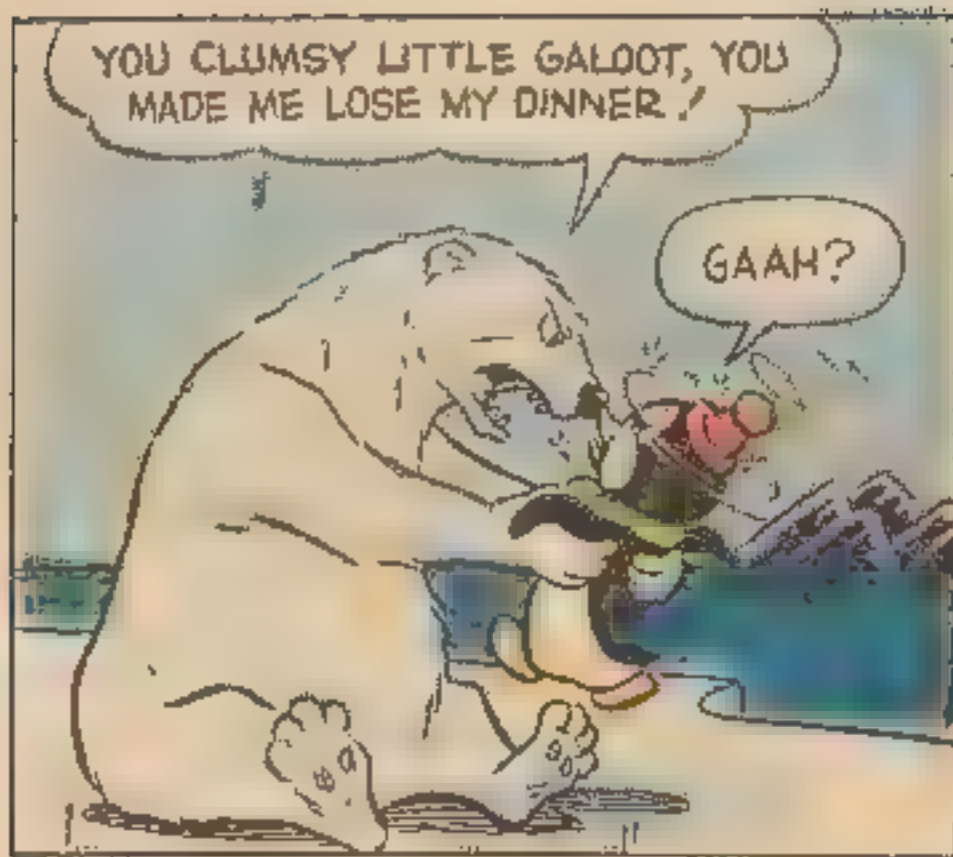




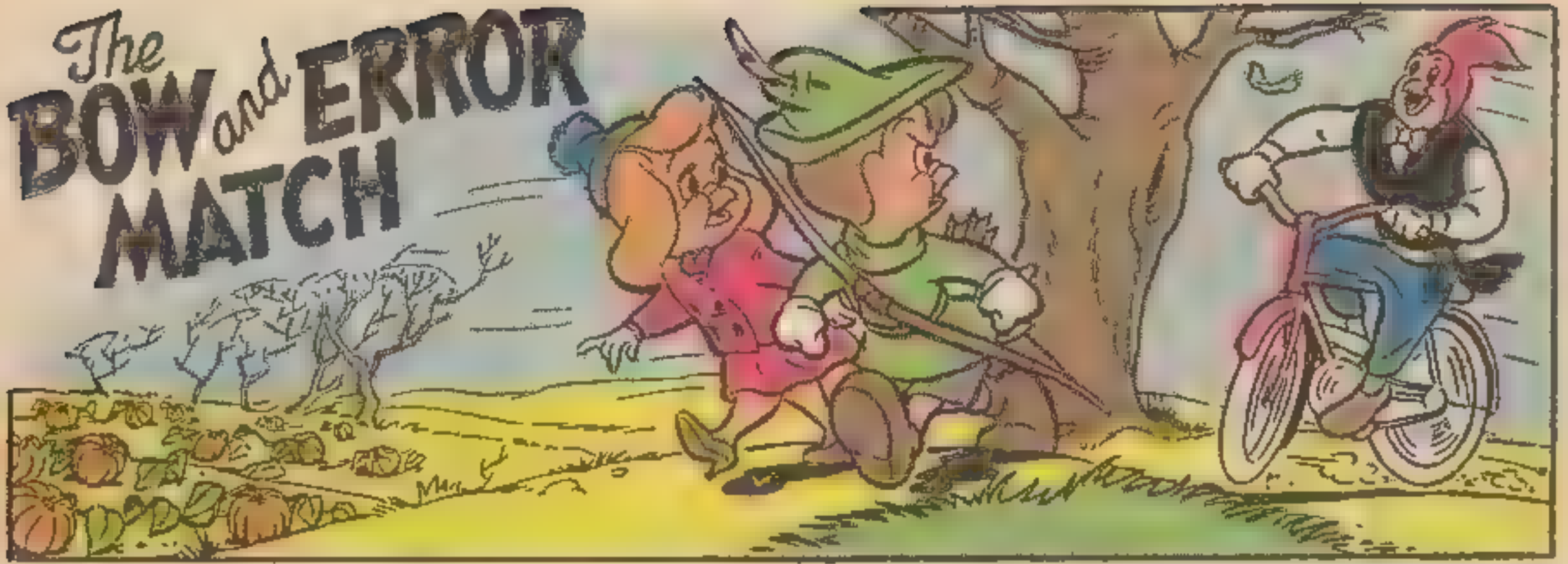








The BOW and ERROR MATCH



"Oh, oh, here comes trouble!" Homer Pigeon groaned unhappily to Carrie, as he watched Red Cardinal pedal his bicycle down the road.

"Now, Homer, don't be jealous," scolded Carrie, waving gaily at Red.

Quickly, Red raced across a country meadow, browned by frost, and showily leaped off his shiny black bicycle.

"Well, well!" Red taunted, taking note that Homer was wearing an archery outfit. "What did you bring your bow and arrows out here for, Homer? Don't tell me you've learned to shoot!"

"Stop annoying me!" protested Homer, firmly. "I can outshoot you any time!"

"Ha!" Red snorted. "I'll accept that challenge if Carrie will ride back to town with me instead of walking—"

Carrie opened her lips to refuse, but Homer quickly broke in, "Agreed! I'll really show you some shooting, Red."

"You show me!" sneered Red. "Just watch my aim!" He threw a pebble at a small red bird humped sleepily on a nearby tree. It squawked complainingly and darted into another tree.

Carrie and Homer frowned angrily at Red, who asked loftily, "Where's the target?"

"The farmer told us that we could use a pumpkin from that big patch for a target," explained Homer, carrying a shiny pumpkin over to Carrie and Red.

"We have nothing to set it on," Red said, then added, slyly, "but my new bicycle has a stand, so I can put the pumpkin on the bicycle seat." He moved his bicycle and the pumpkin about fifty feet away, then quickly tied a strong fishing line to the bicycle, allowing the string to dangle in the thick brown

grass as he walked around a tree and back to Carrie and Homer.

"Go ahead and shoot, Homer!" exclaimed Red, very sure of himself.

Homer aimed his arrow carefully and let it fly swiftly at the target. He did not see Red give a quick jerk to the fish line to move his bicycle just enough so that Homer's arrow barely struck into the side of the plump pumpkin.

"Too bad!" cried Red, smugly, and he aimed his arrow confidently. Just then, a sudden shrill squawk from the little bird pierced the air. Startled, Red let his arrow fly, merely to nick the side of the pumpkin!

"Quiet!" Red shouted, angrily.

Once again Homer shot cautiously, and again Red yanked hard on the line to spoil Homer's aim.

"Golly, I can't understand it," puzzled Homer.

Red grinned cockily and drew back his bowstring with a flourish. Suddenly the red bird zipped past Red's nose, just as he let go of the arrow.

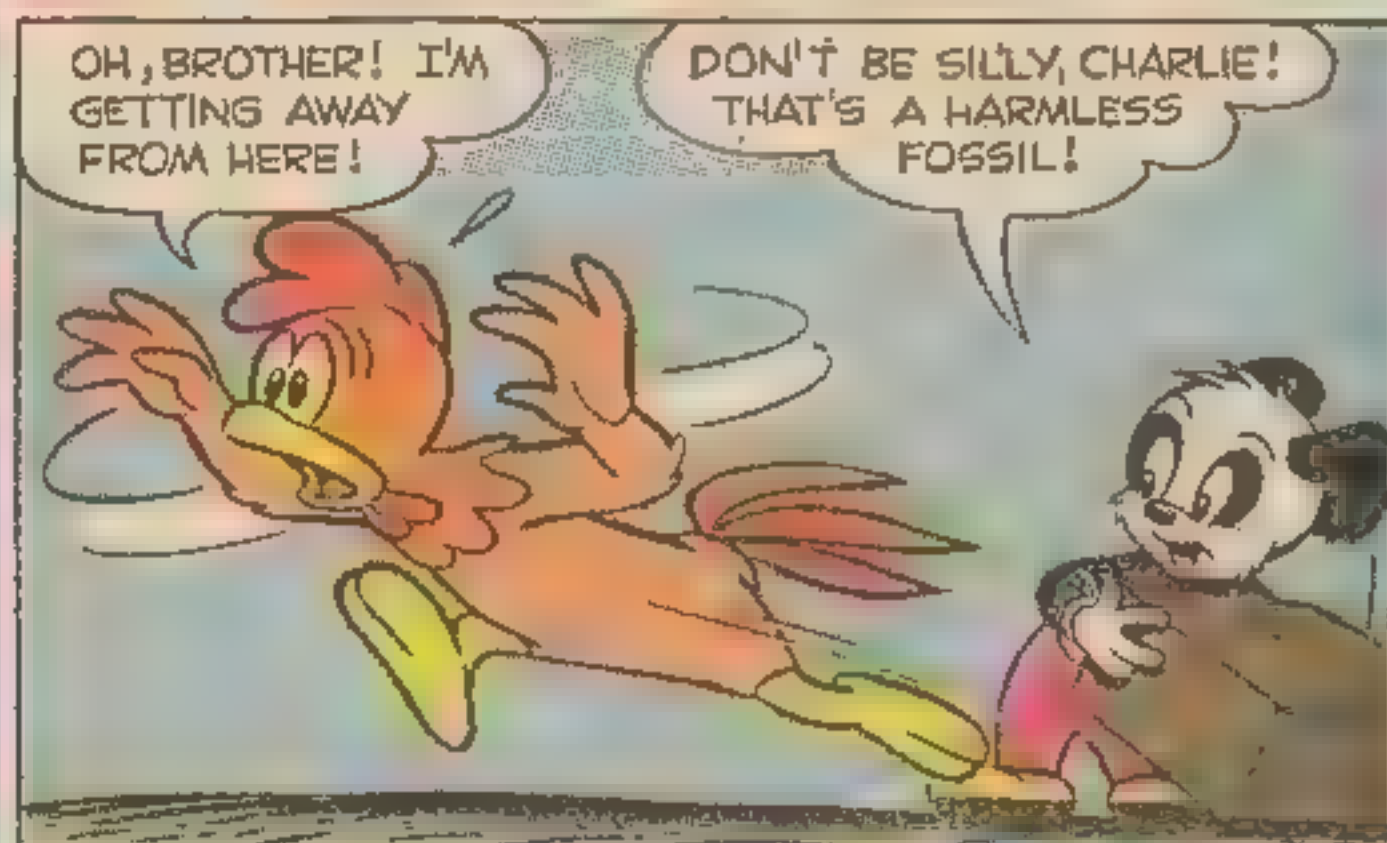
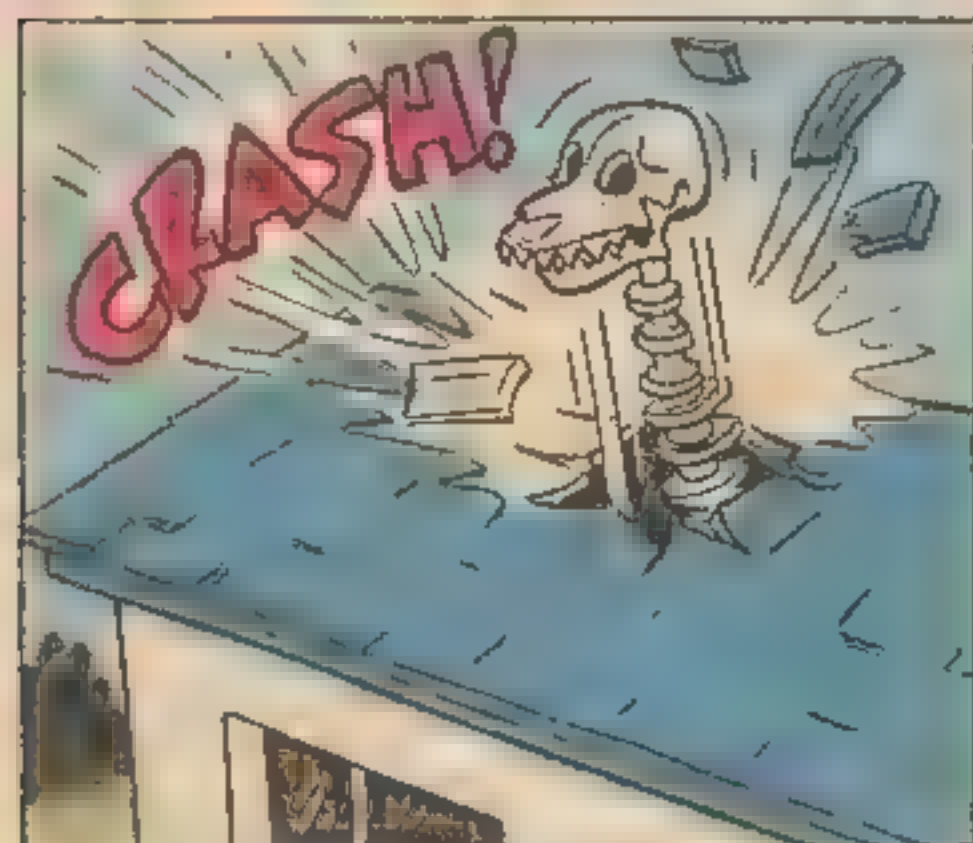
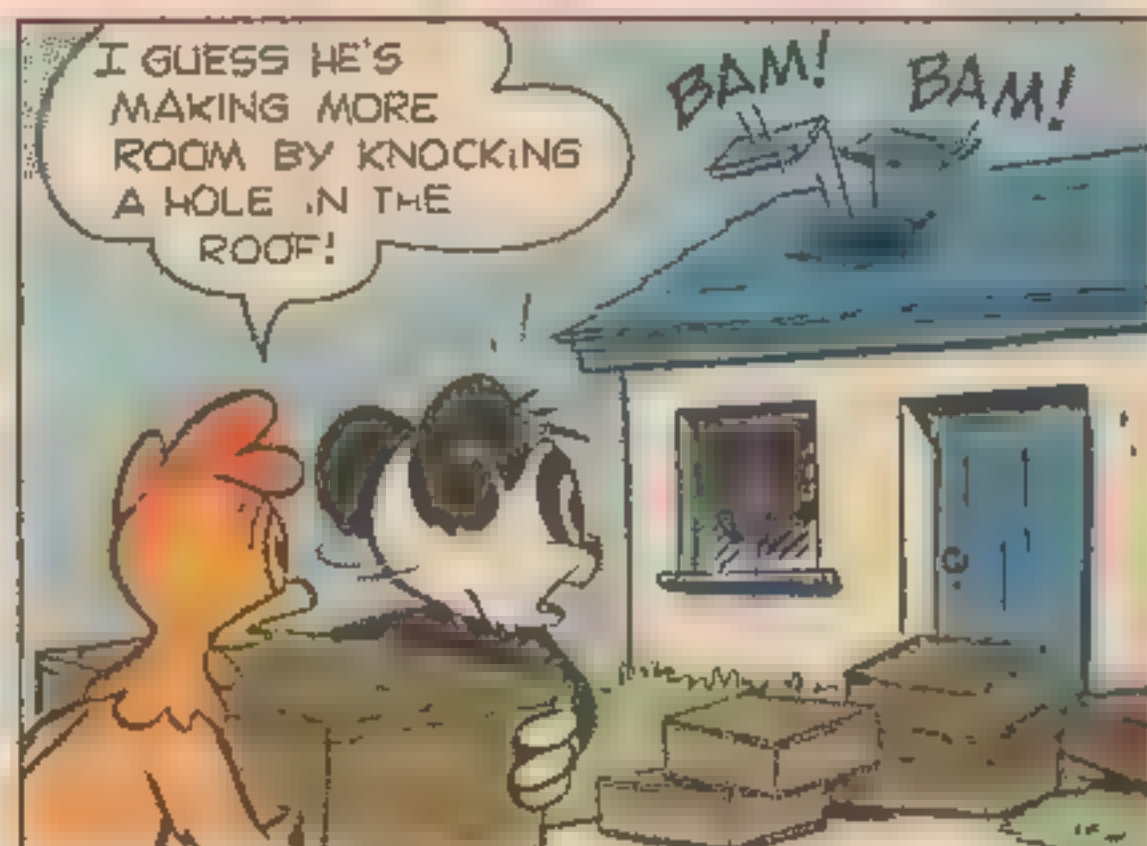
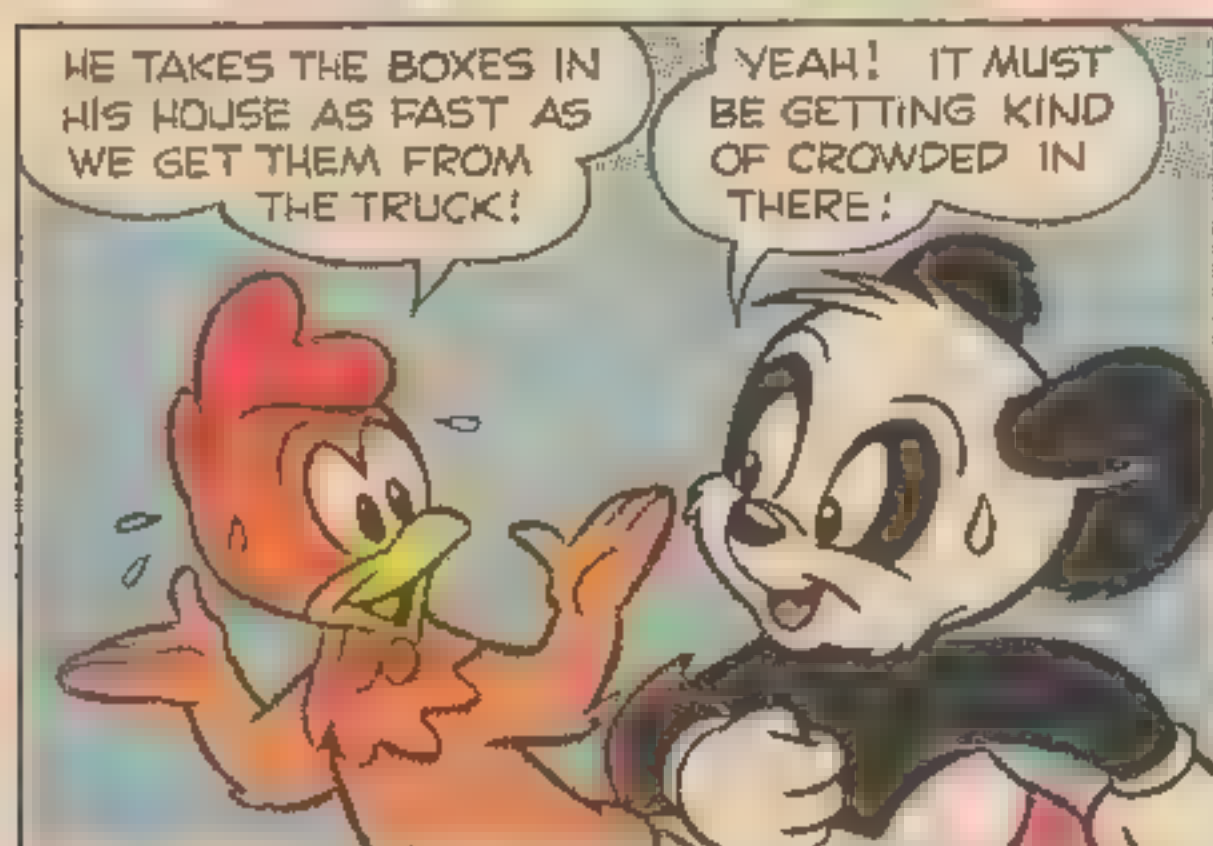
TWANG! THUD! SSSS! These three sounds were followed by a stunned silence.

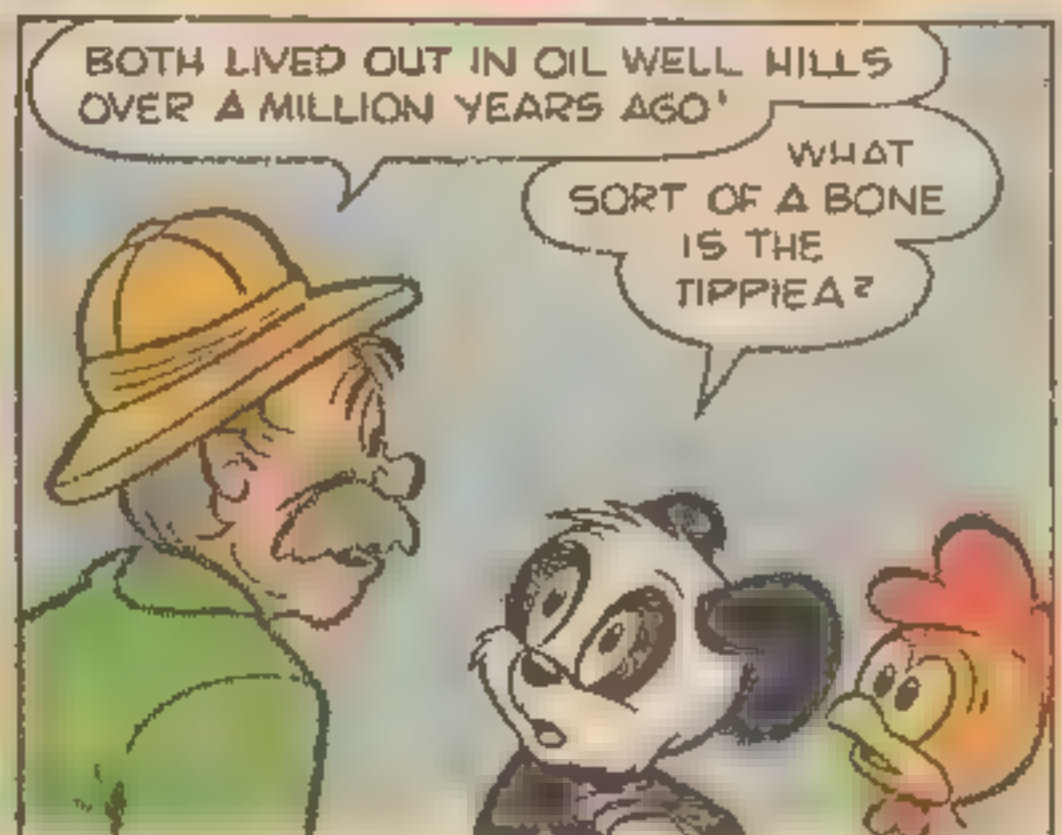
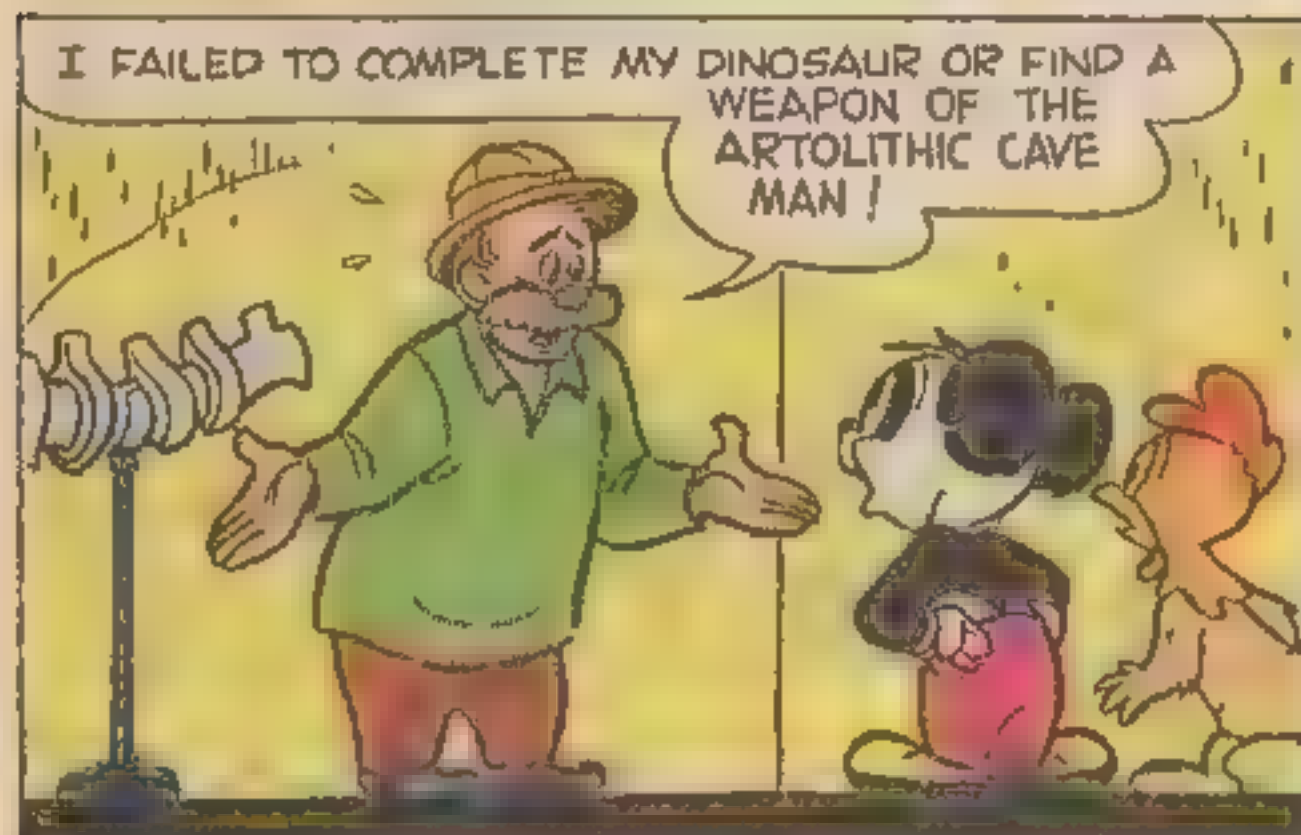
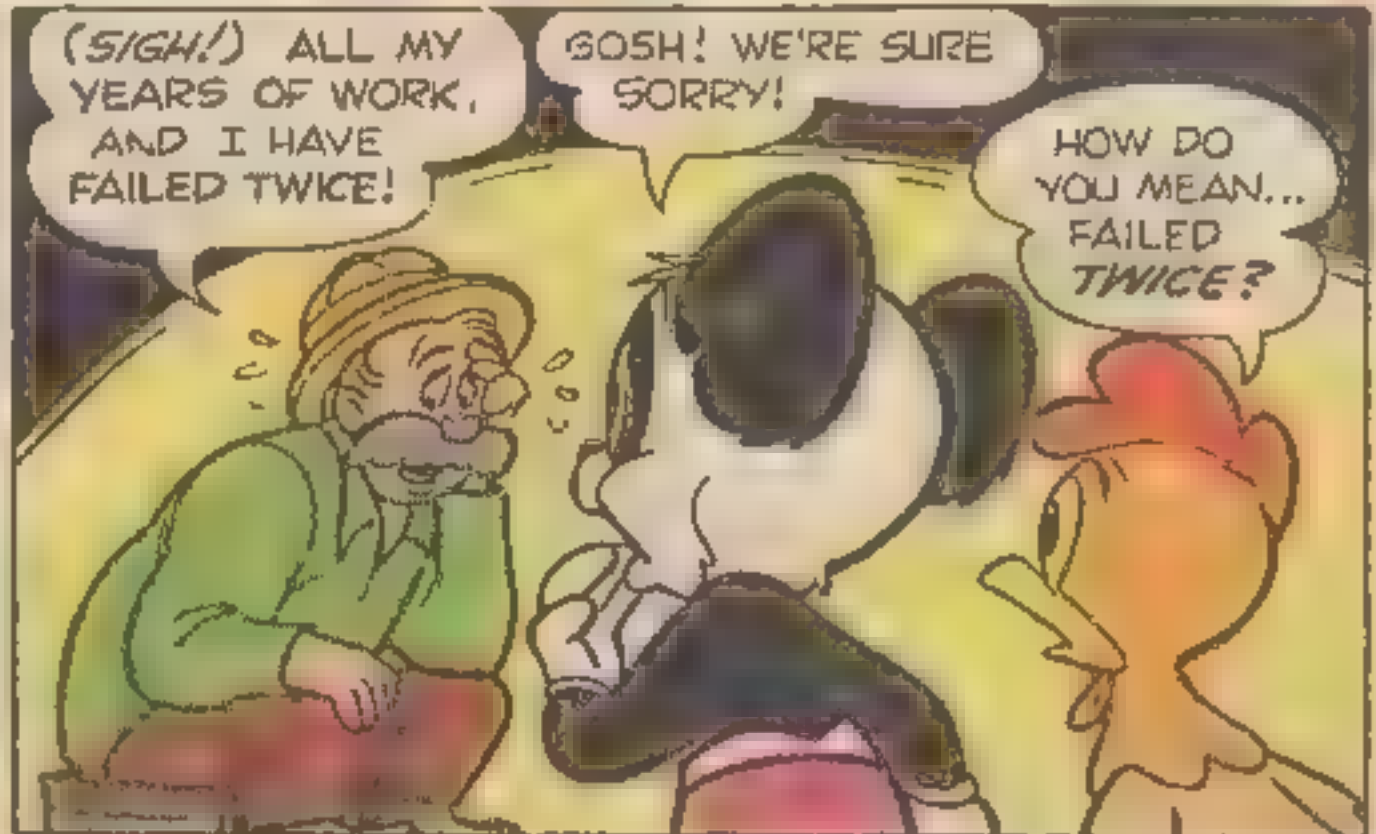
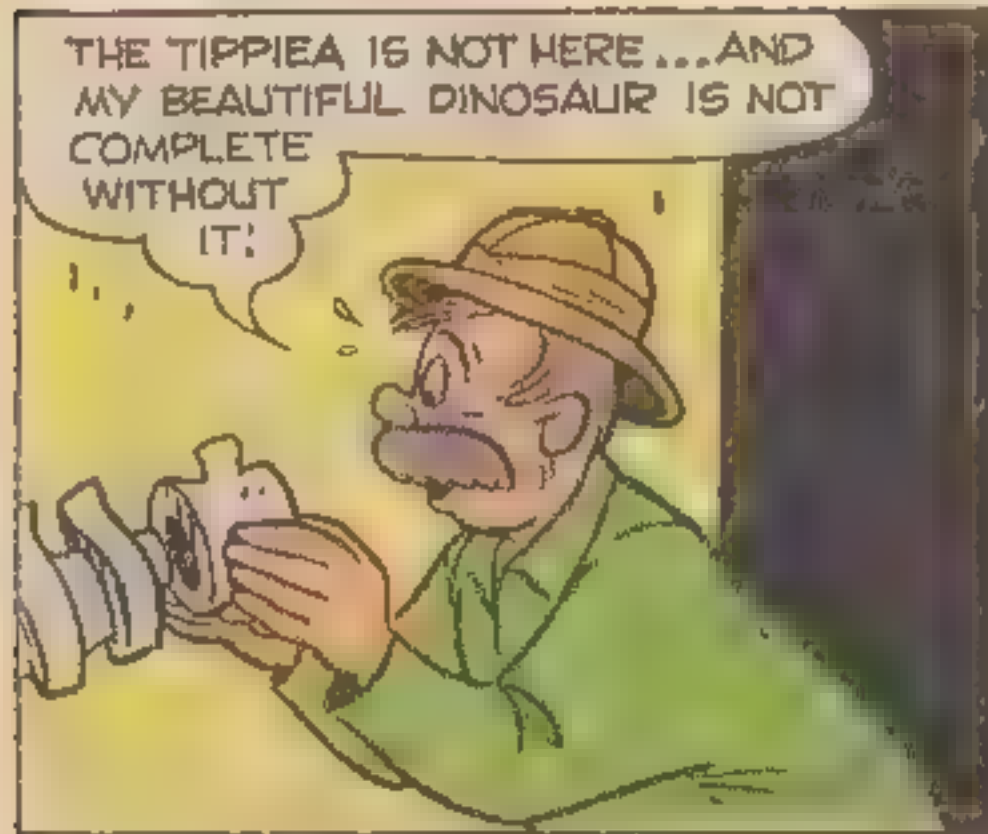
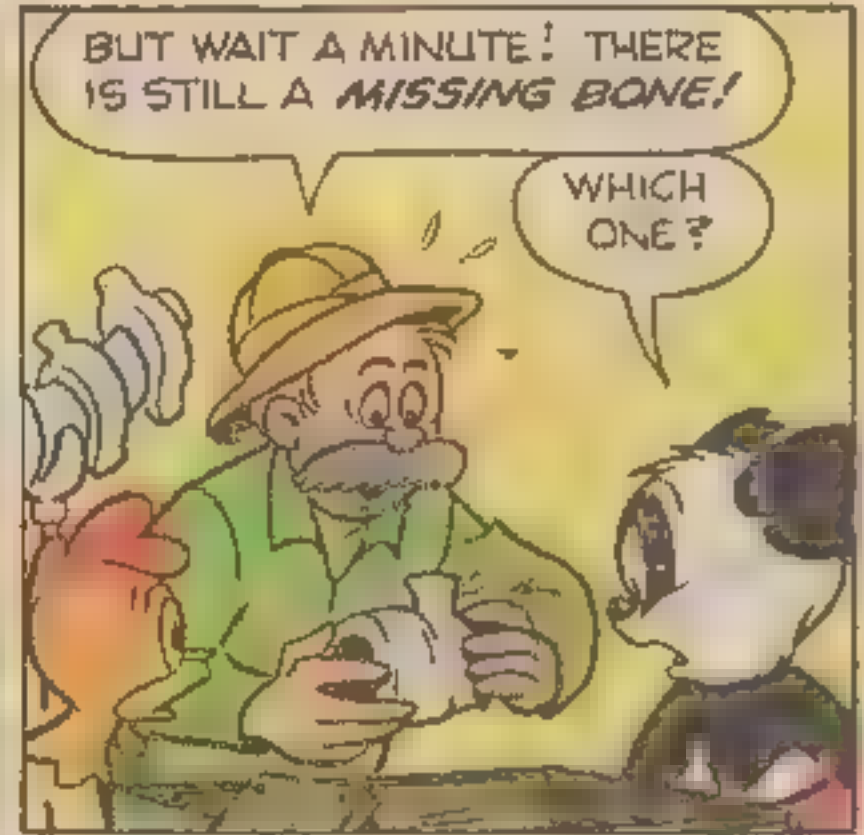
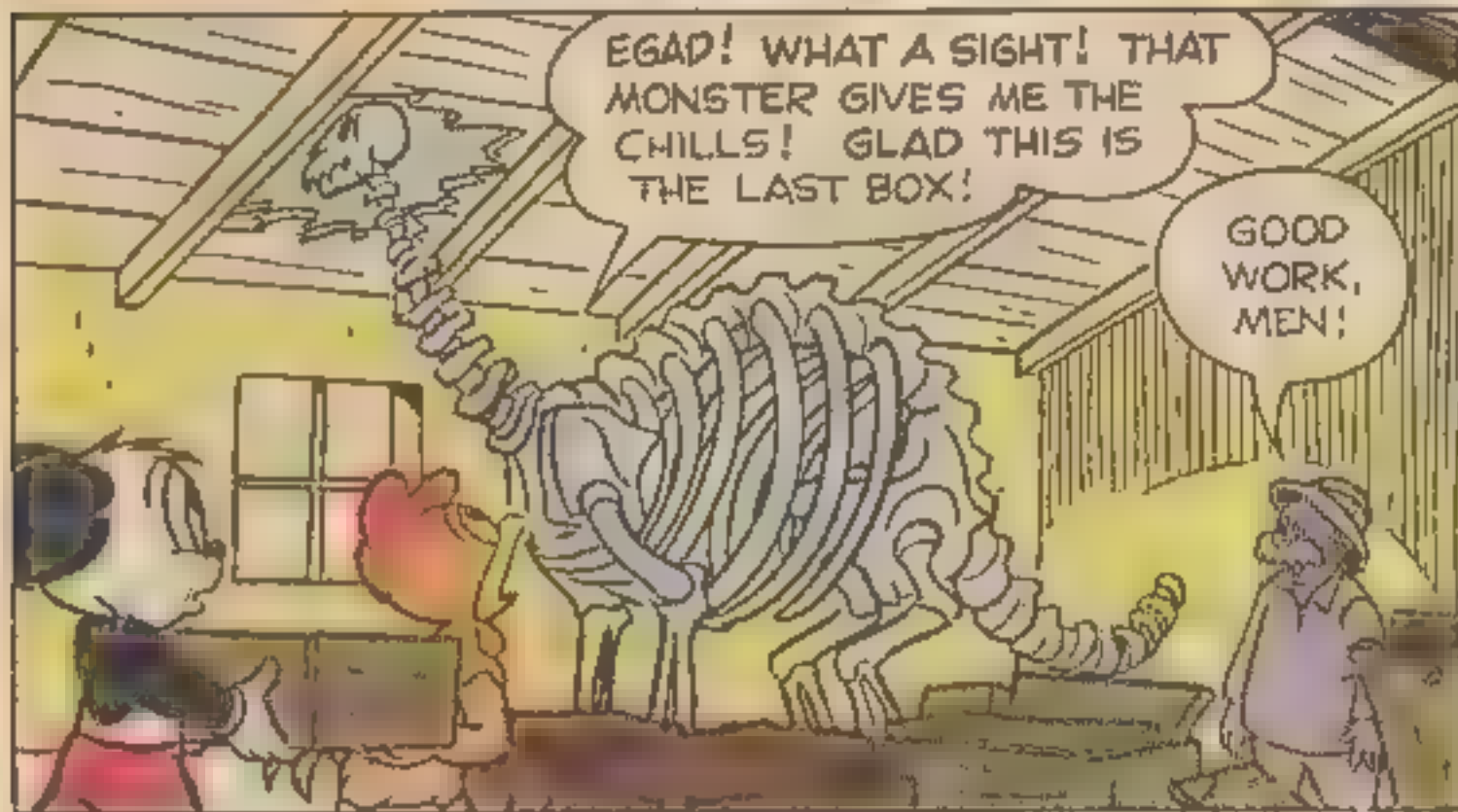
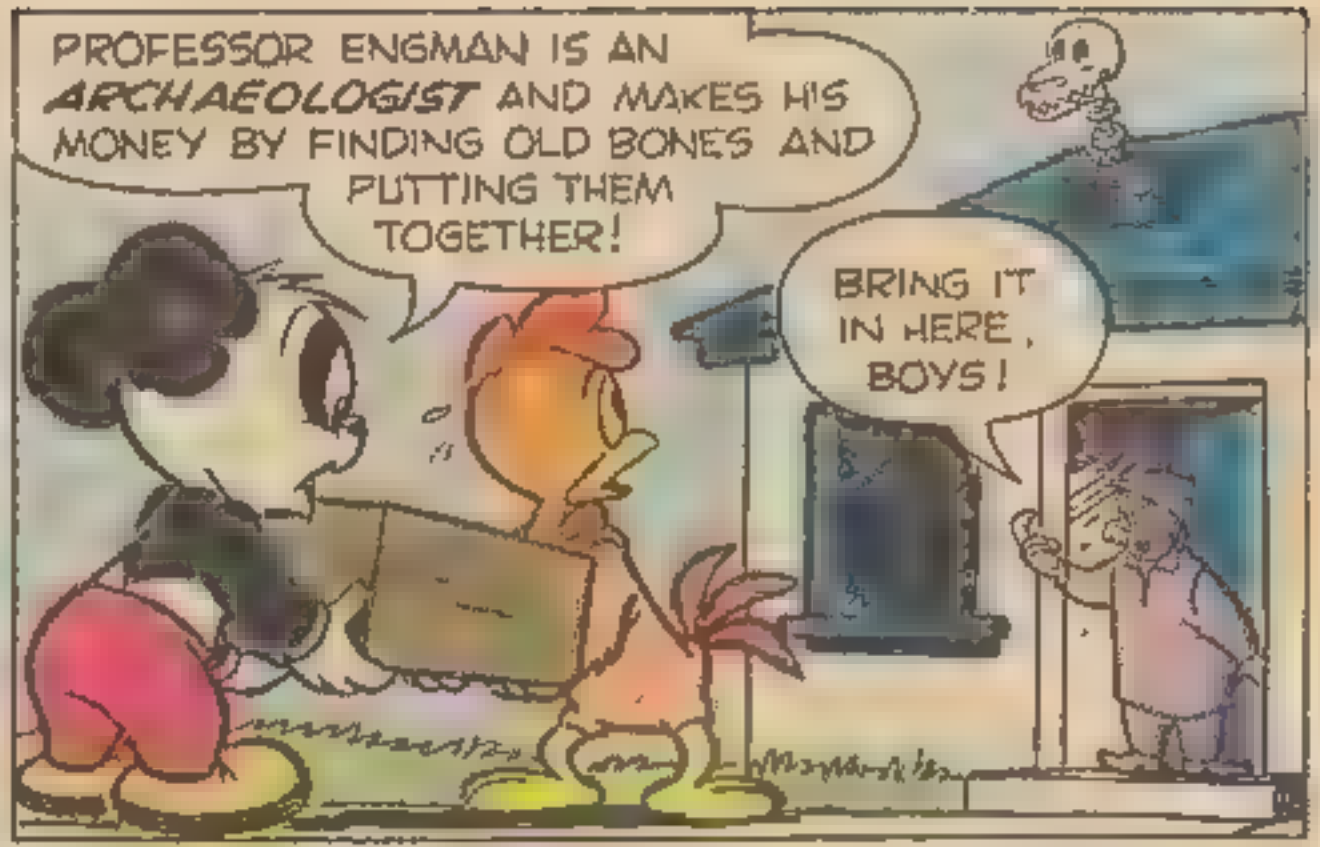
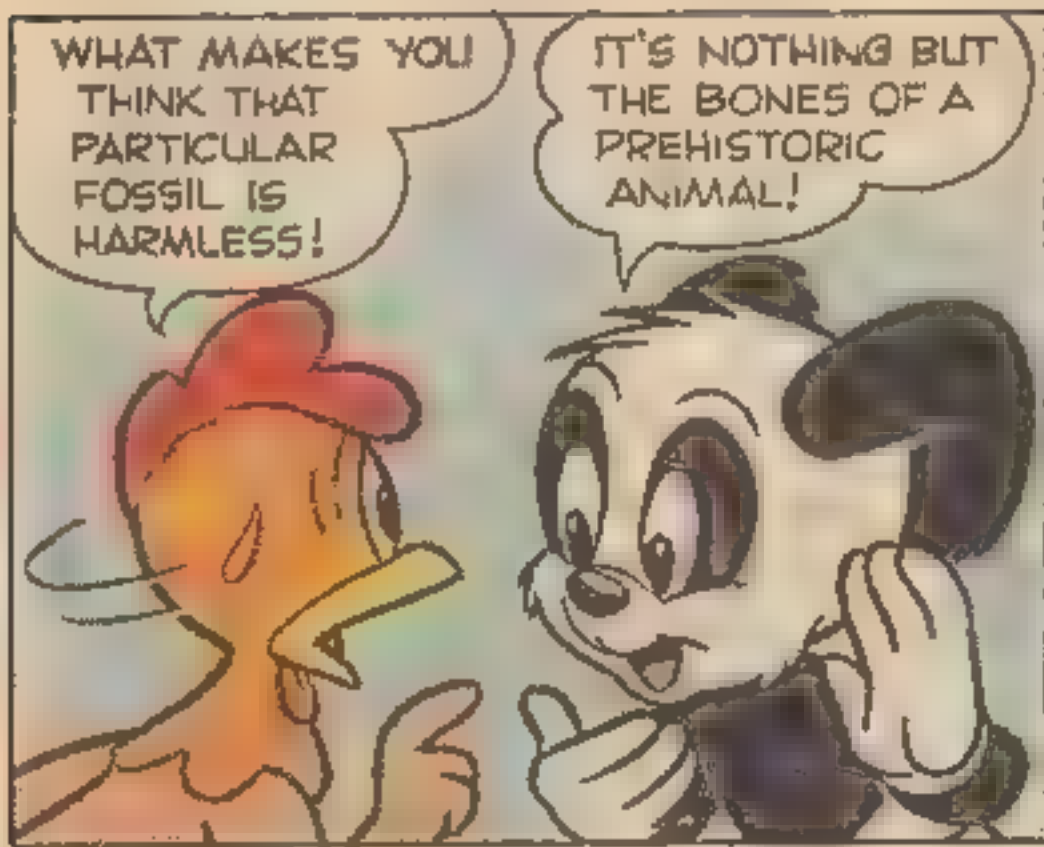
Then Red shrieked in pained amazement, "That arrow put a hole in my tire!"

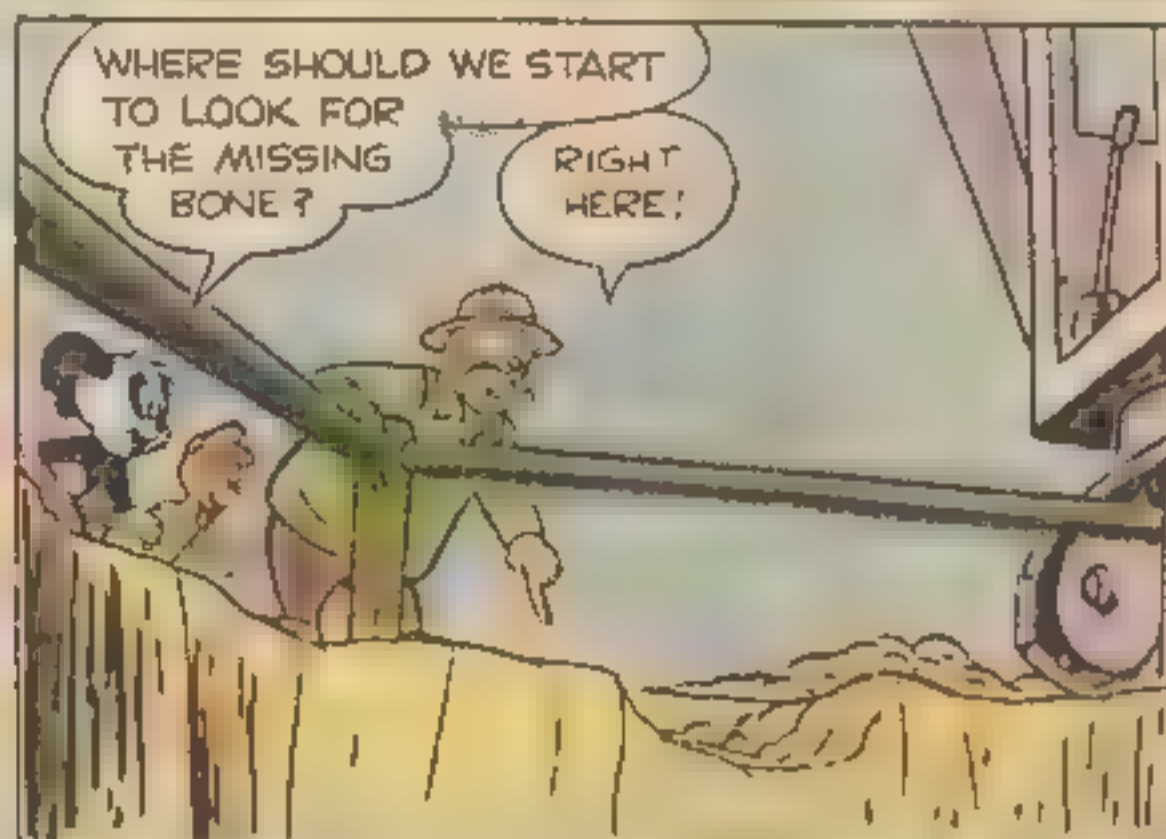
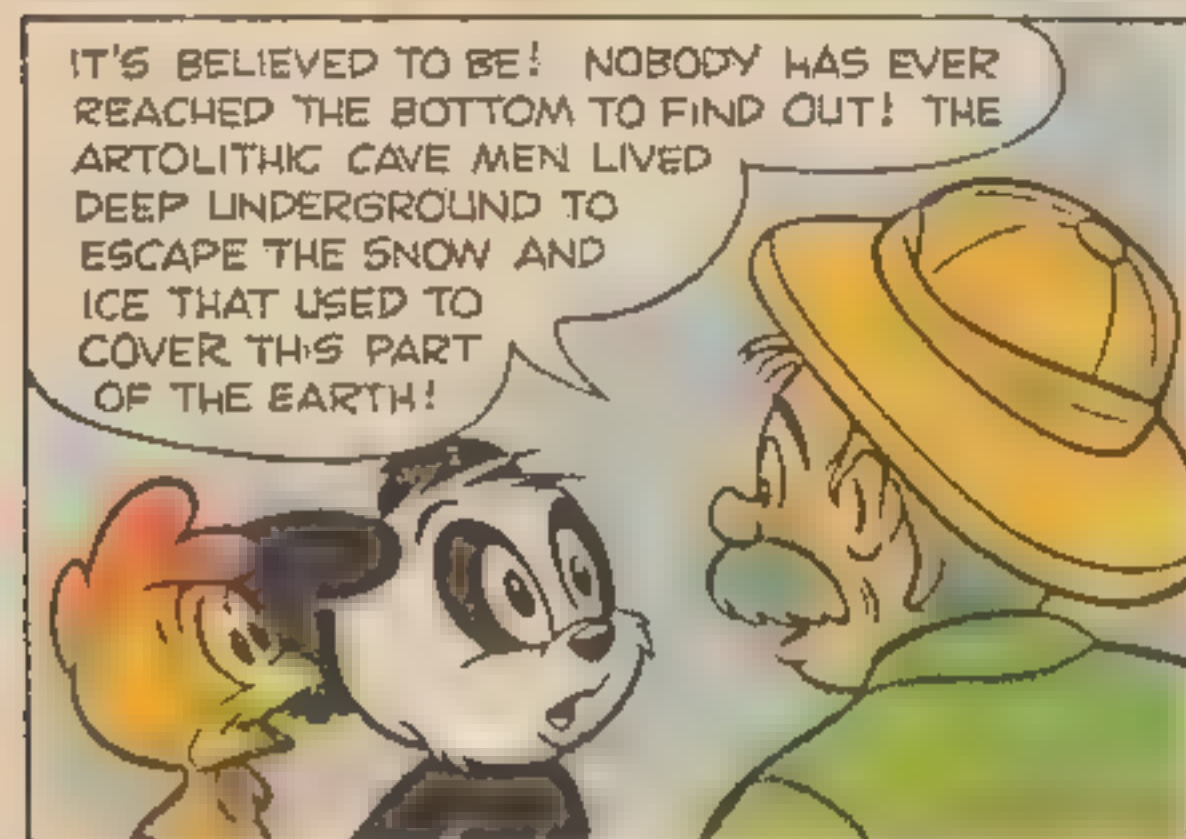
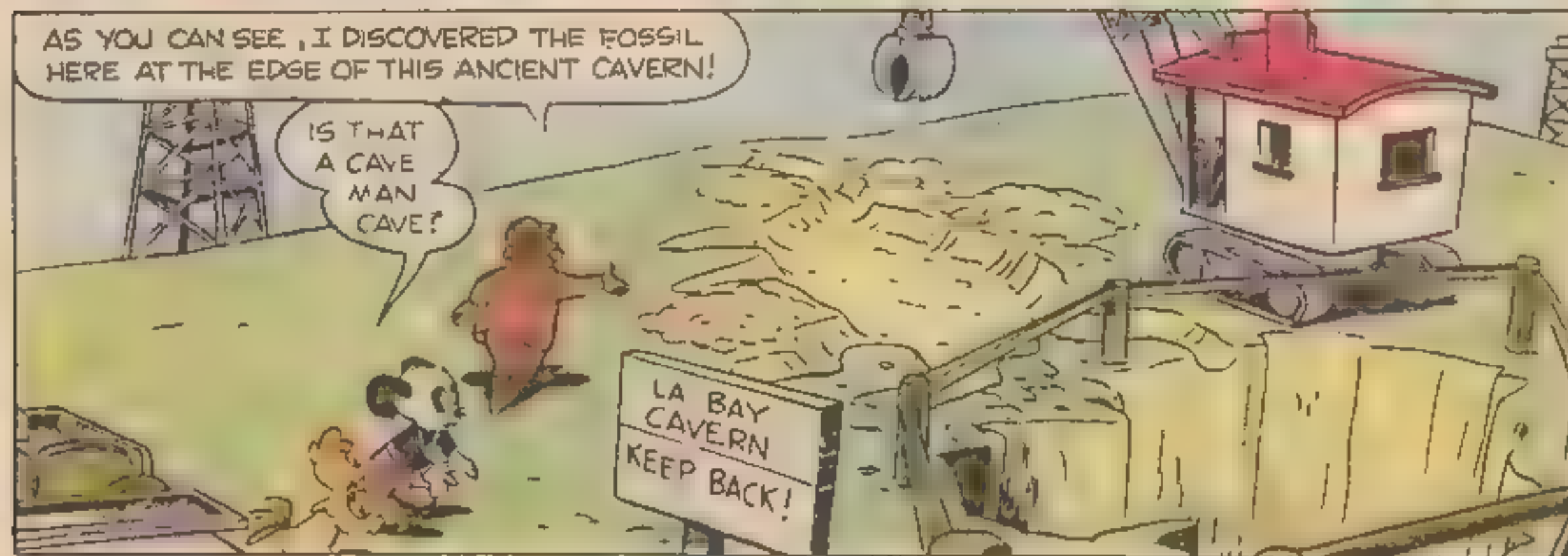
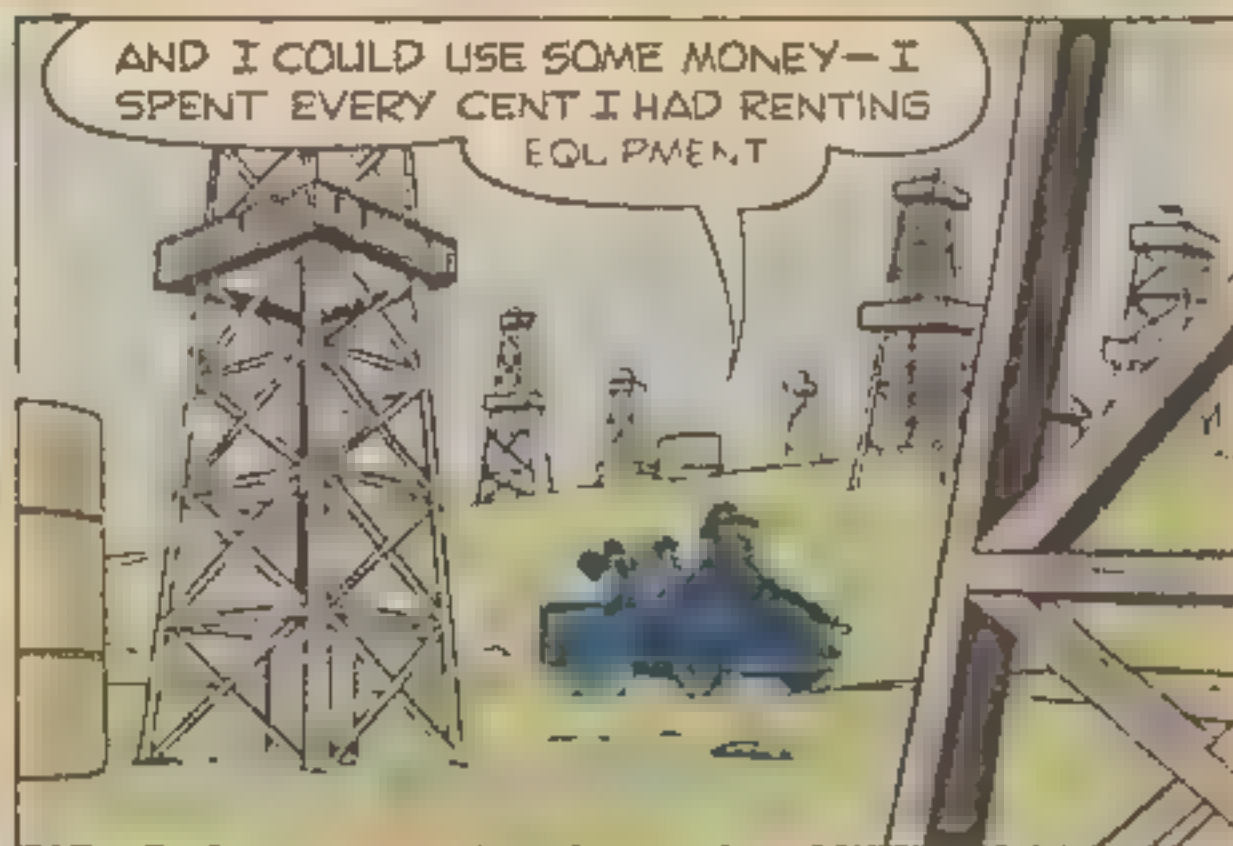
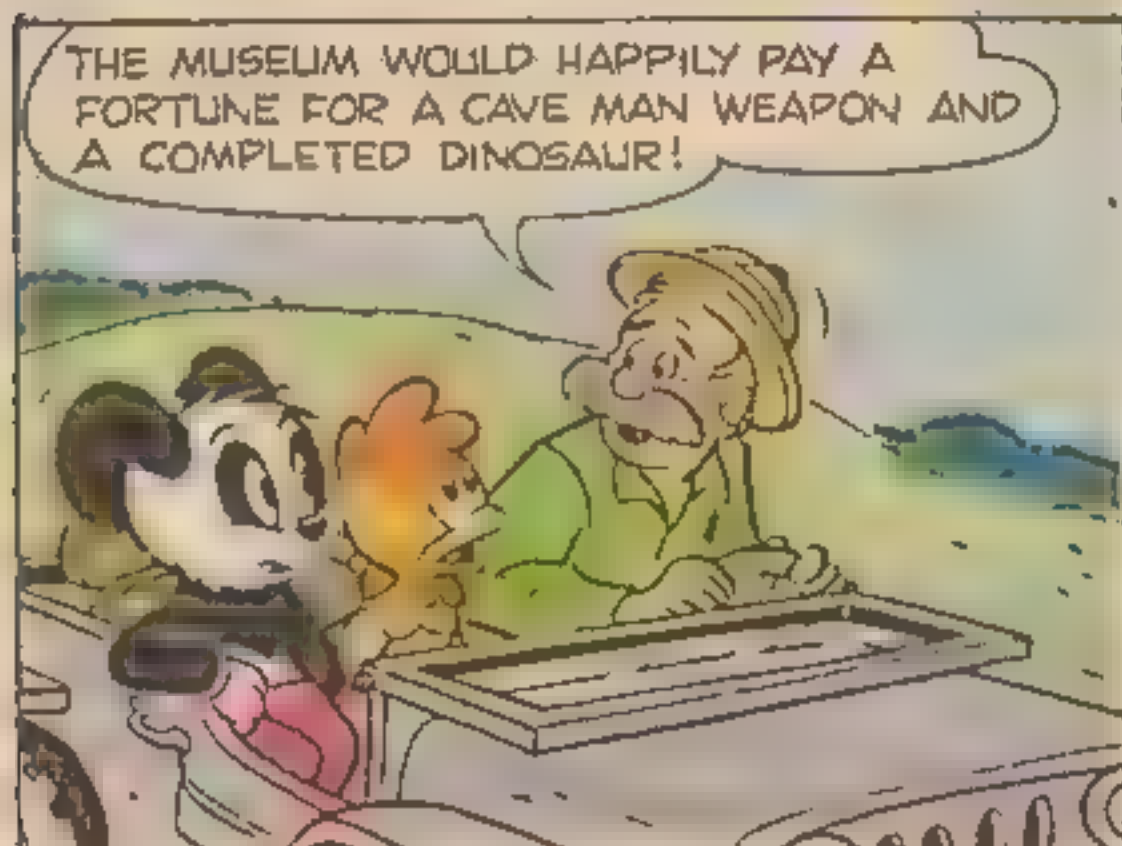
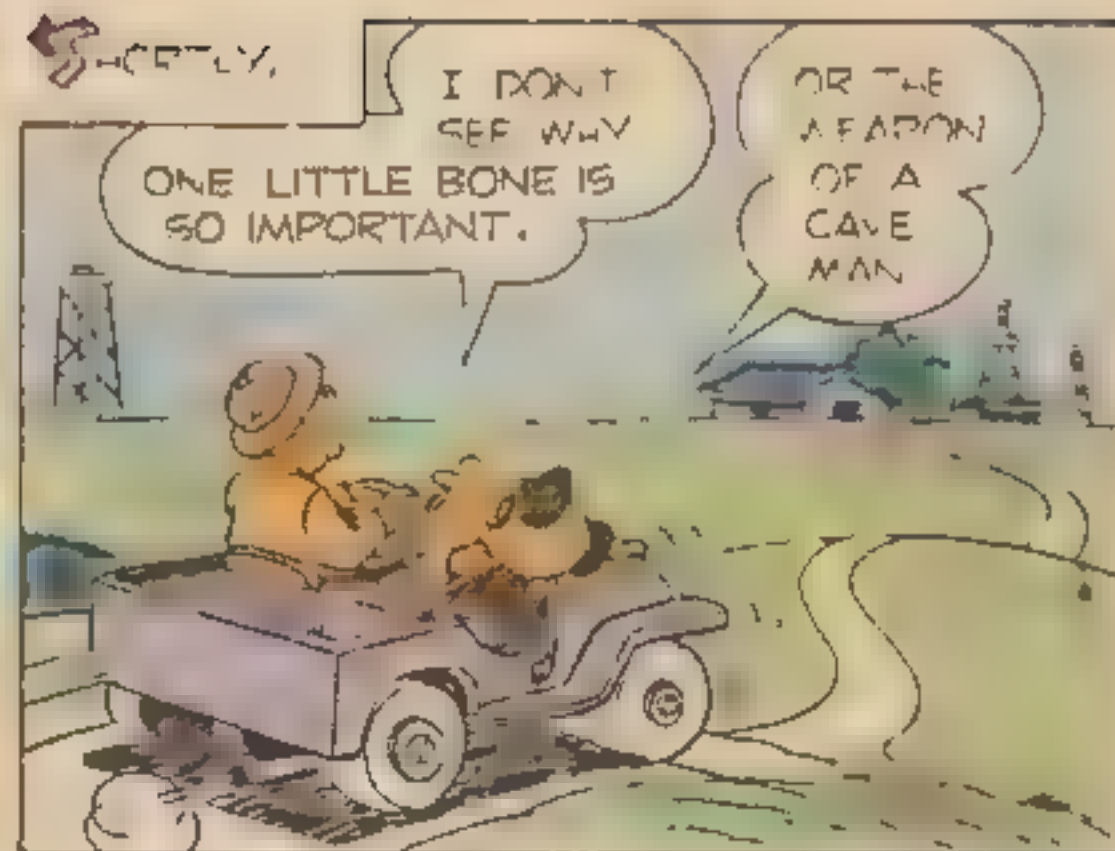
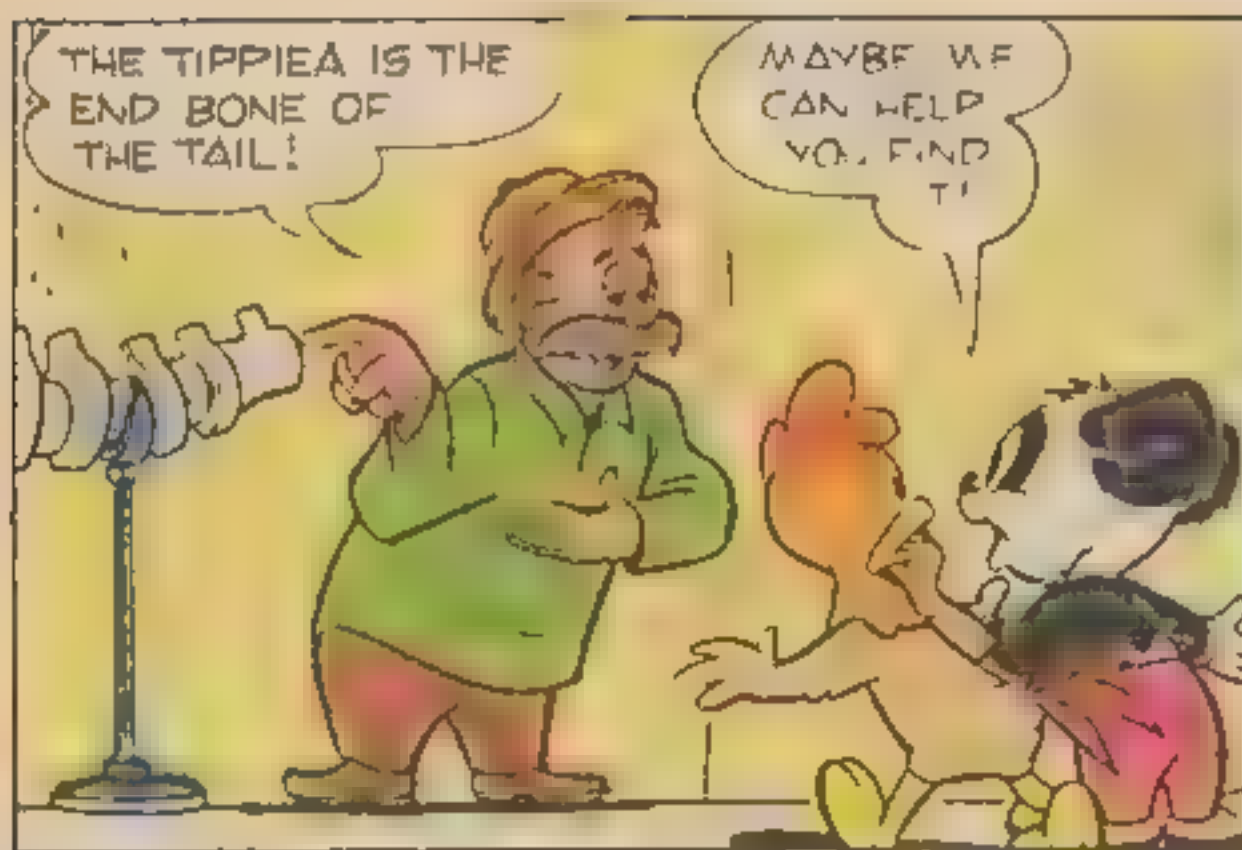
Slowly, Homer walked over to the bicycle and lifted the fish line in sudden understanding.

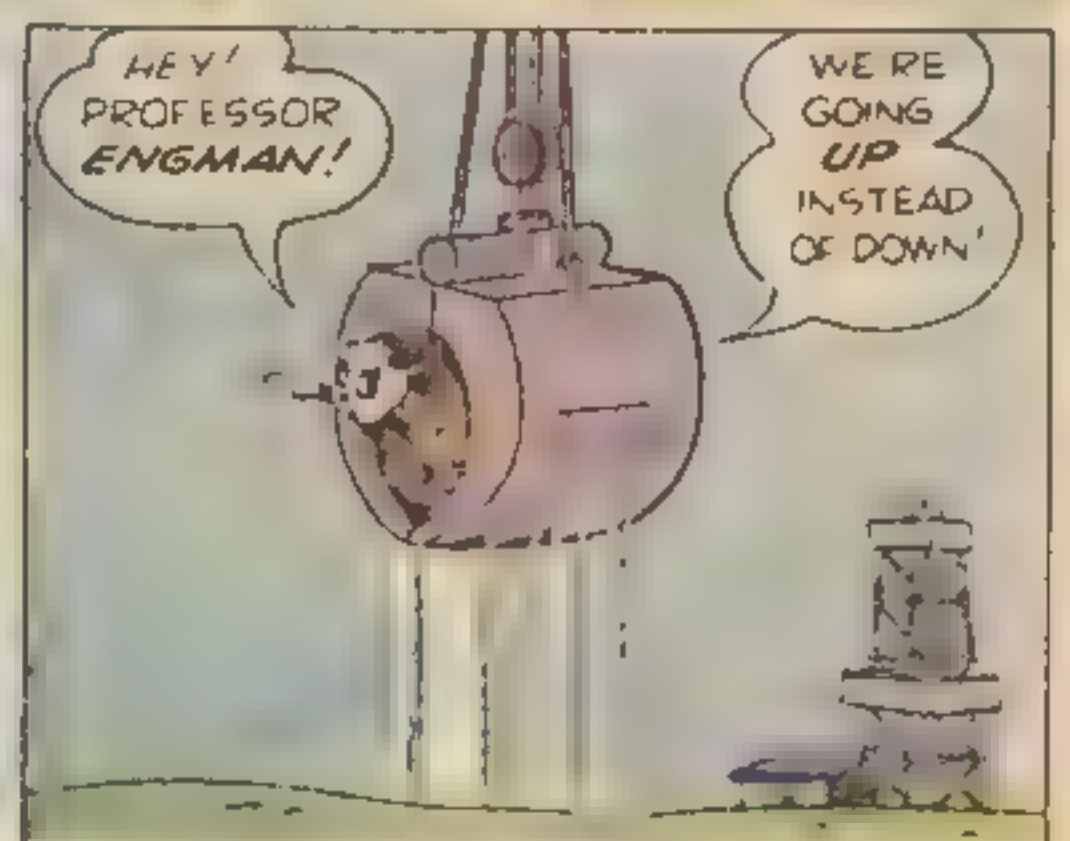
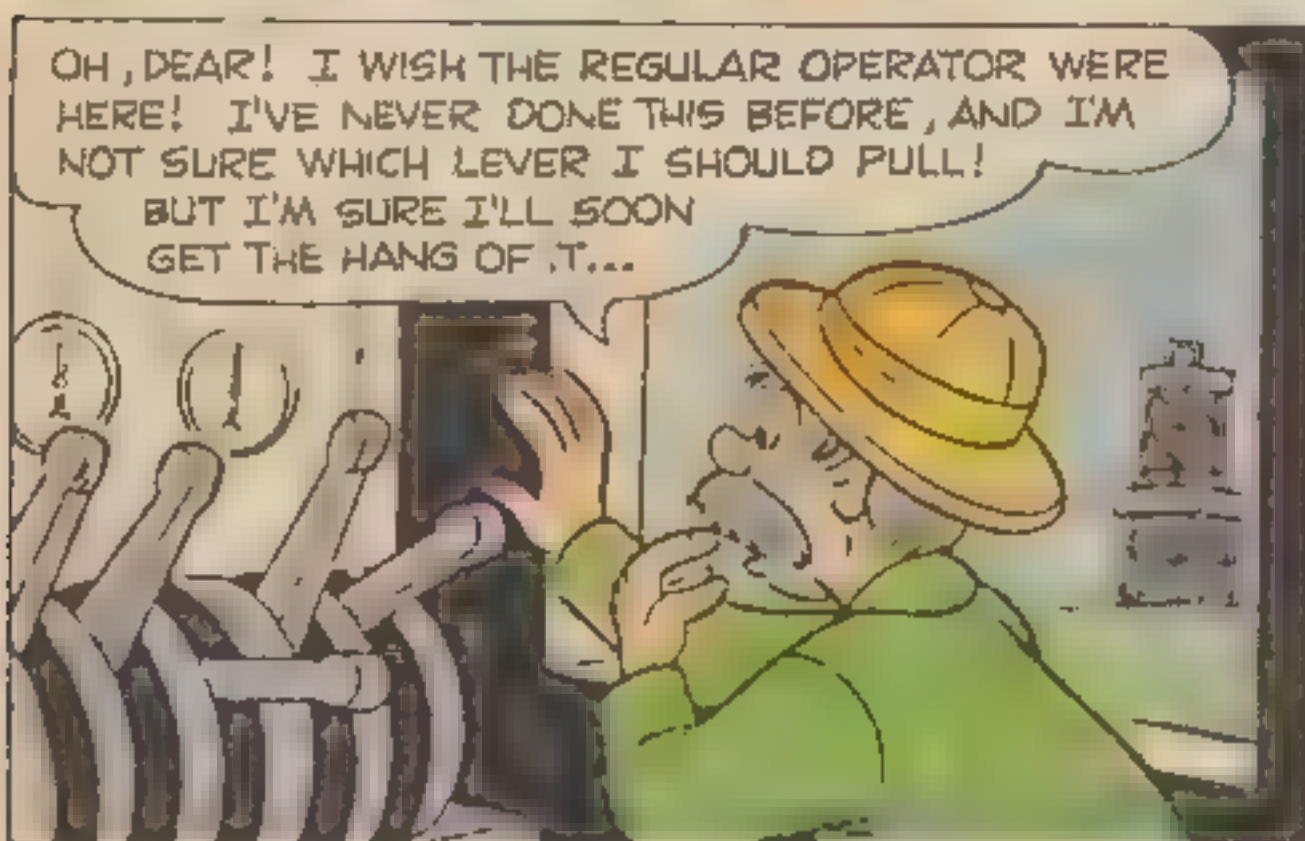
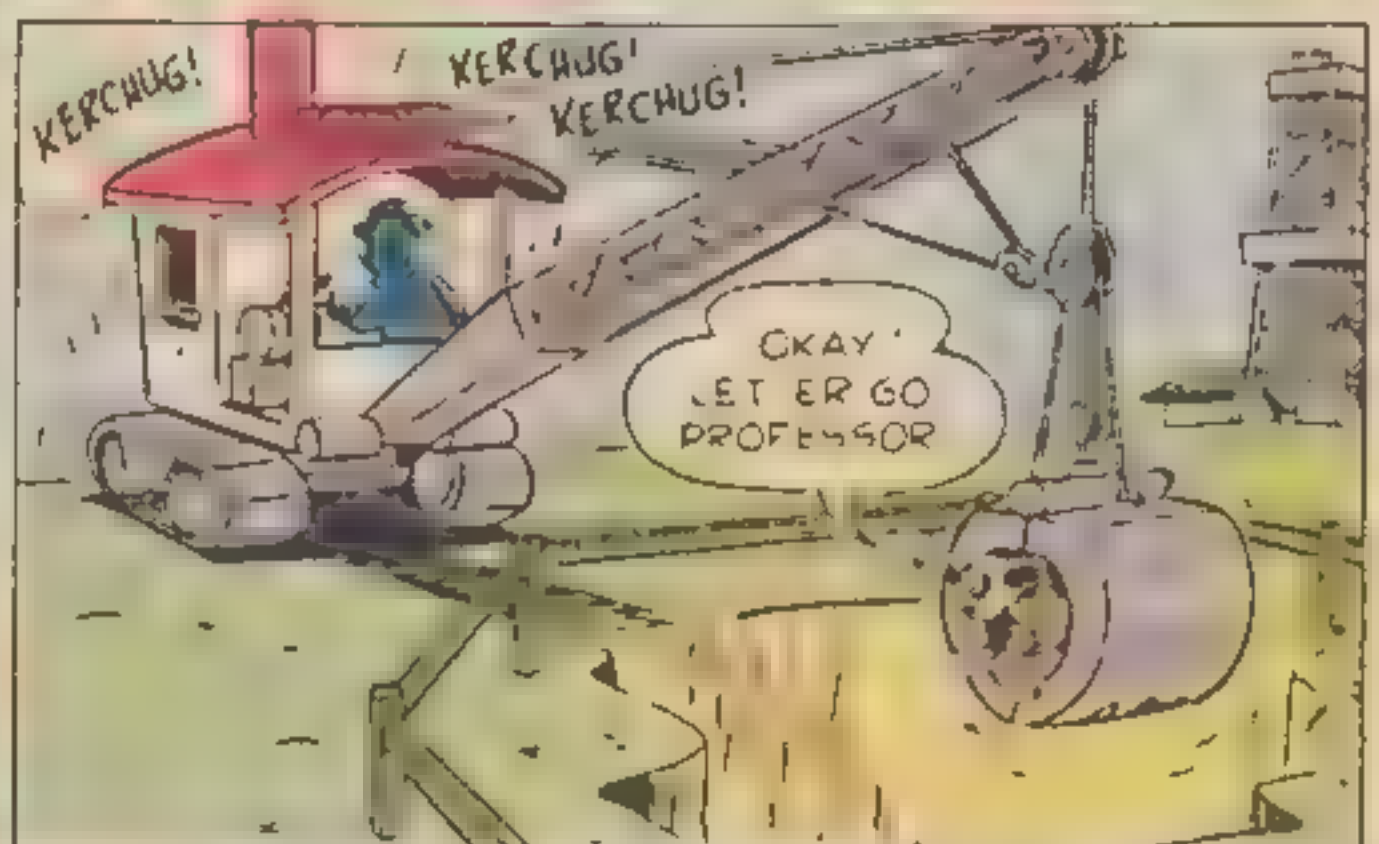
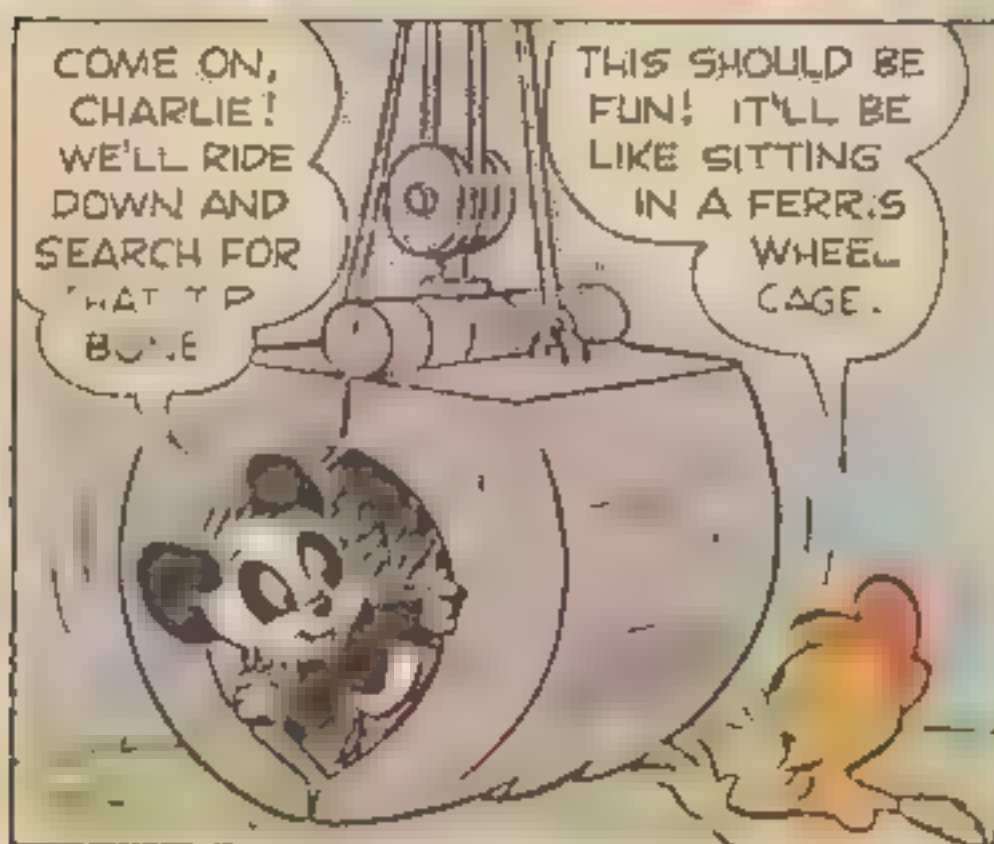
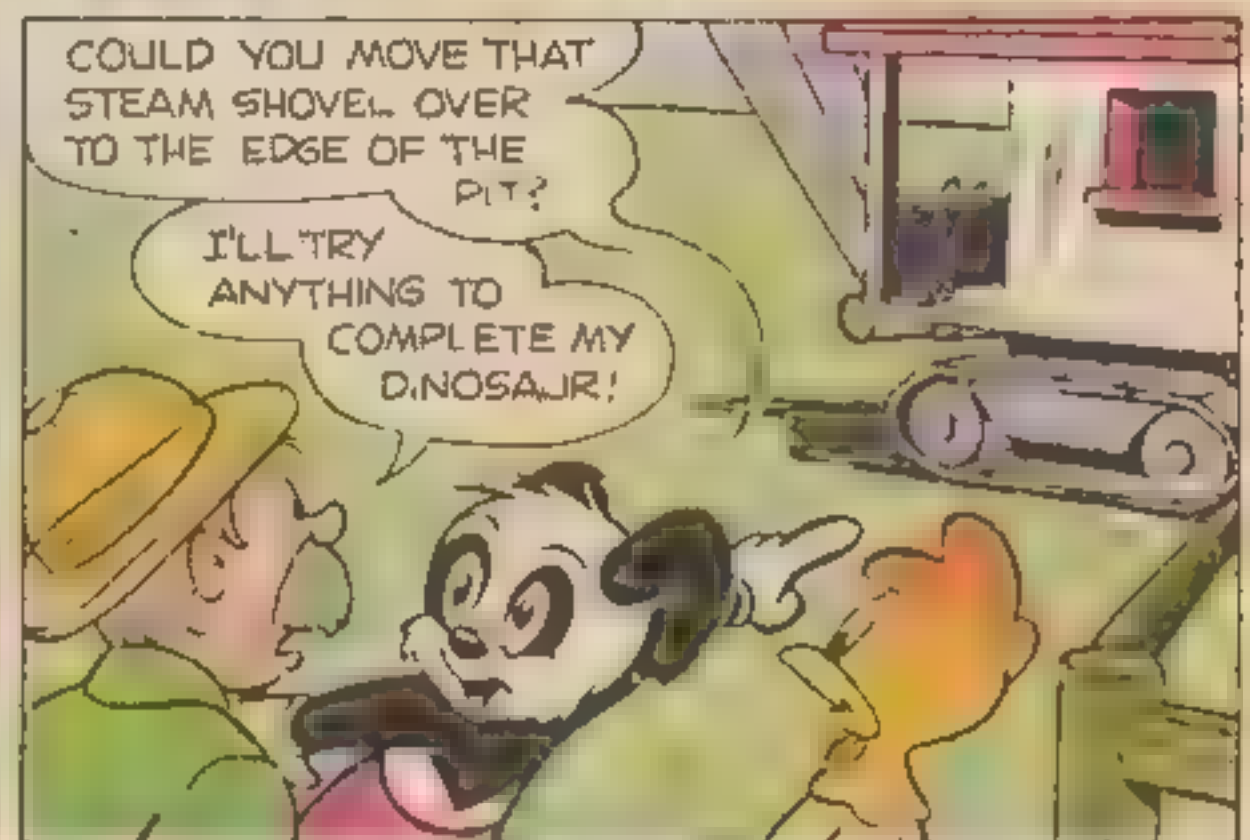
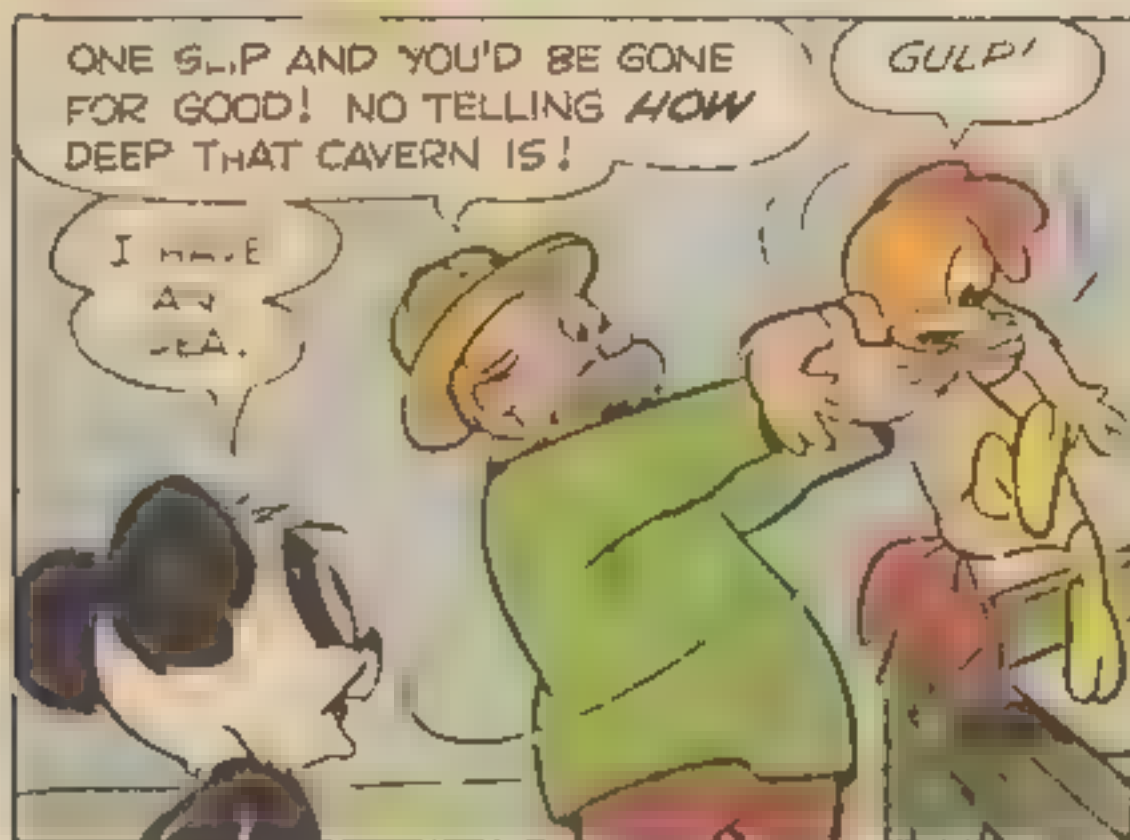
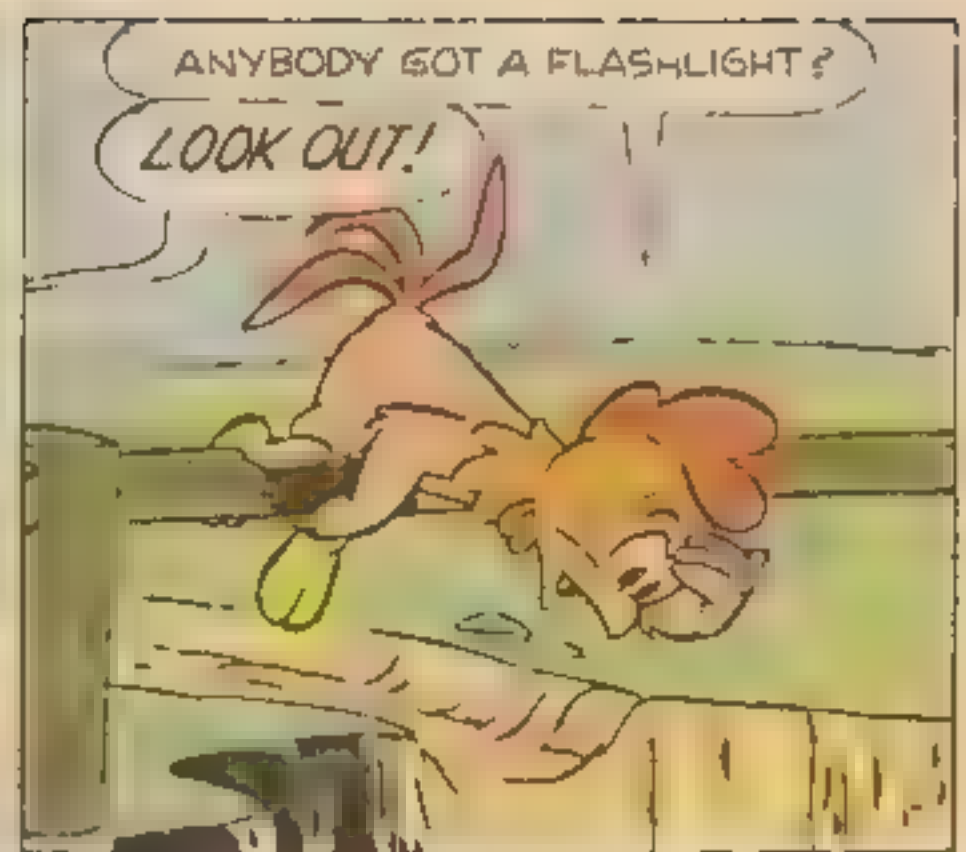
"Well, seems like you were looking for trouble, Red!" declared Homer, smiling. "And you found it!"

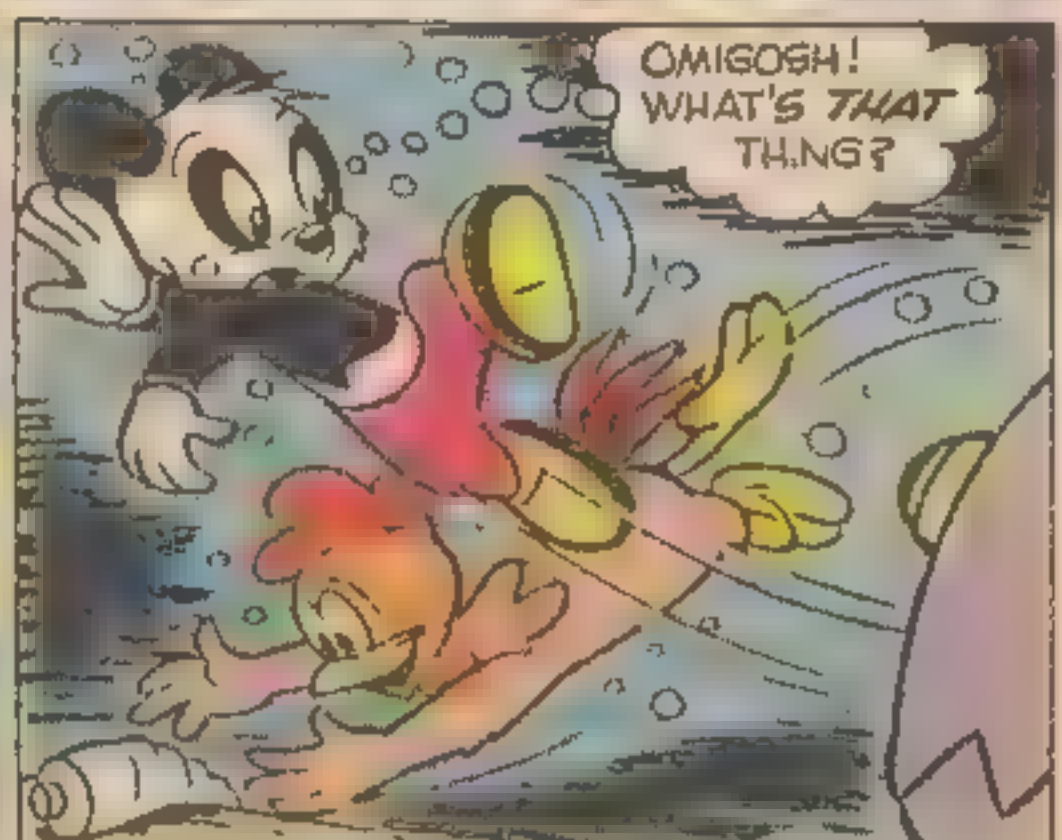
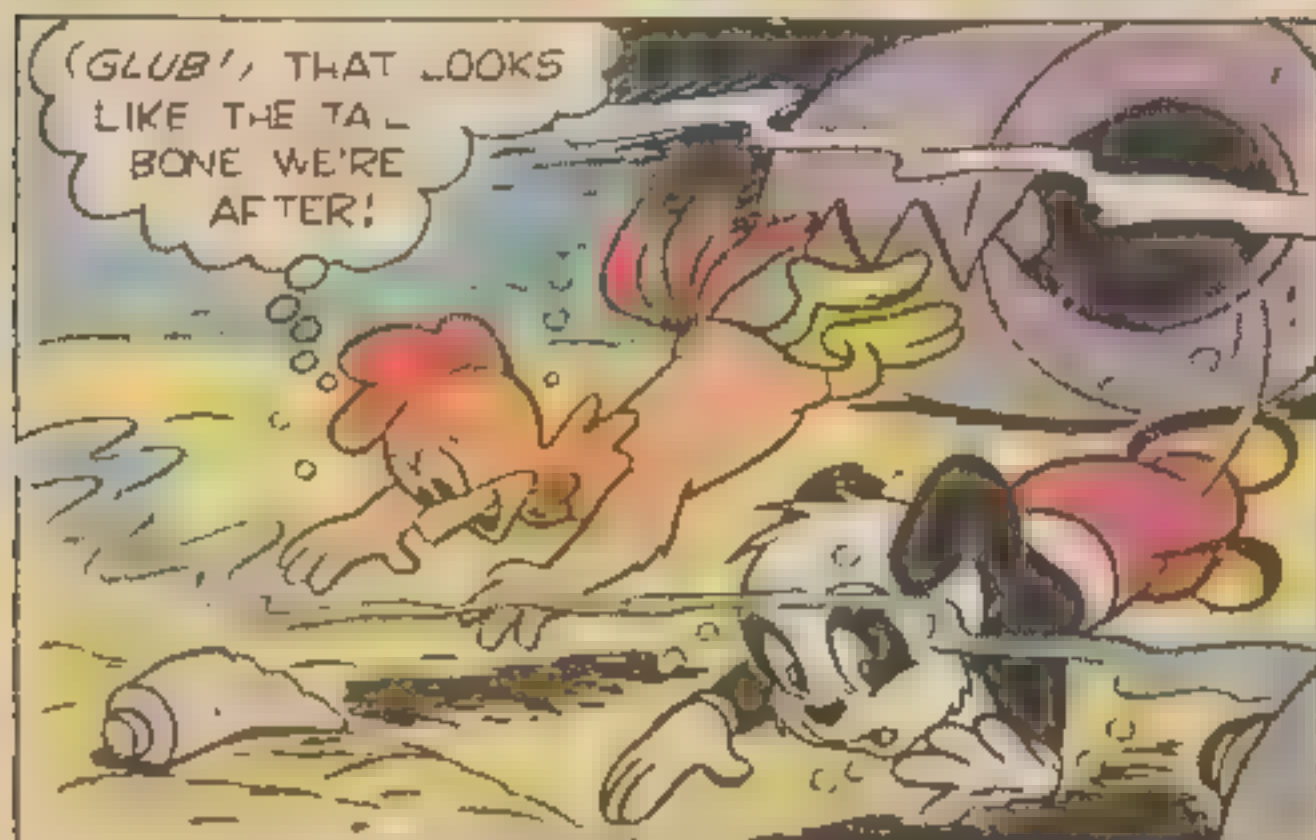
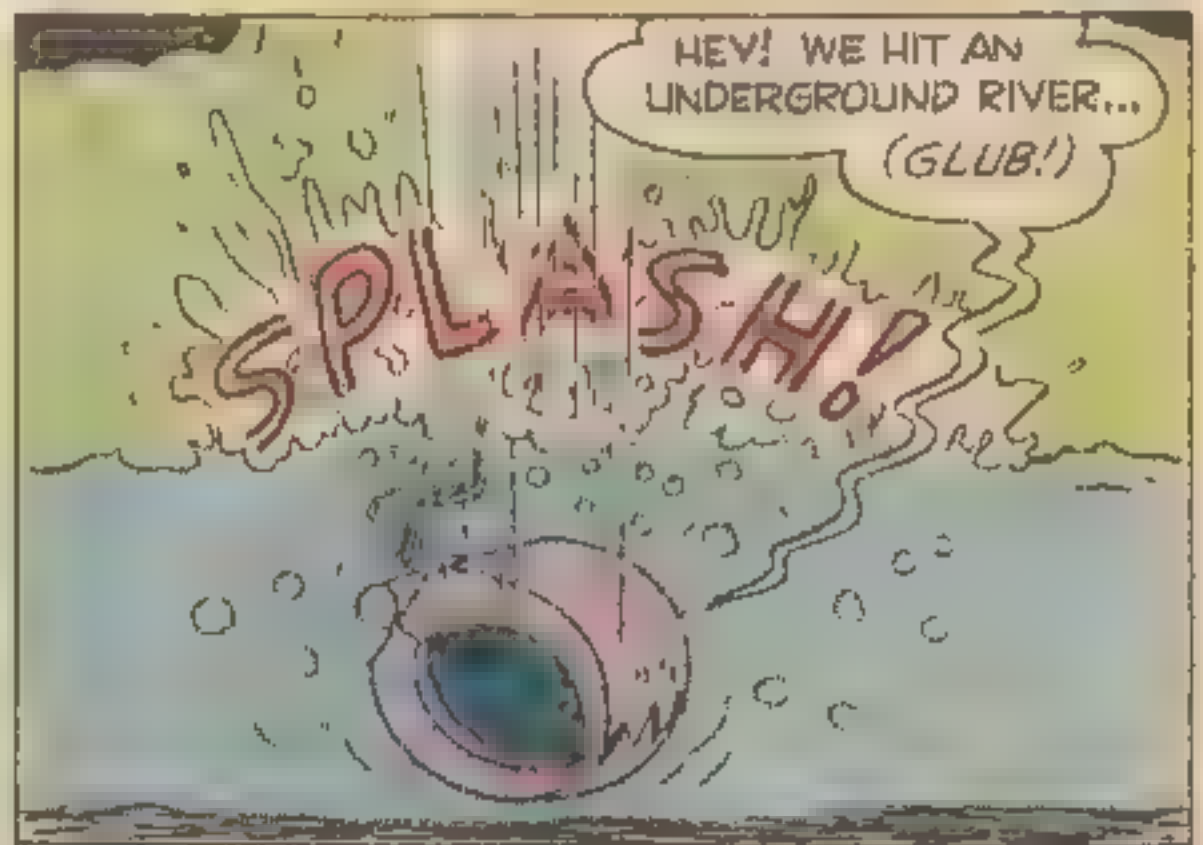
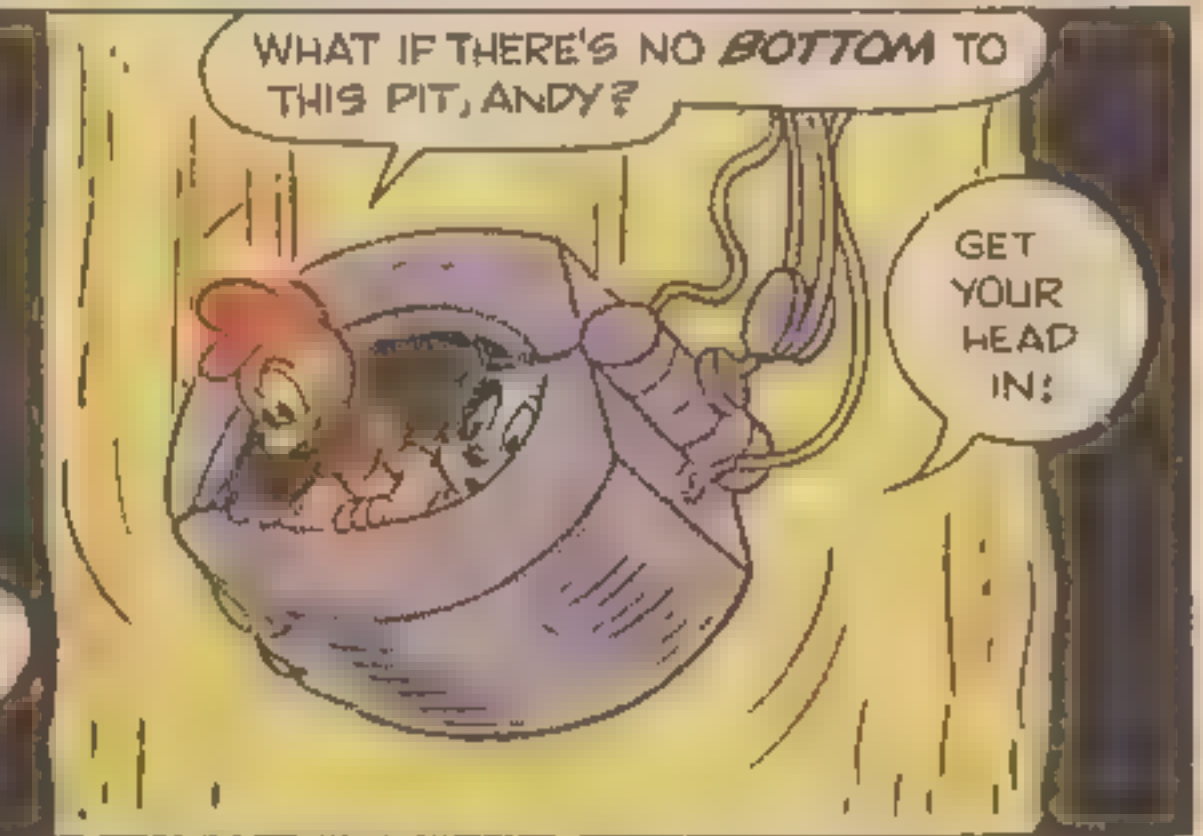
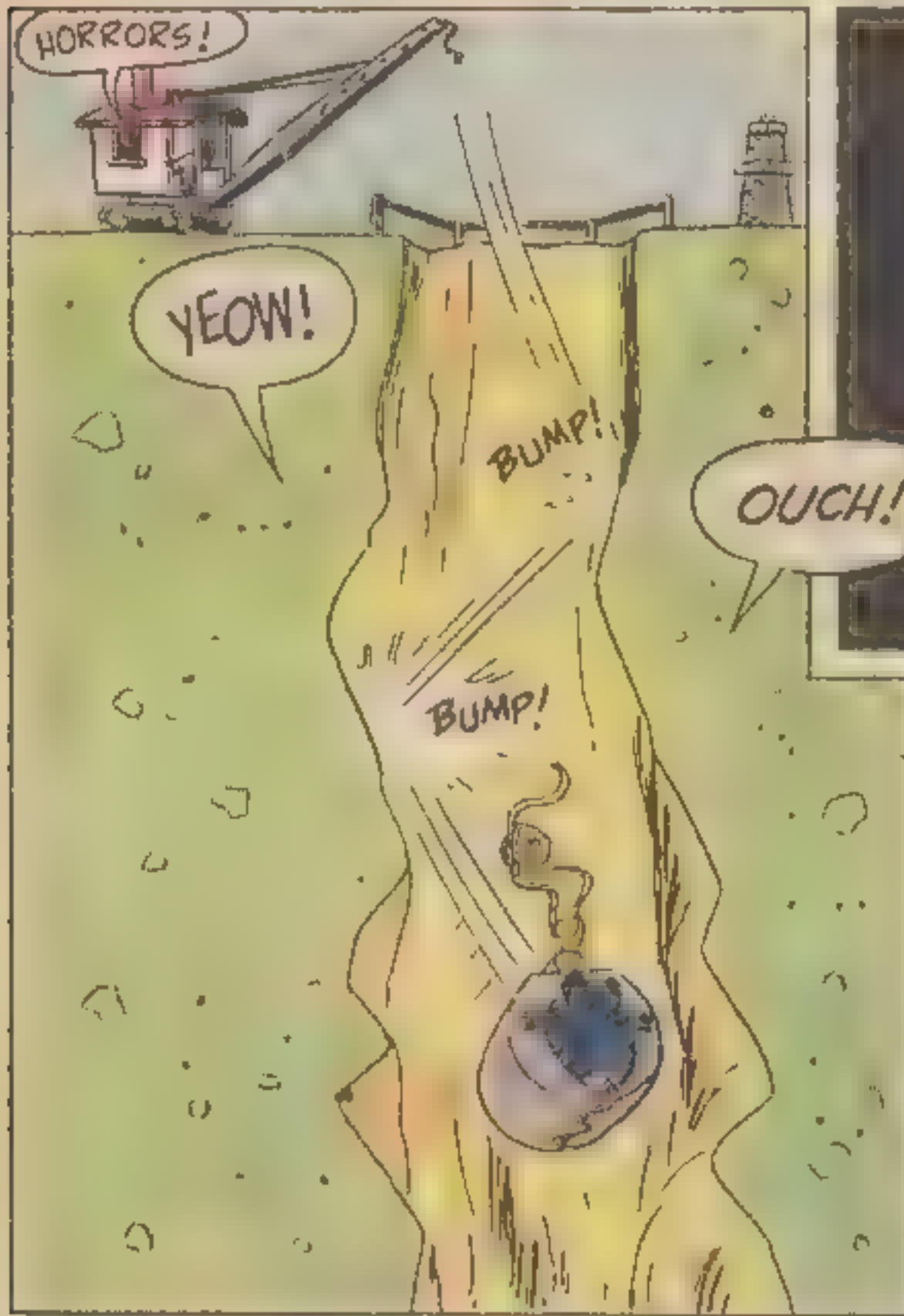
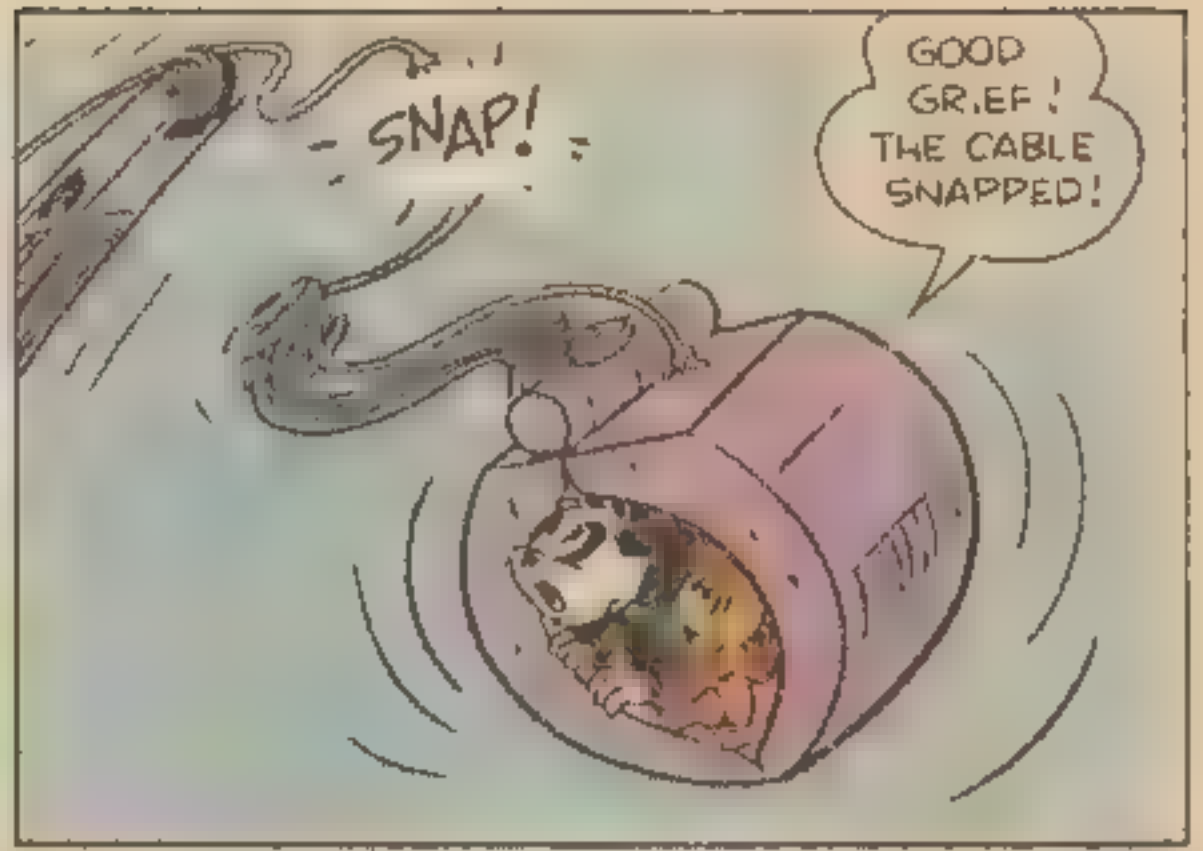
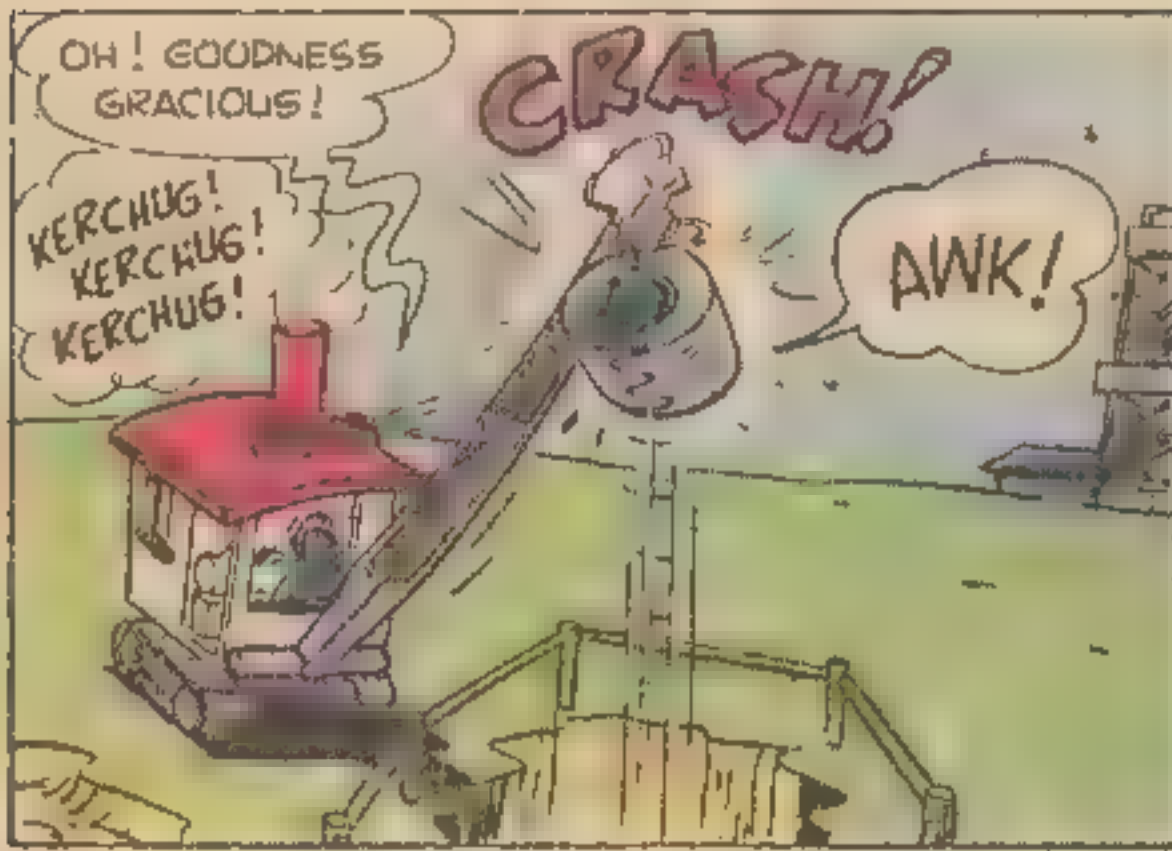
Carrie and Homer then quickly picked up the arrows and bow and strolled away, contented in their knowledge that justice had been done.

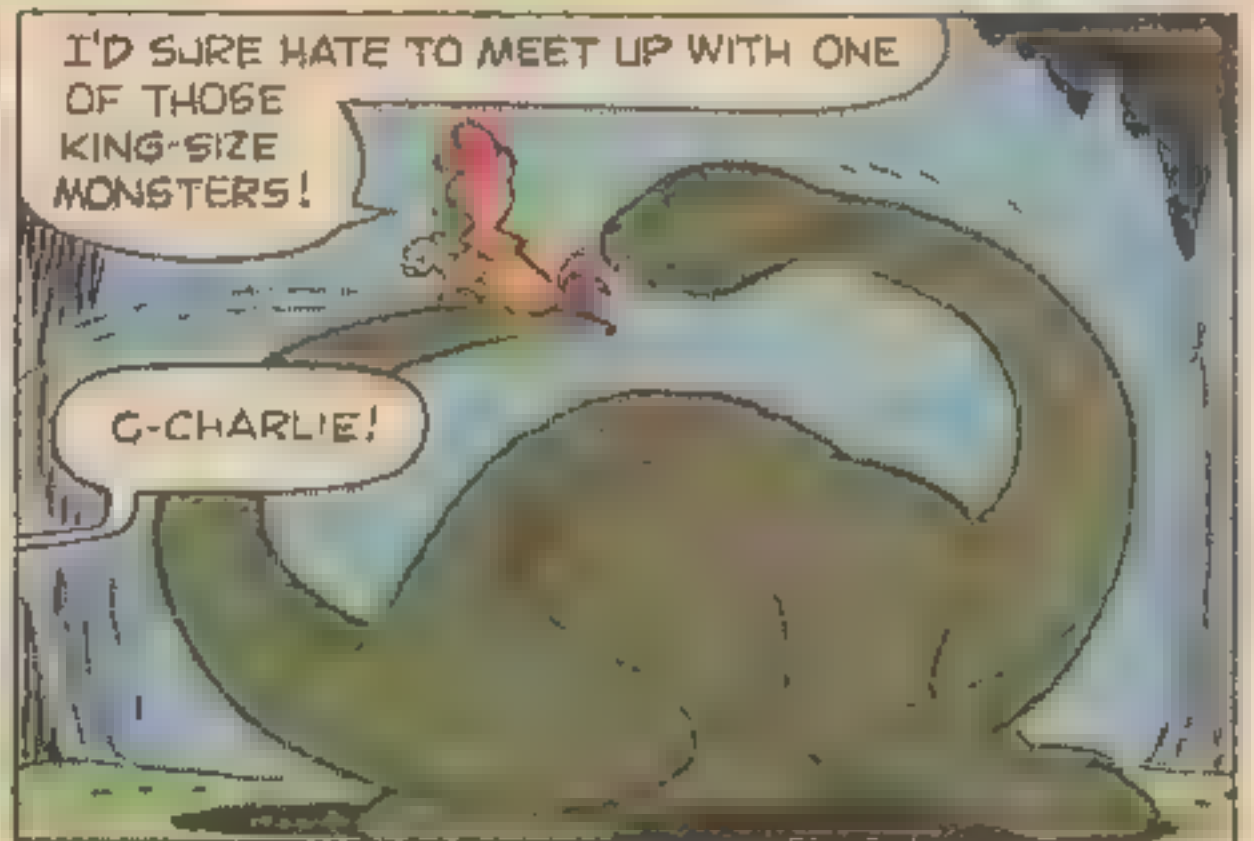
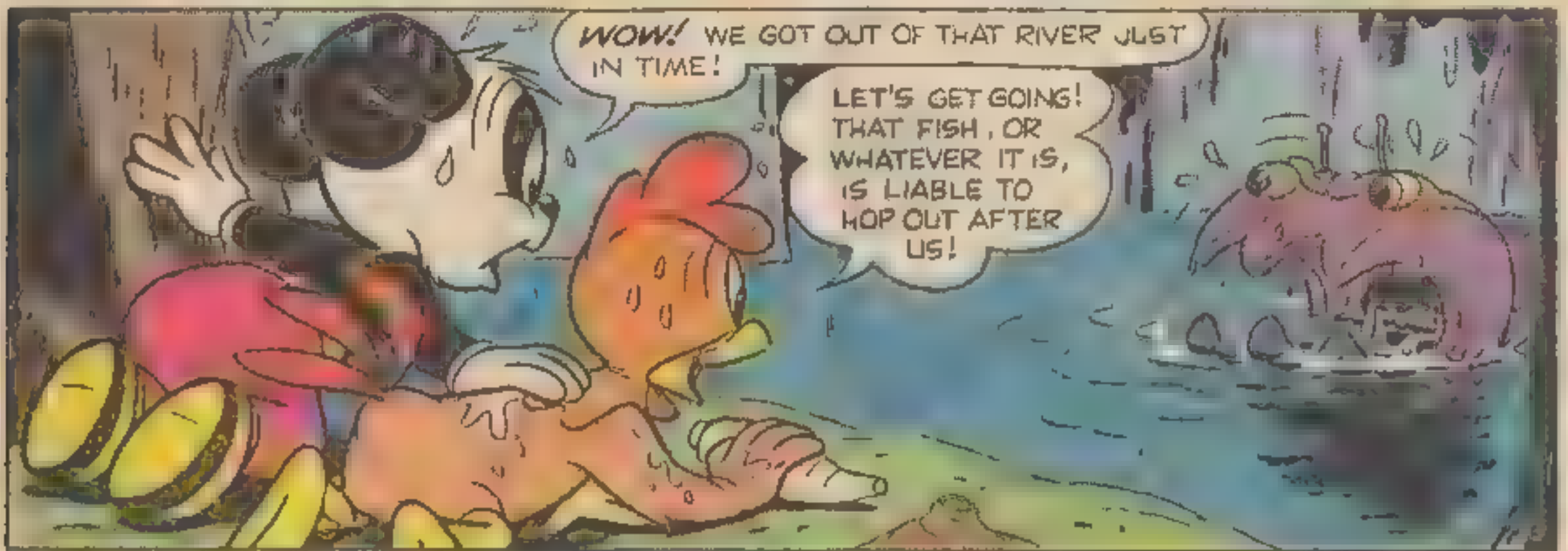
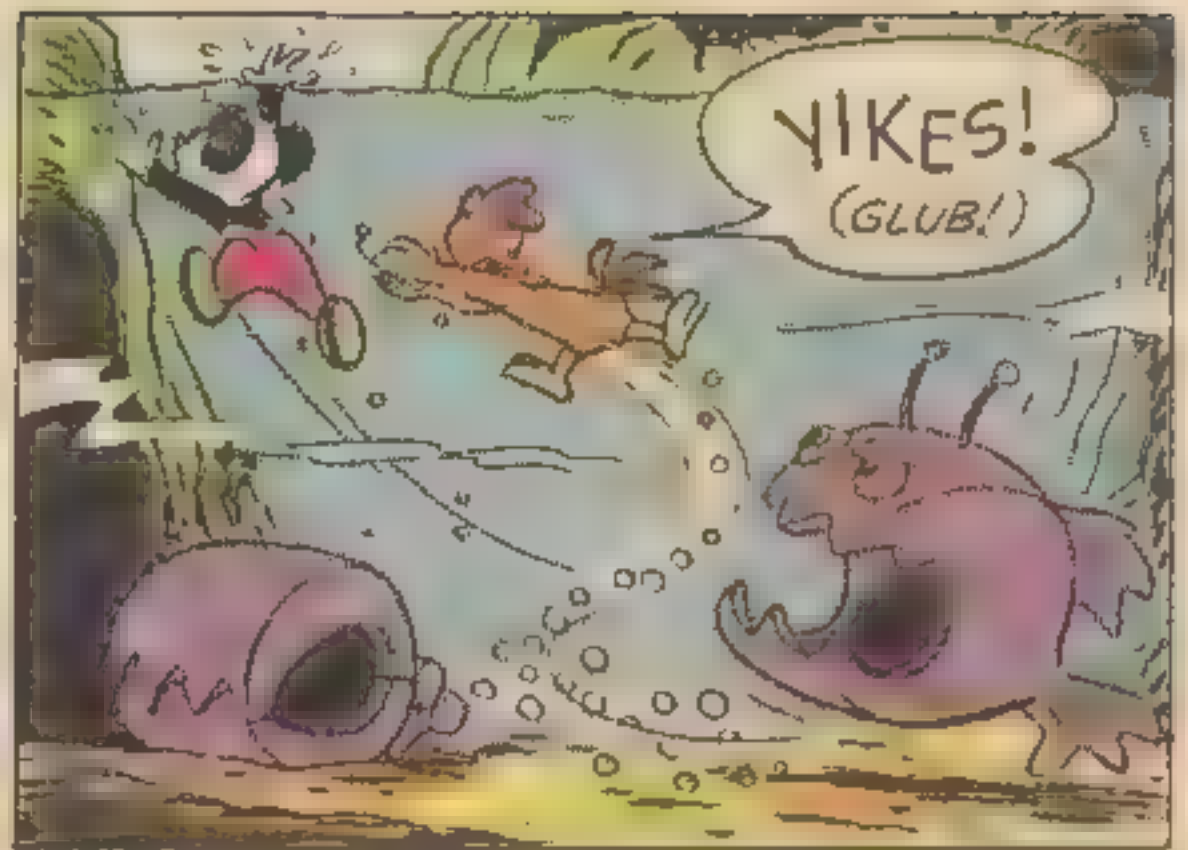
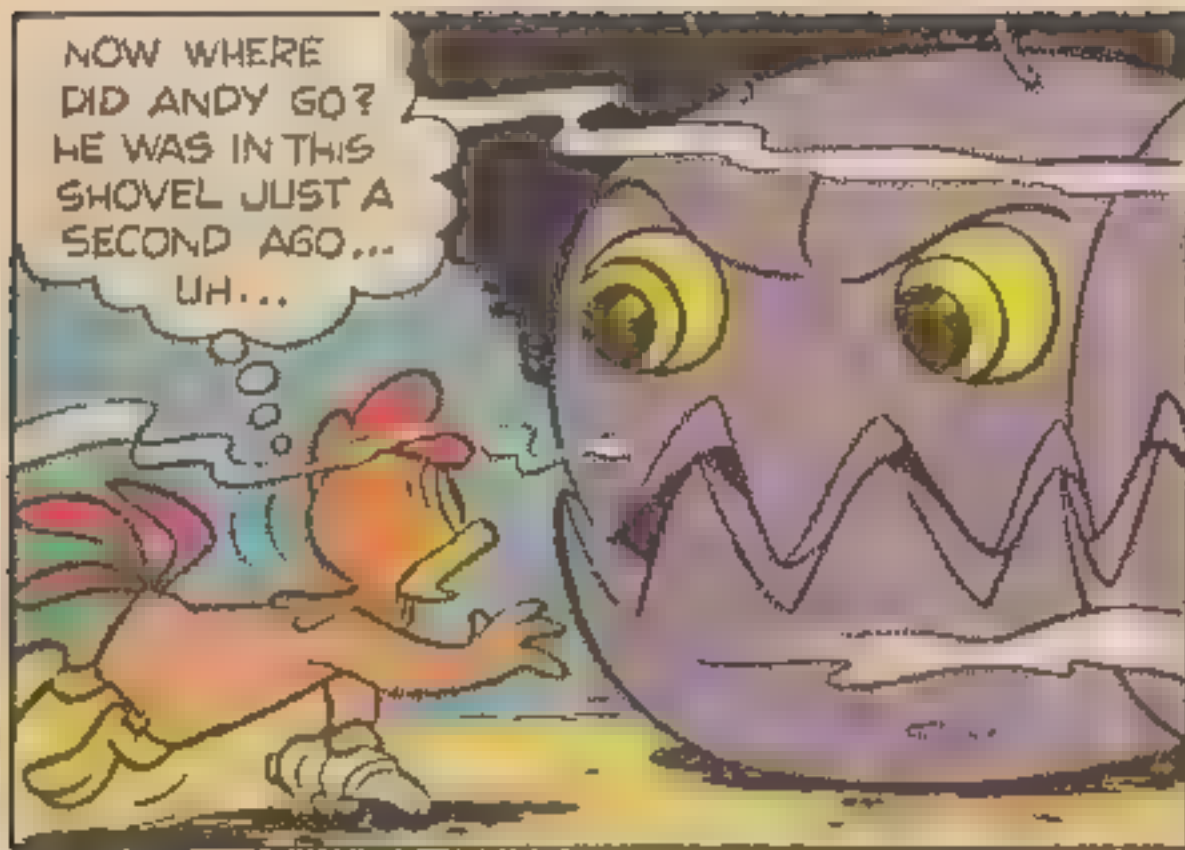


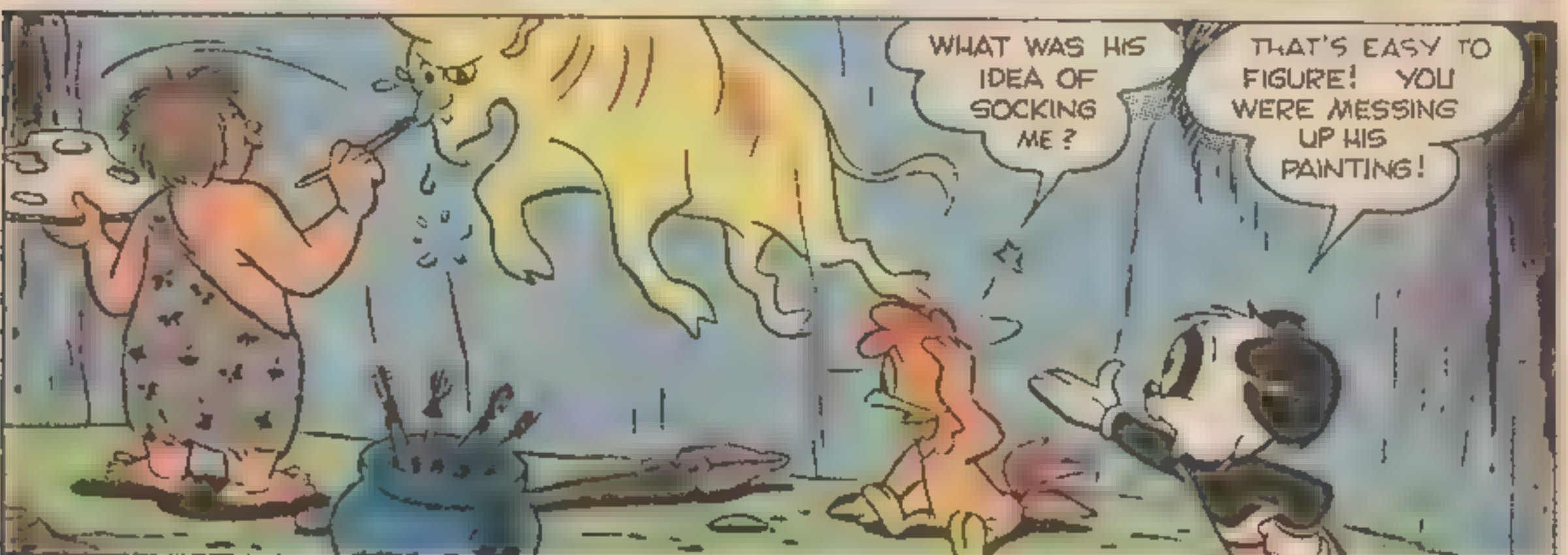
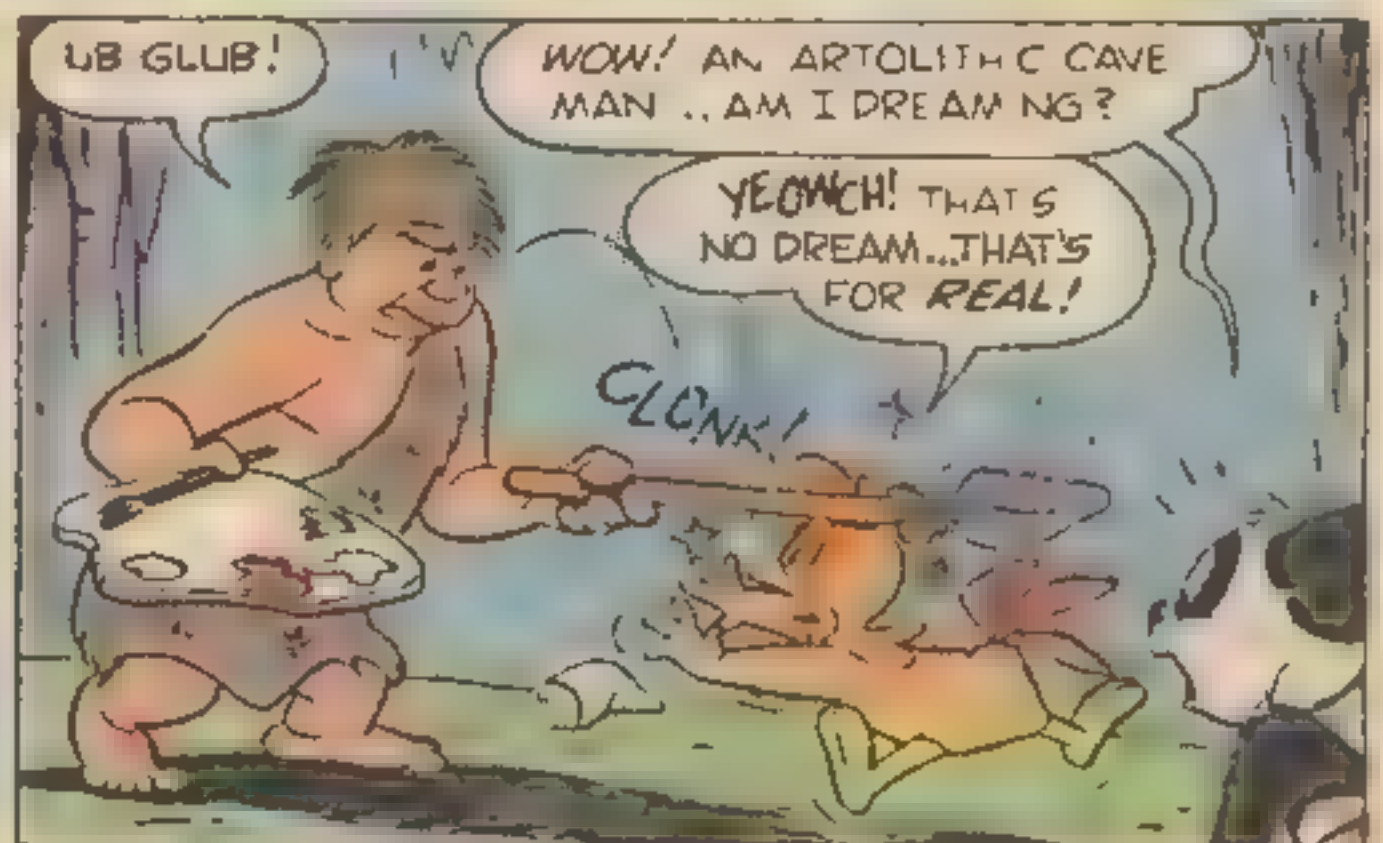
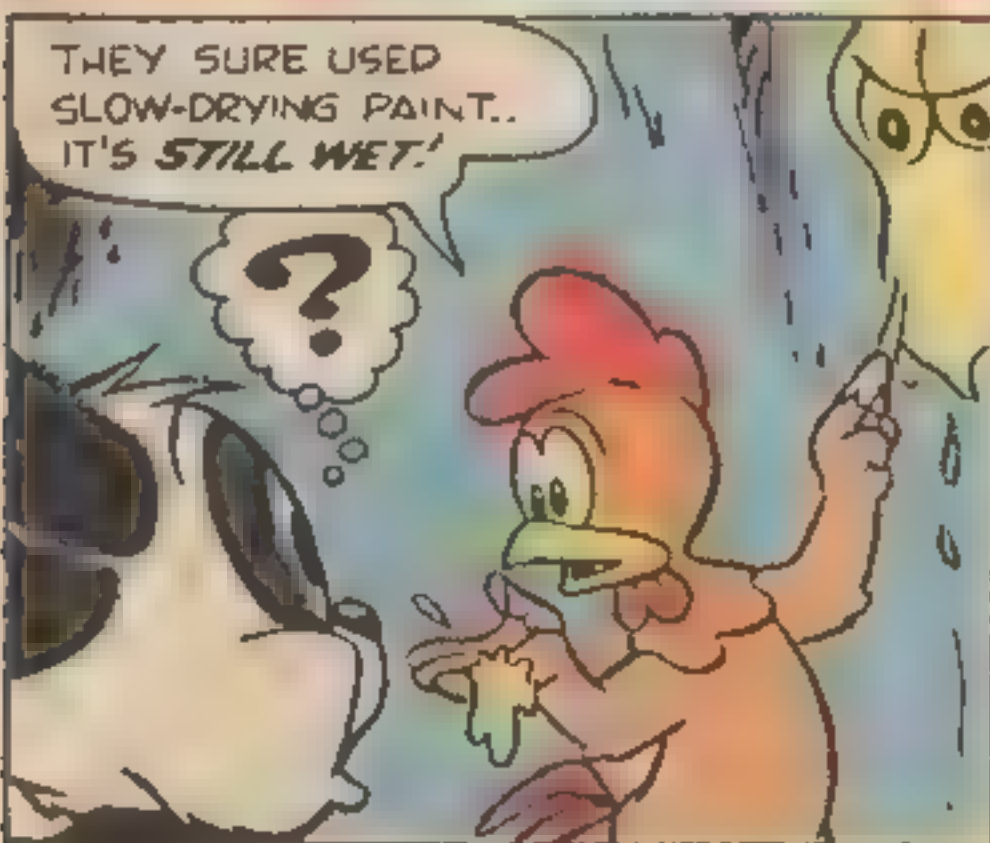
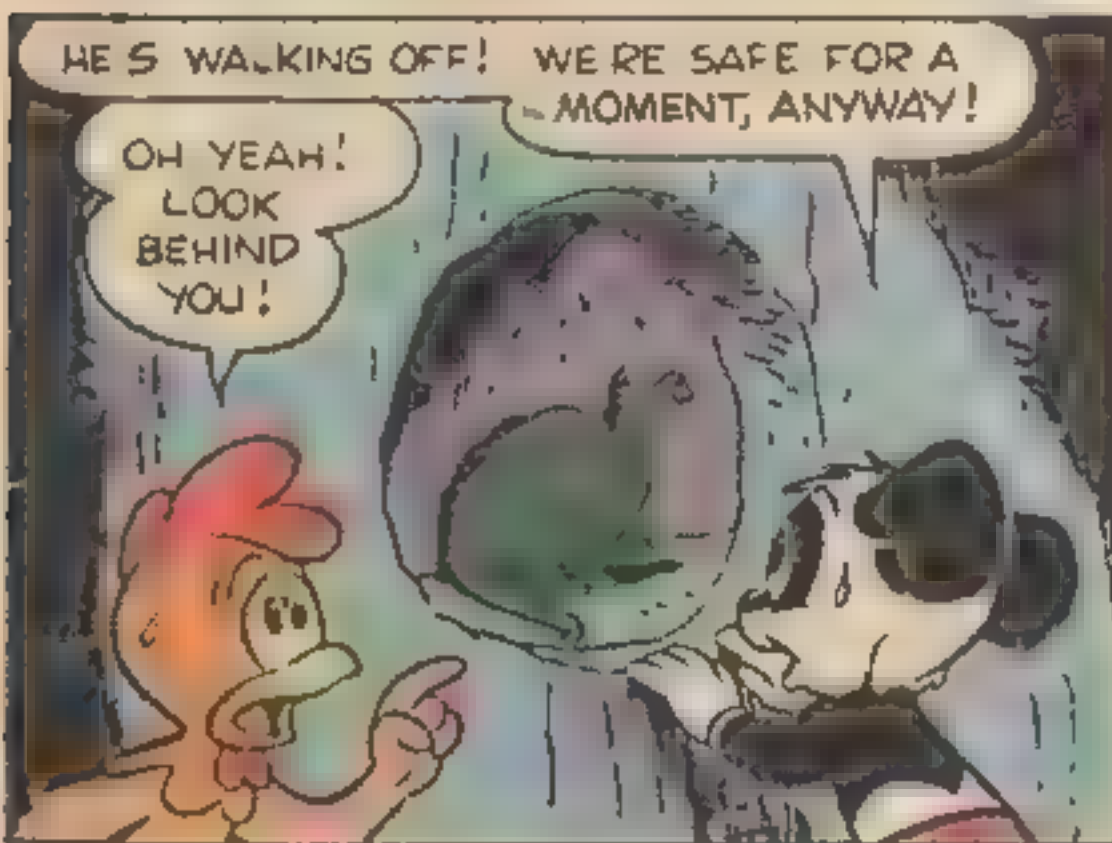
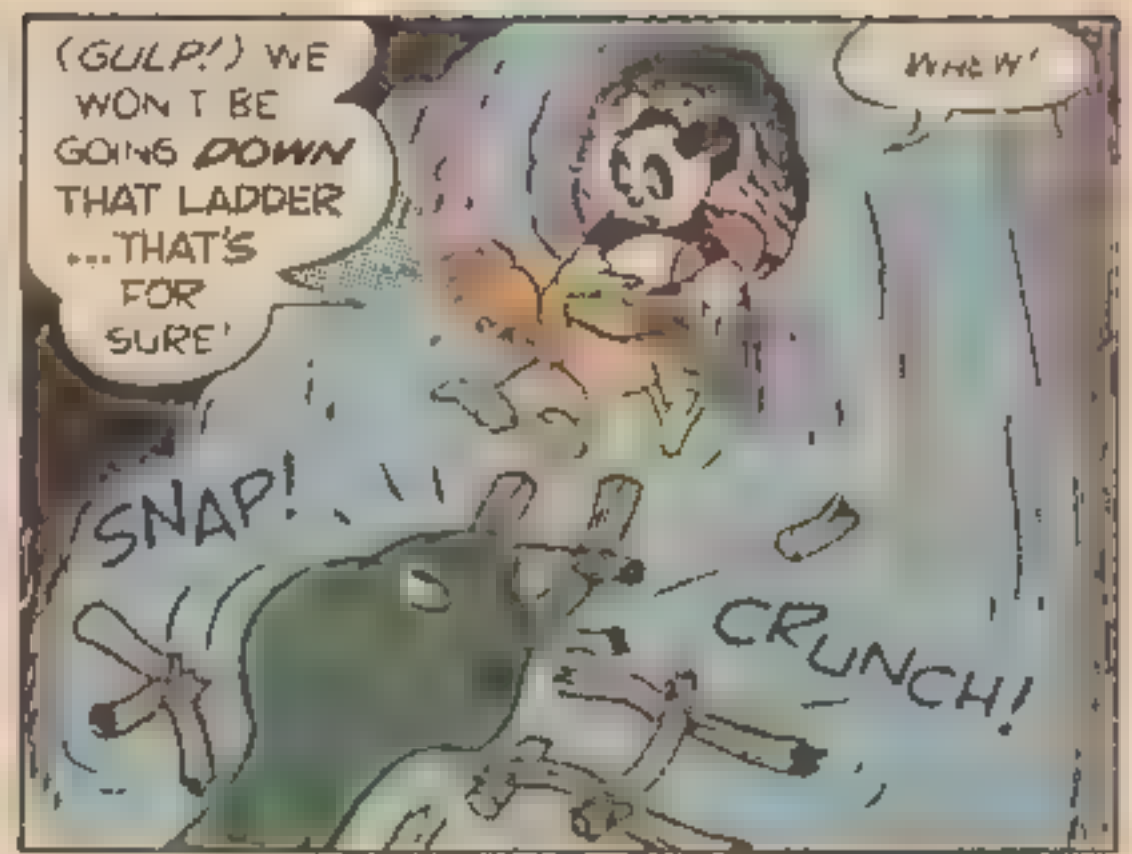
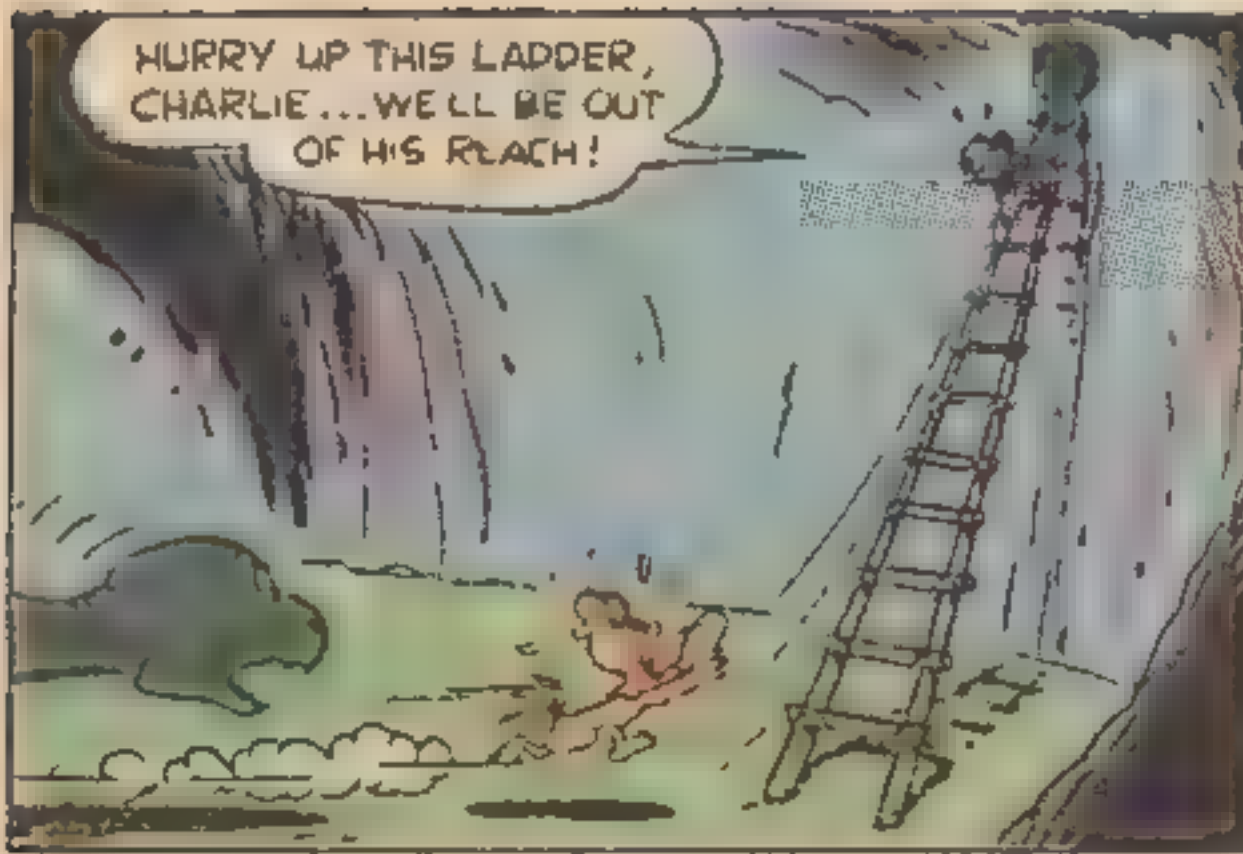


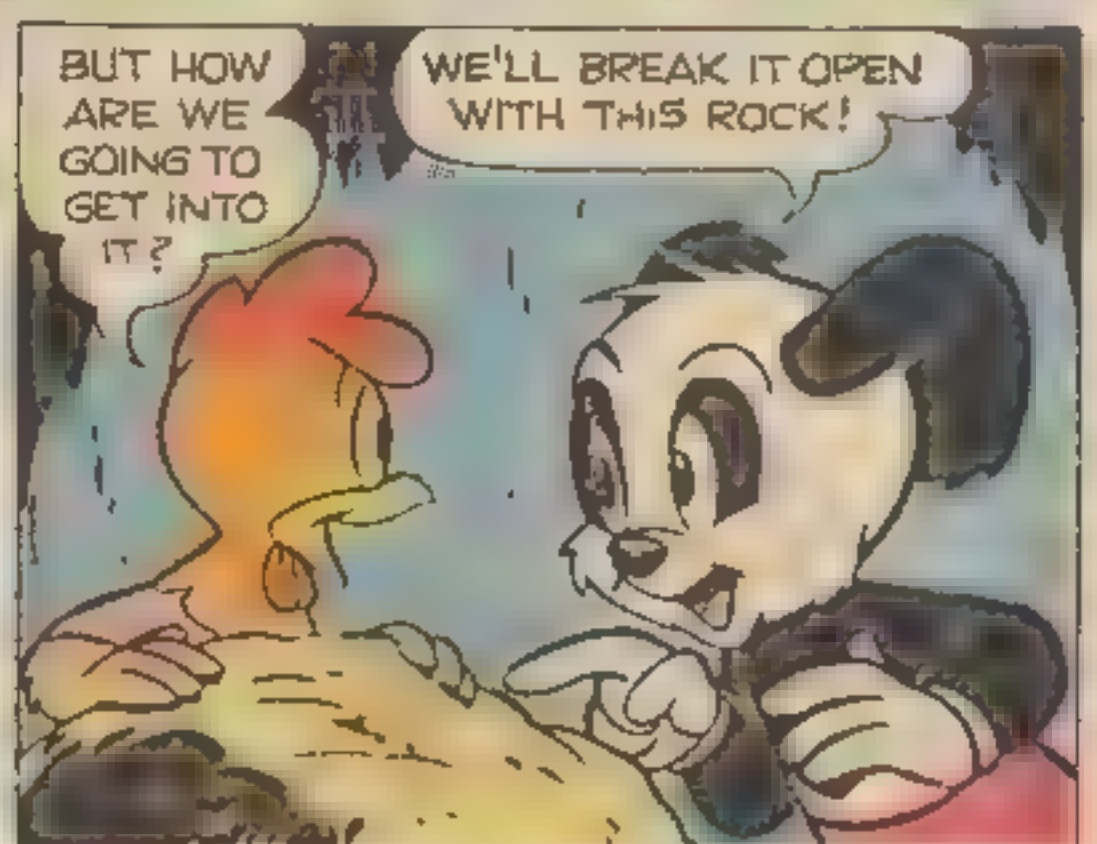
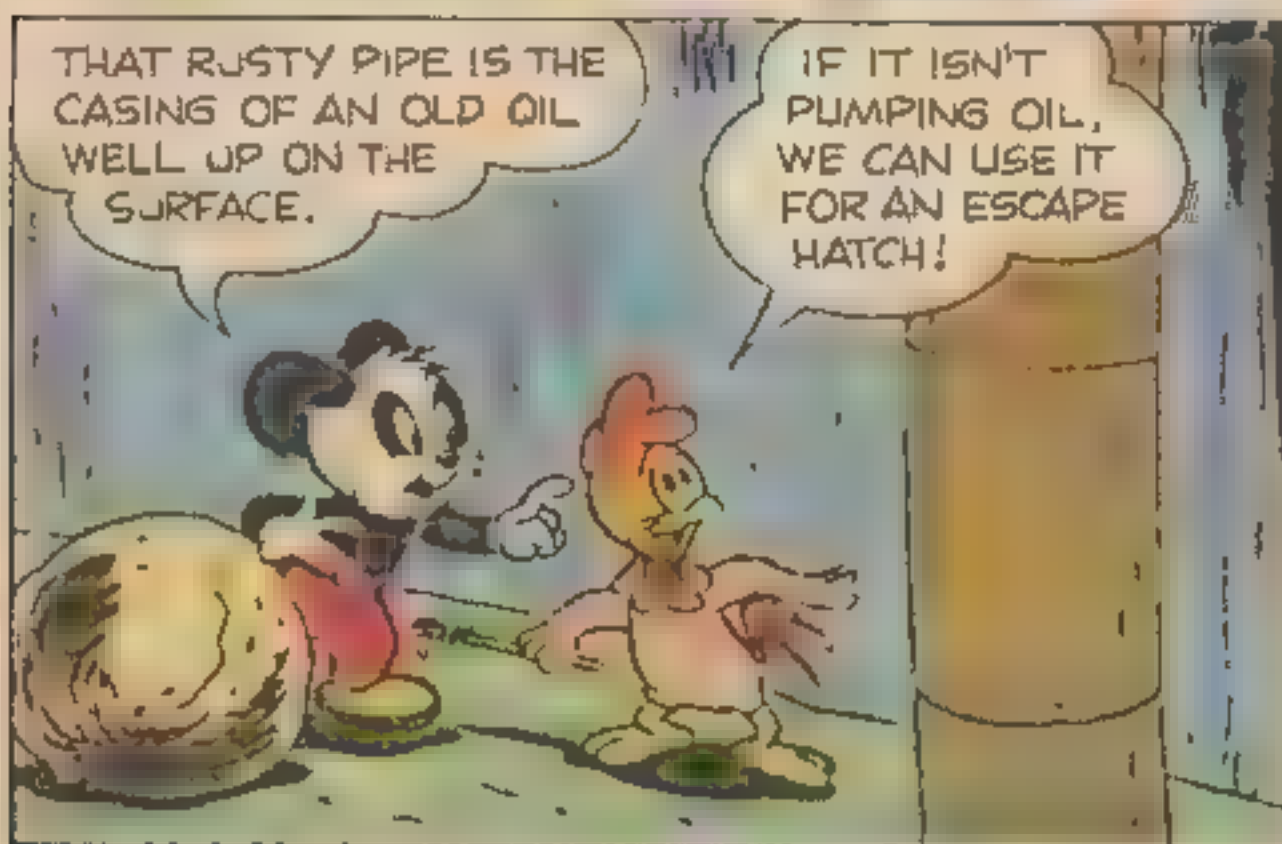
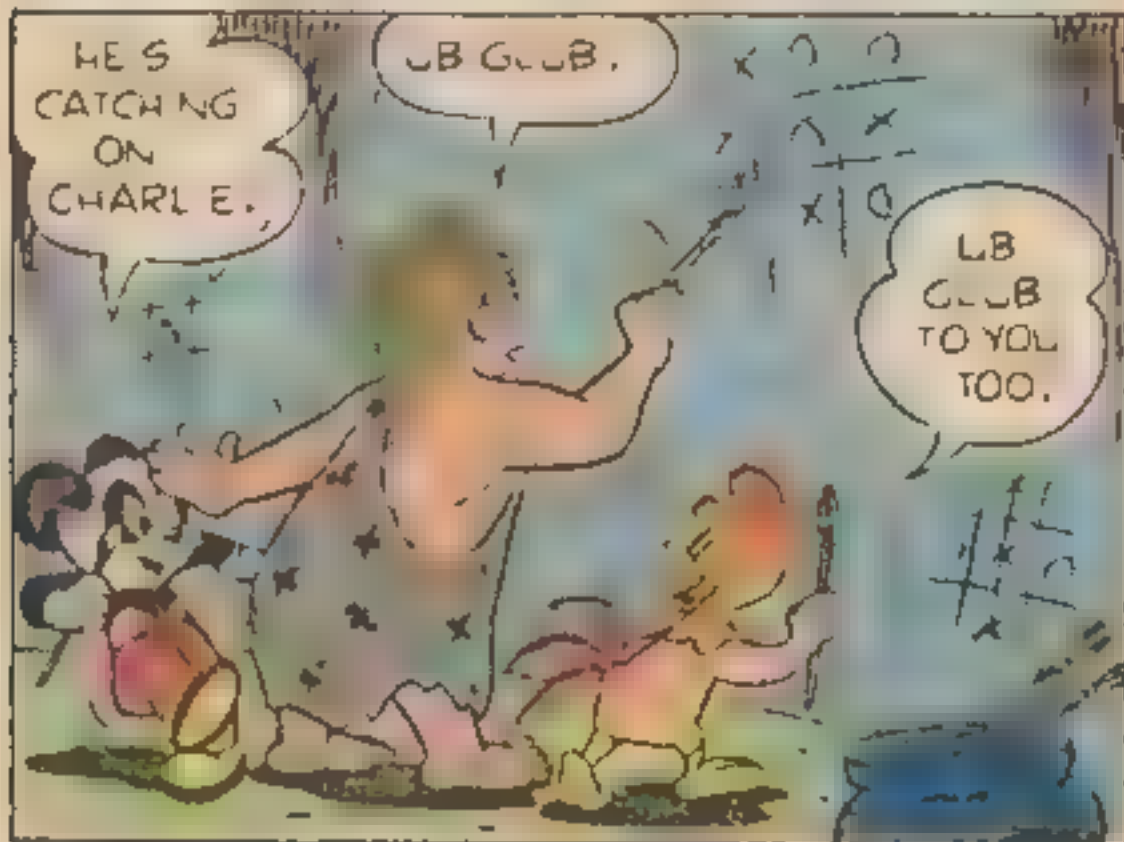
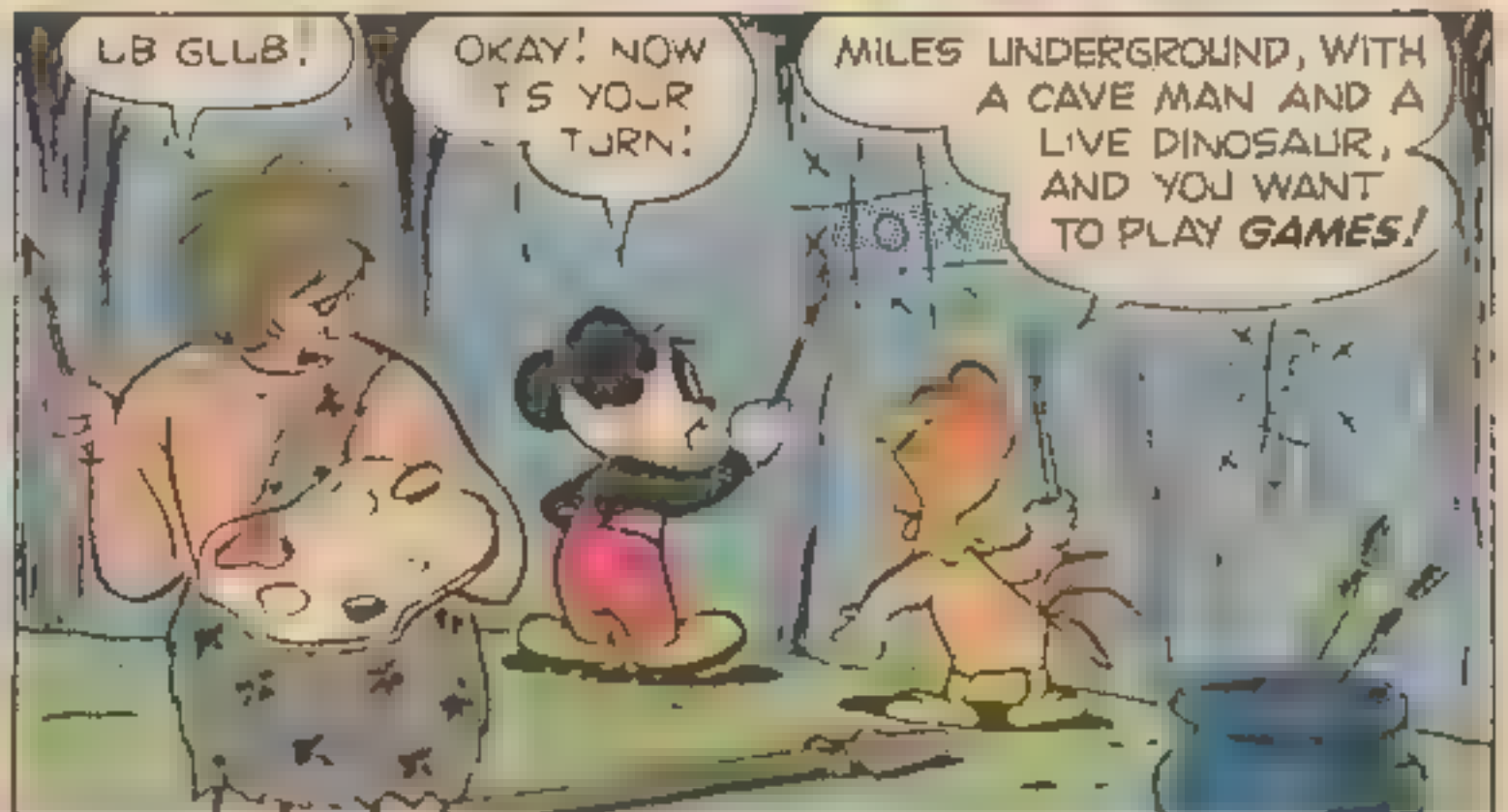
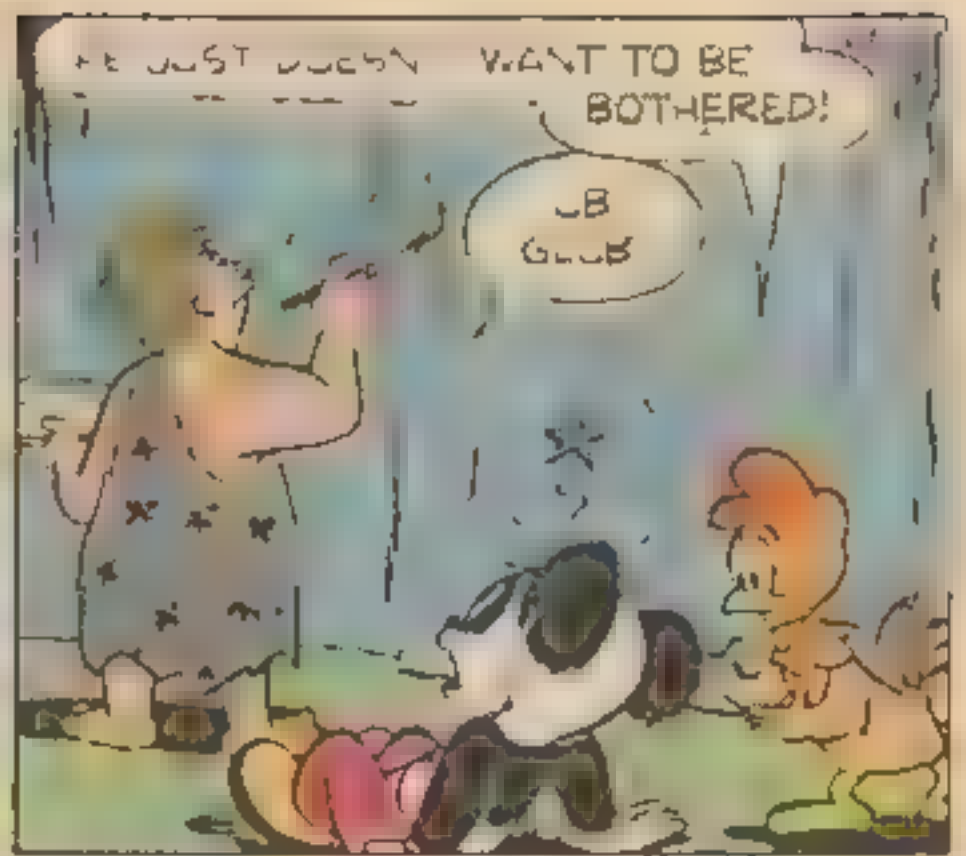


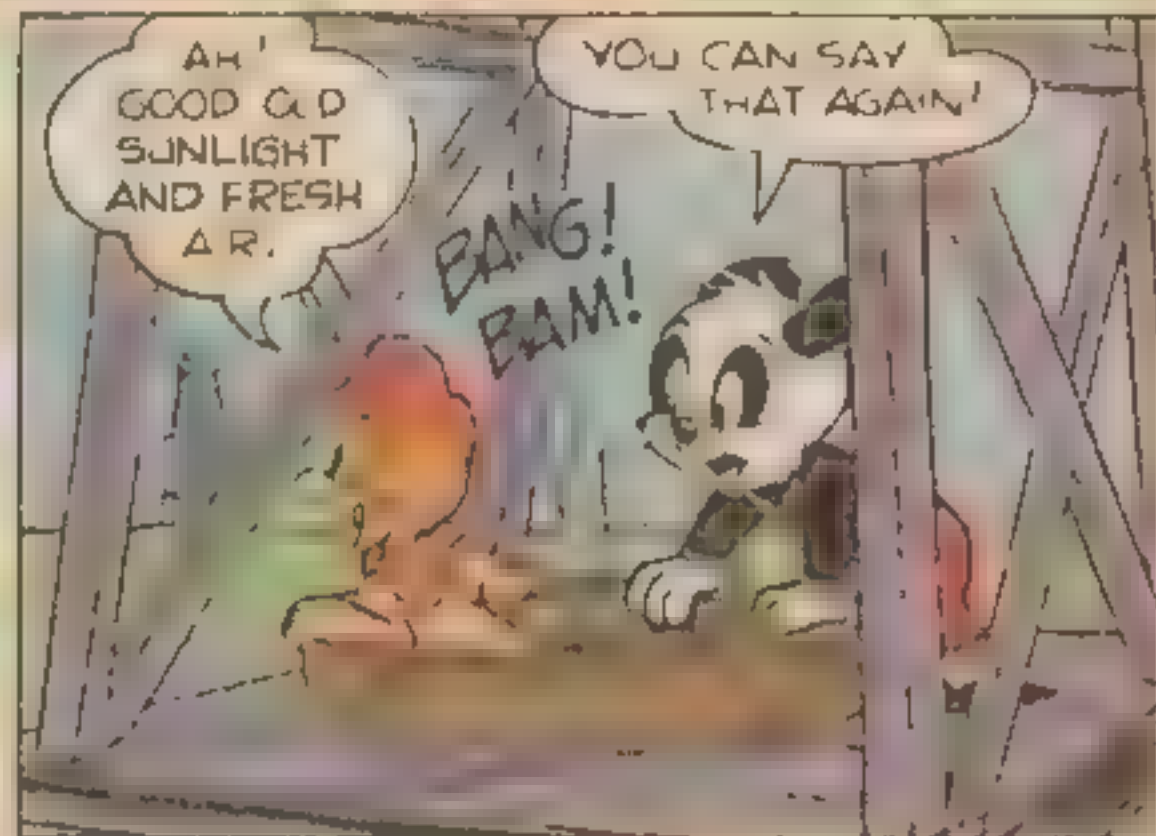
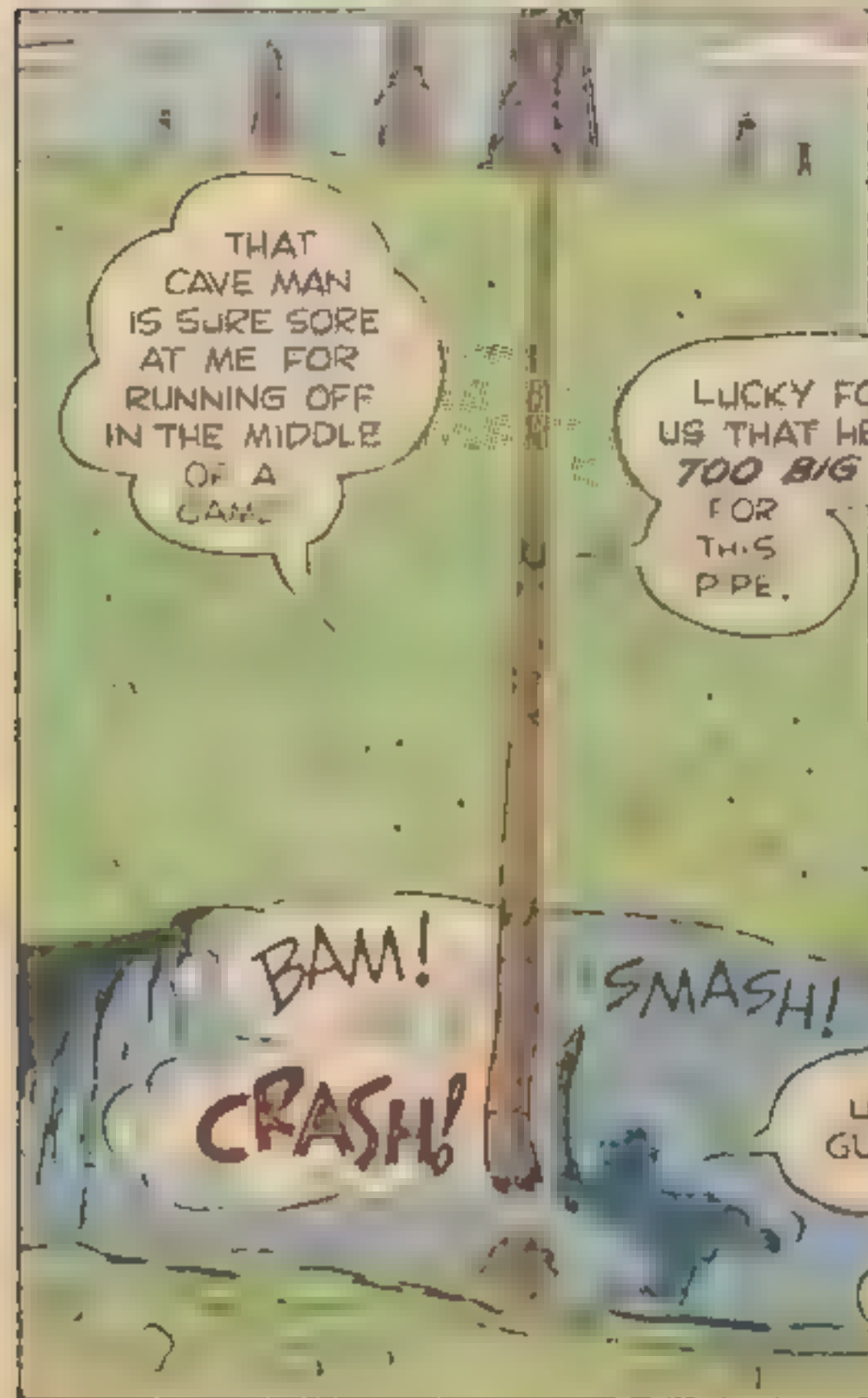
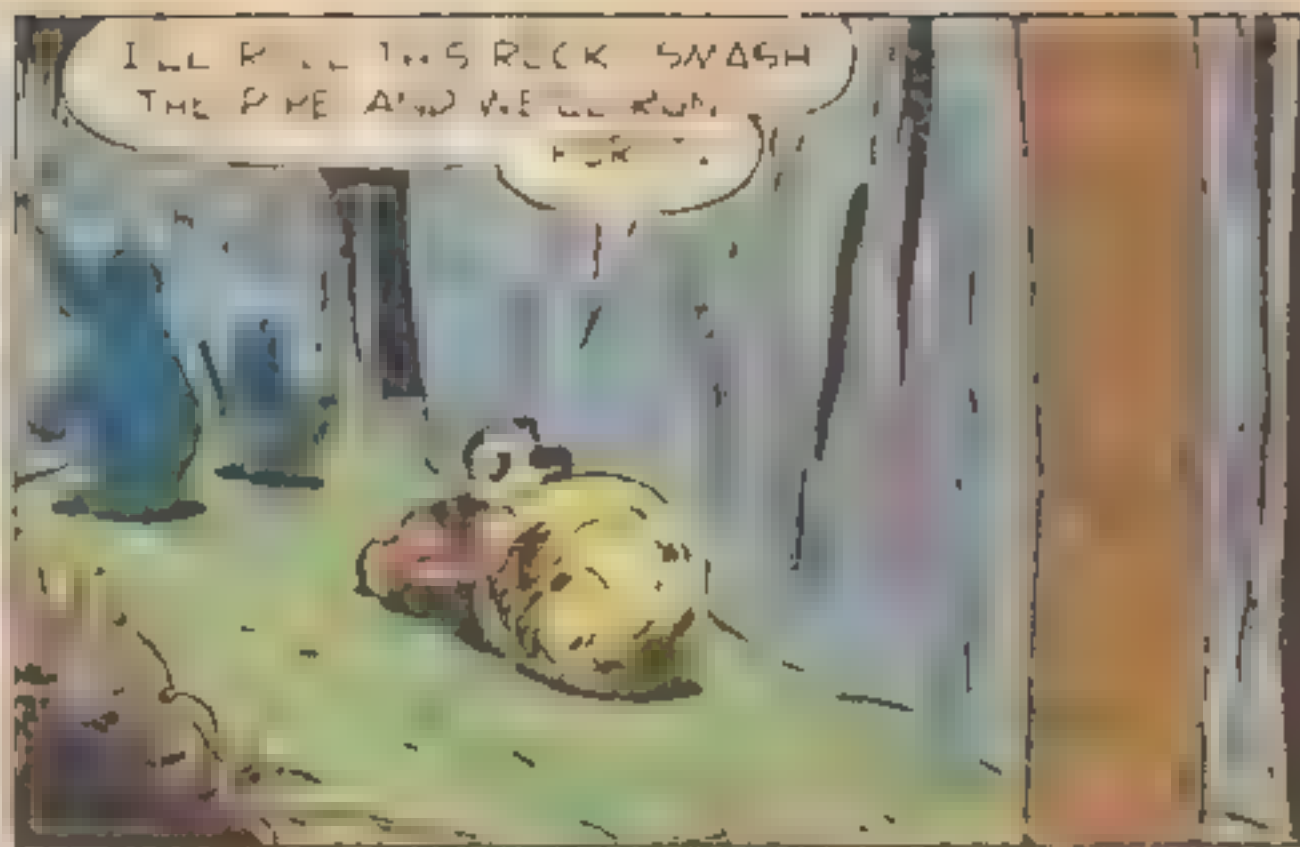


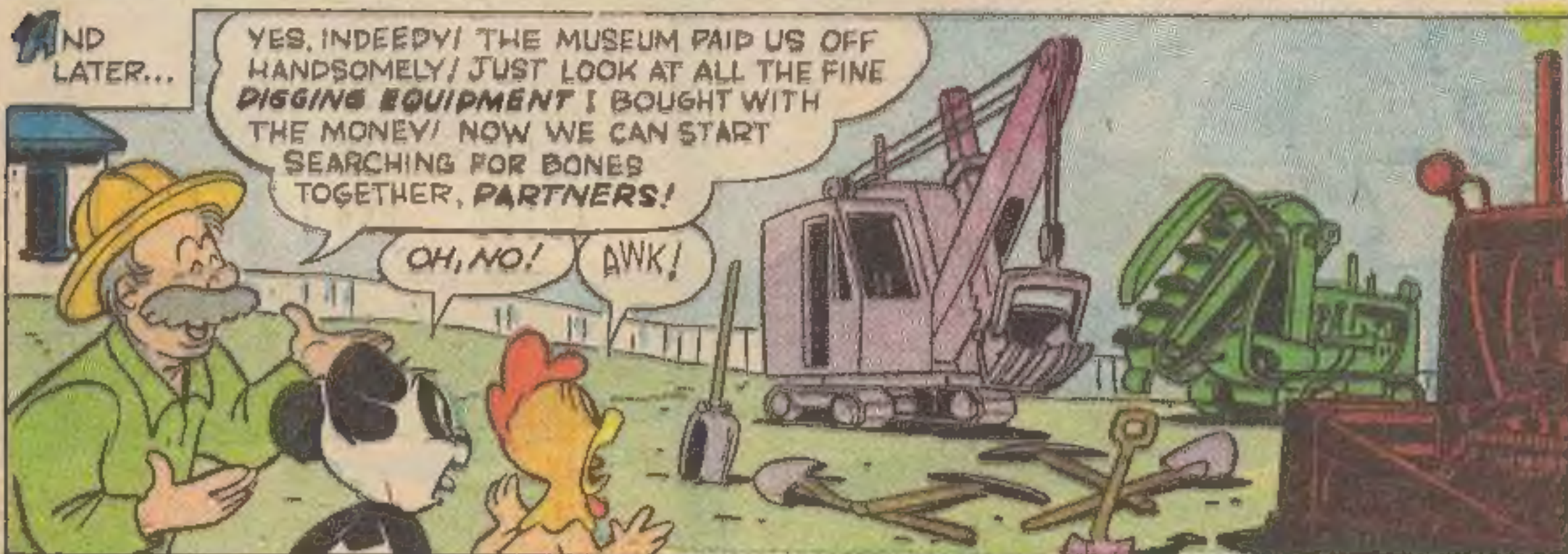
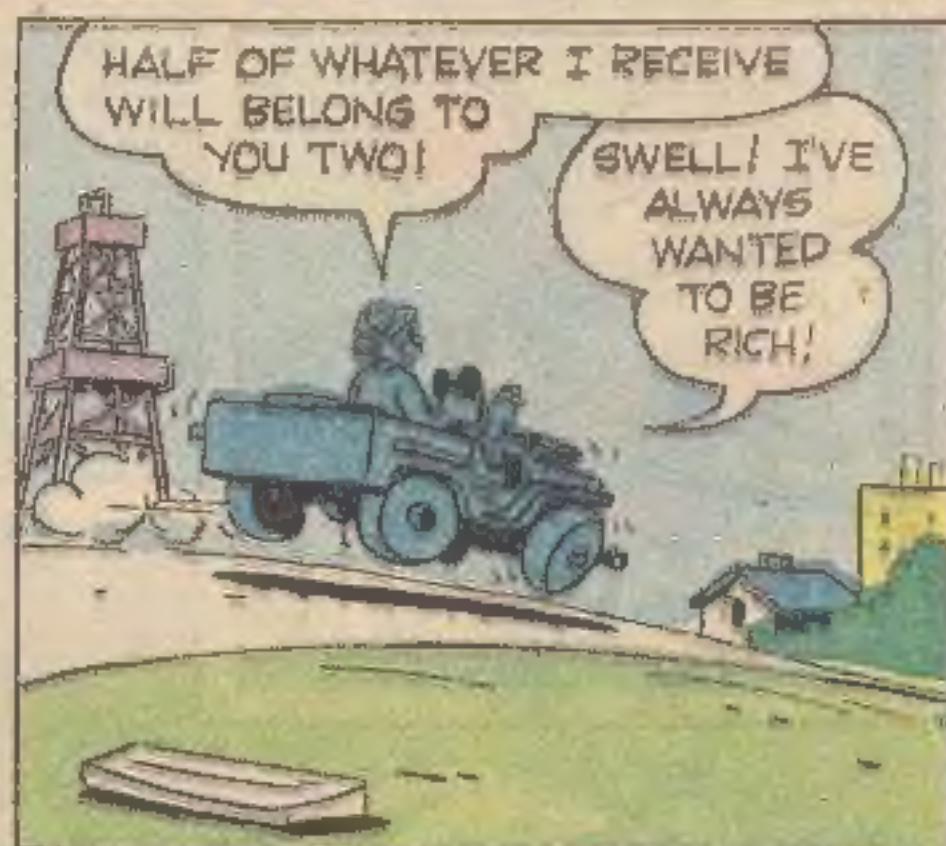
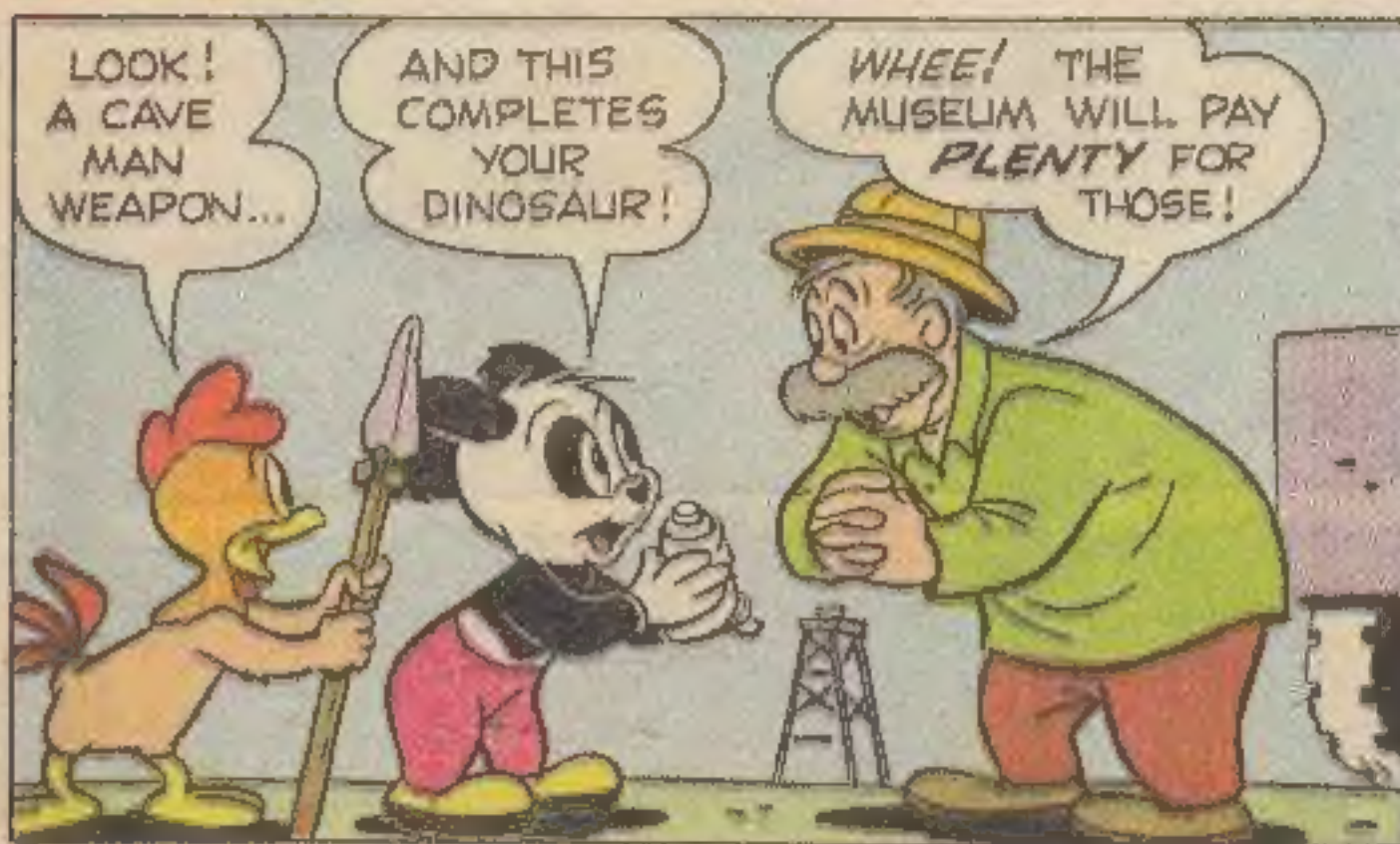
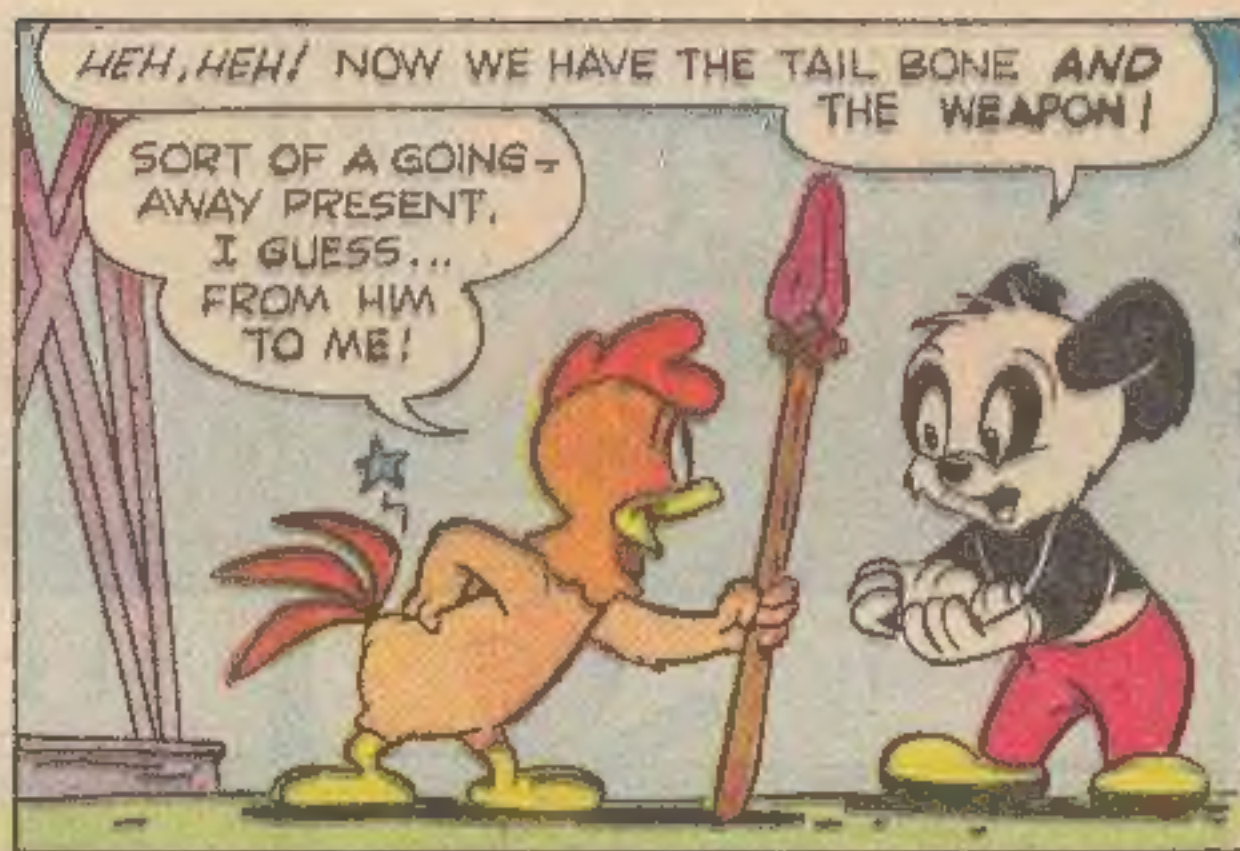
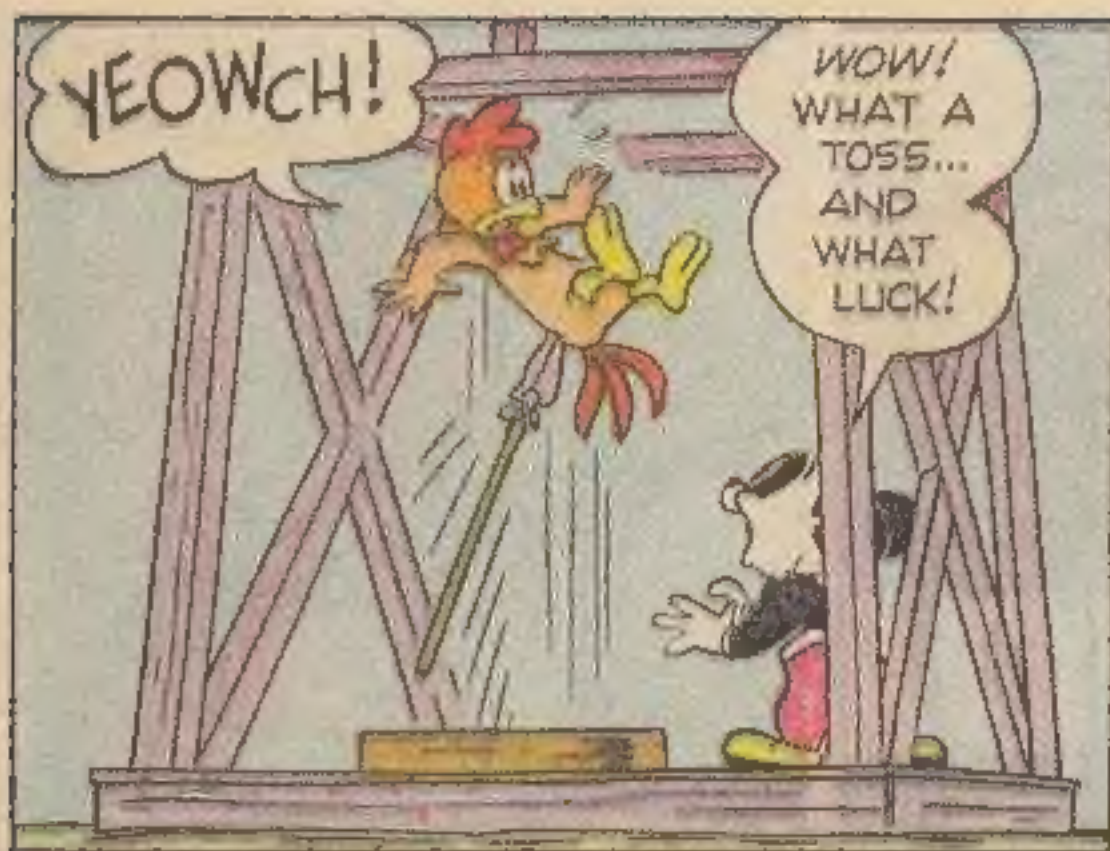


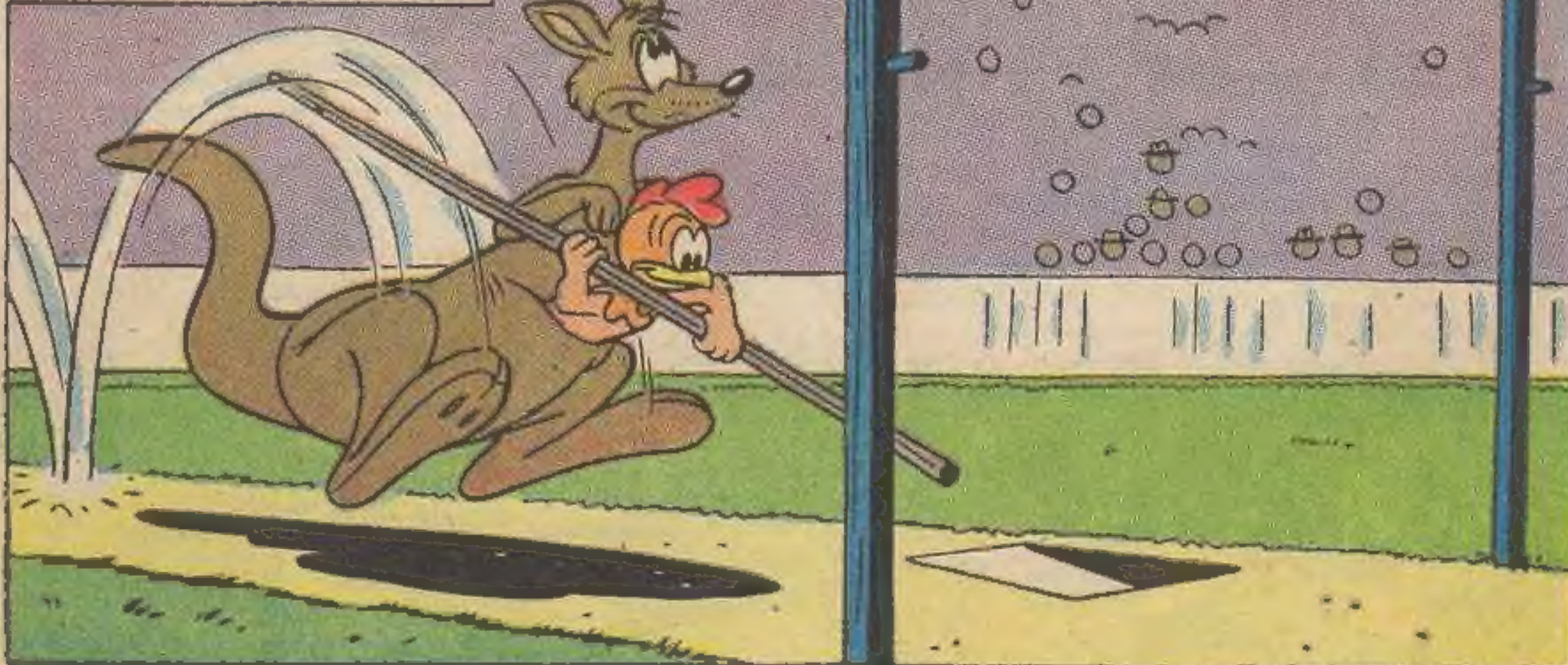
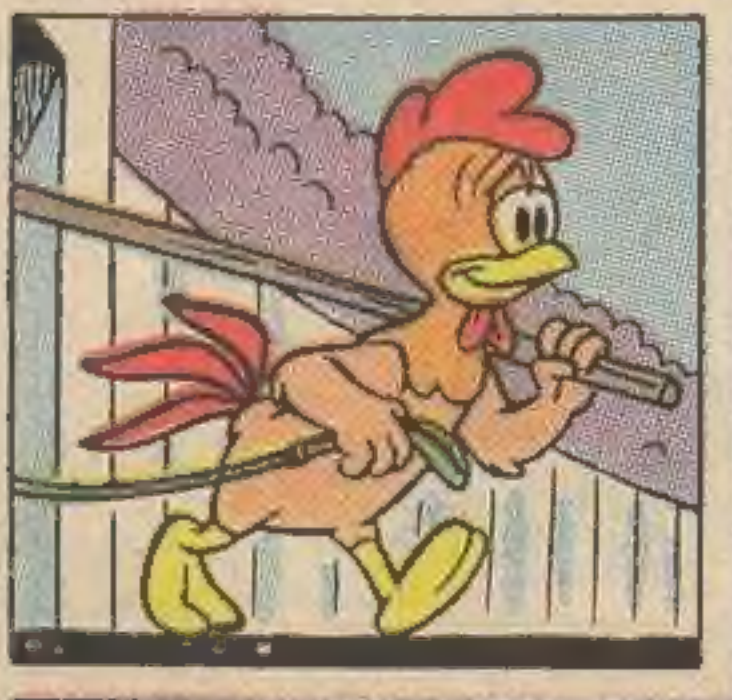
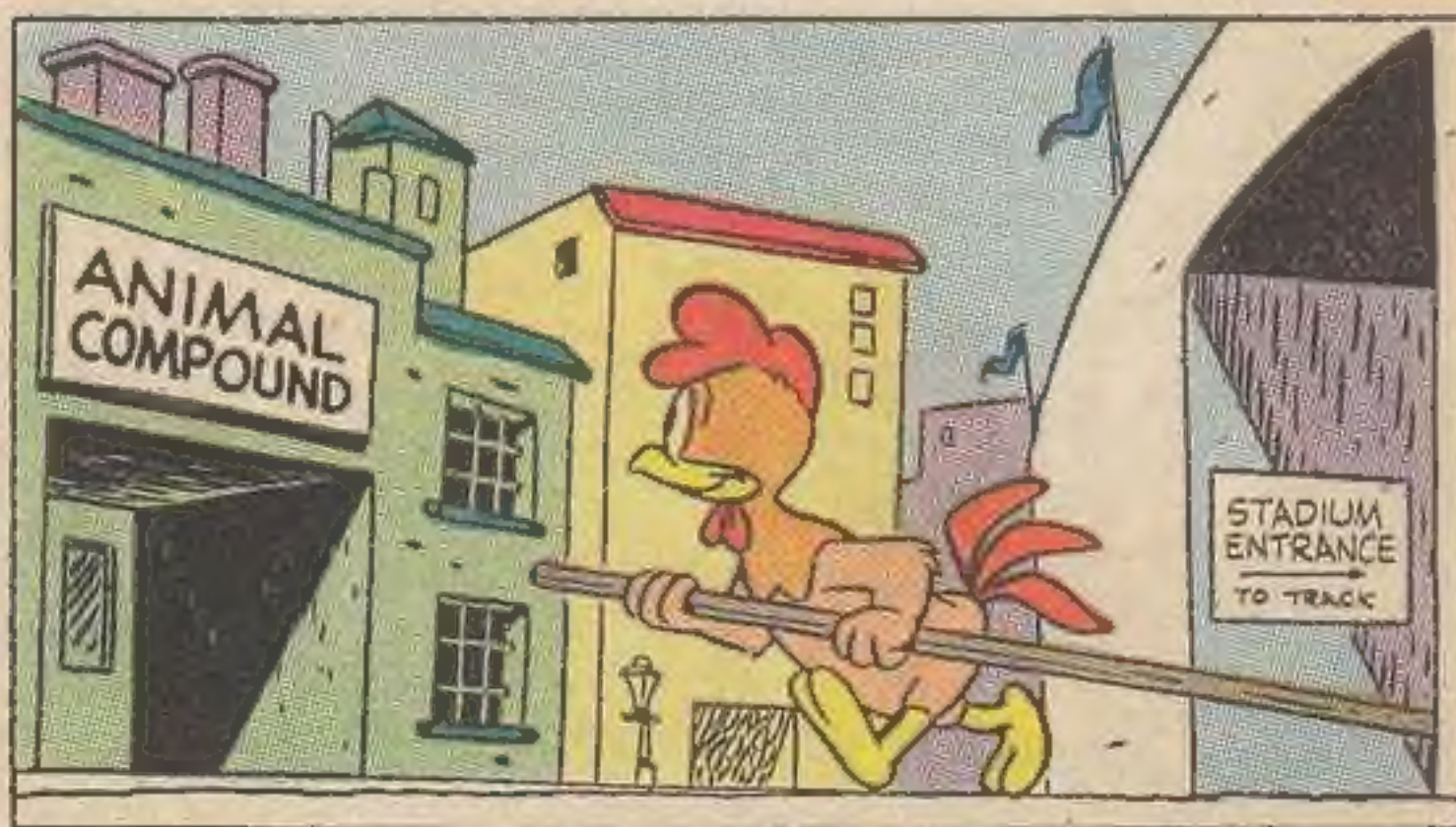
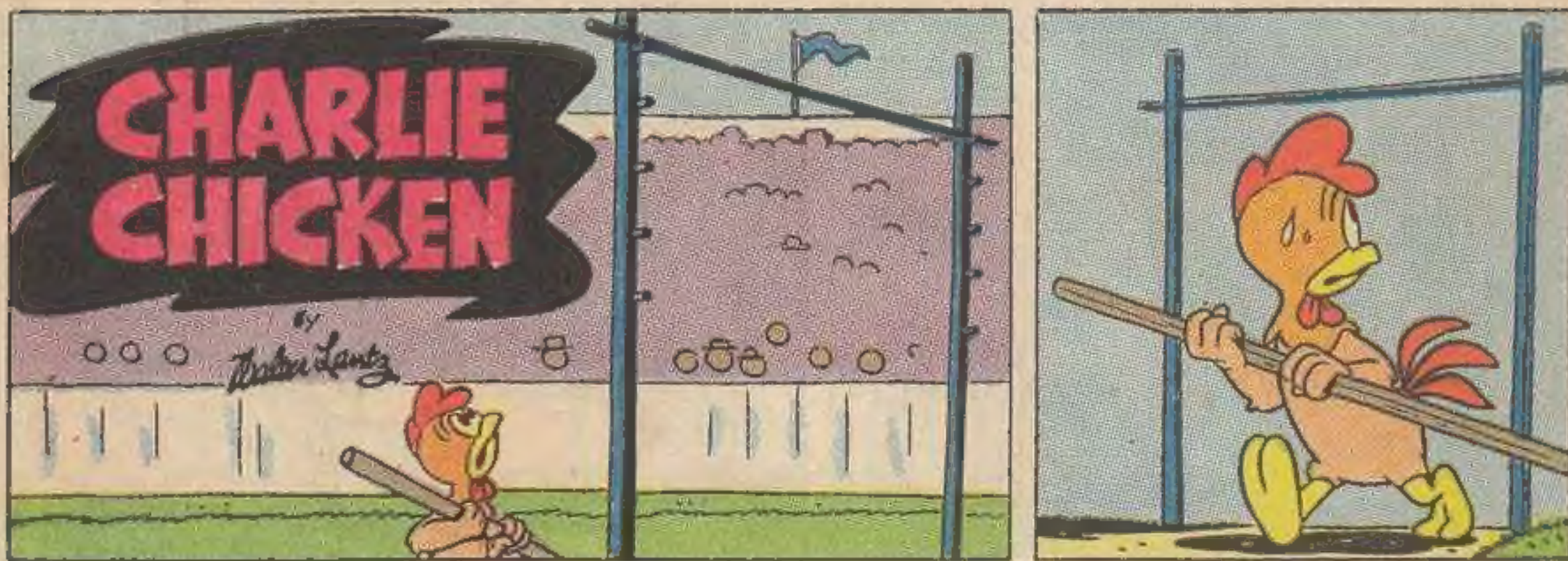


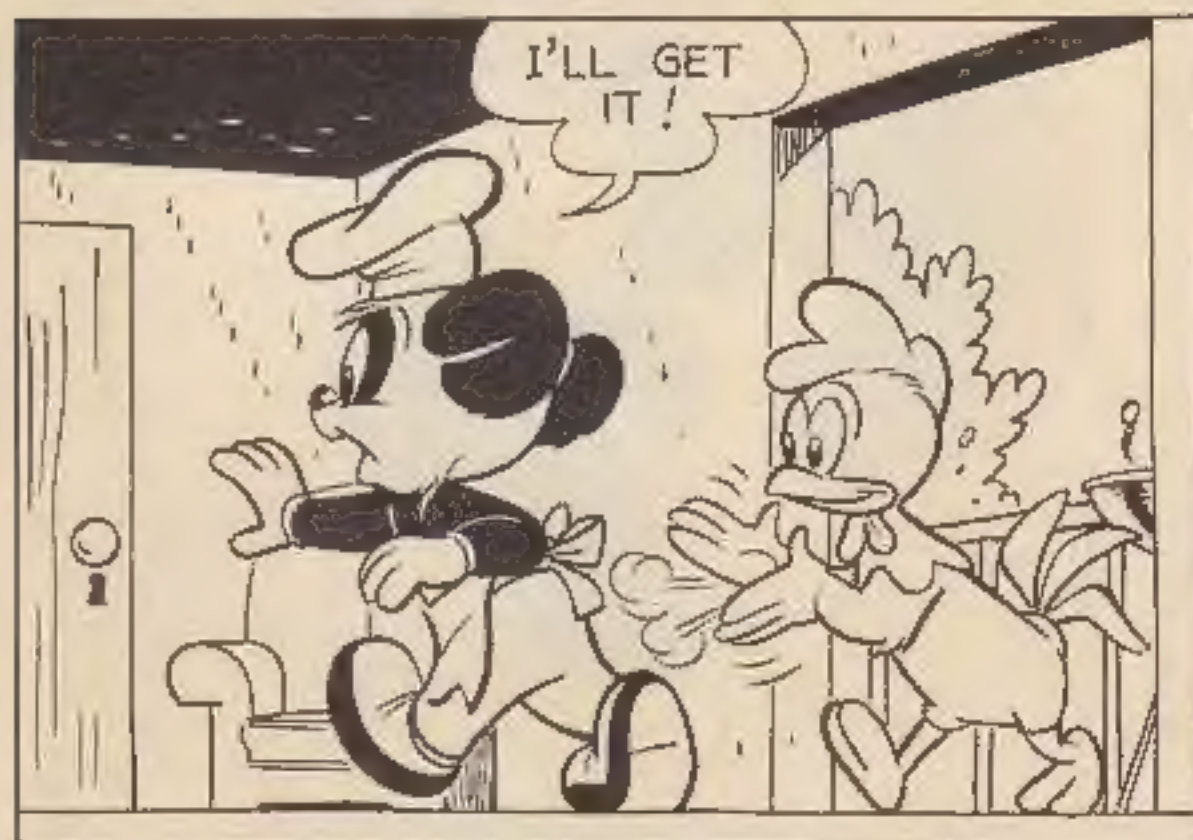




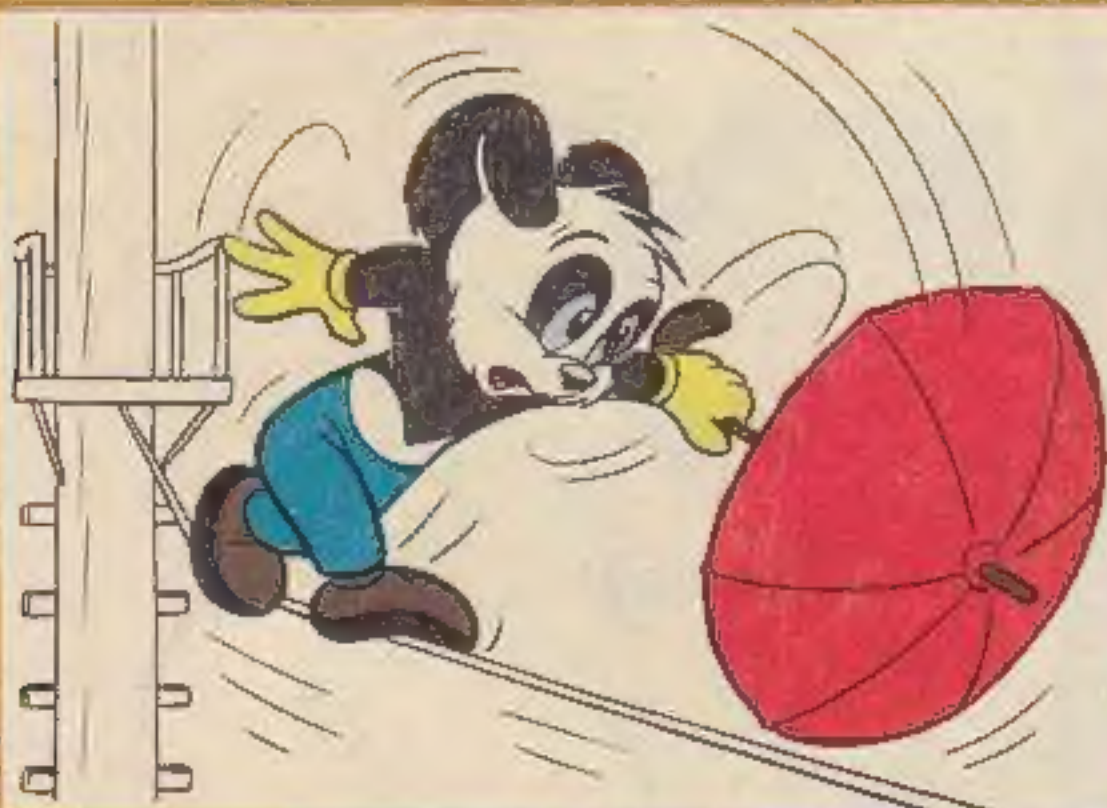
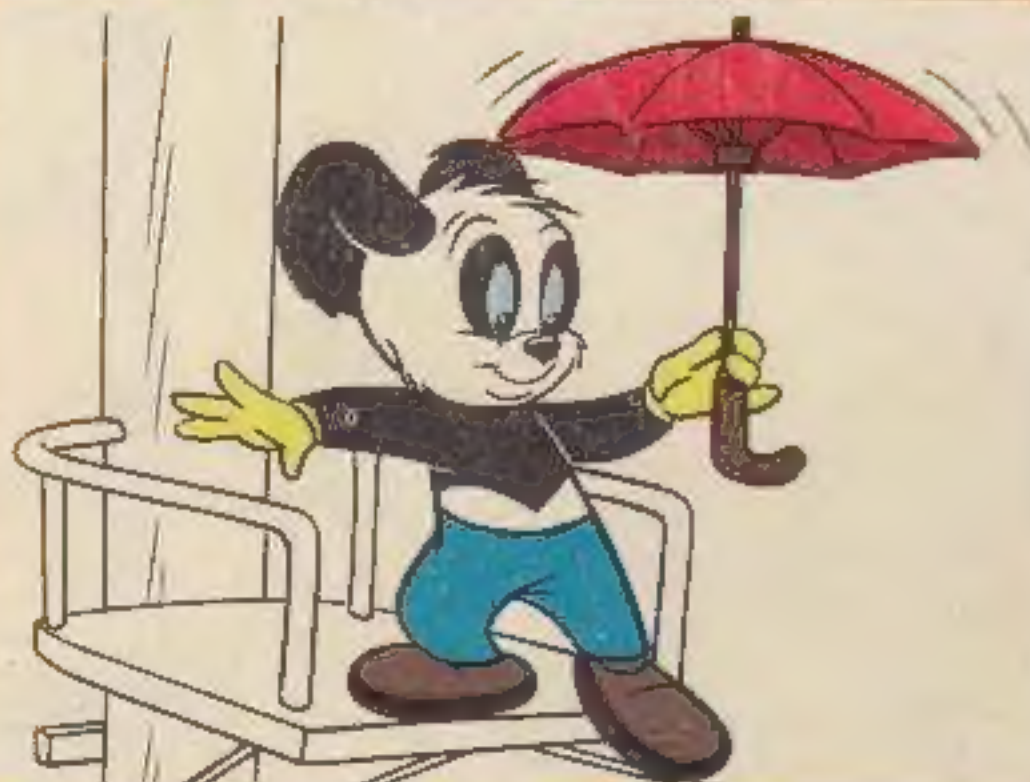
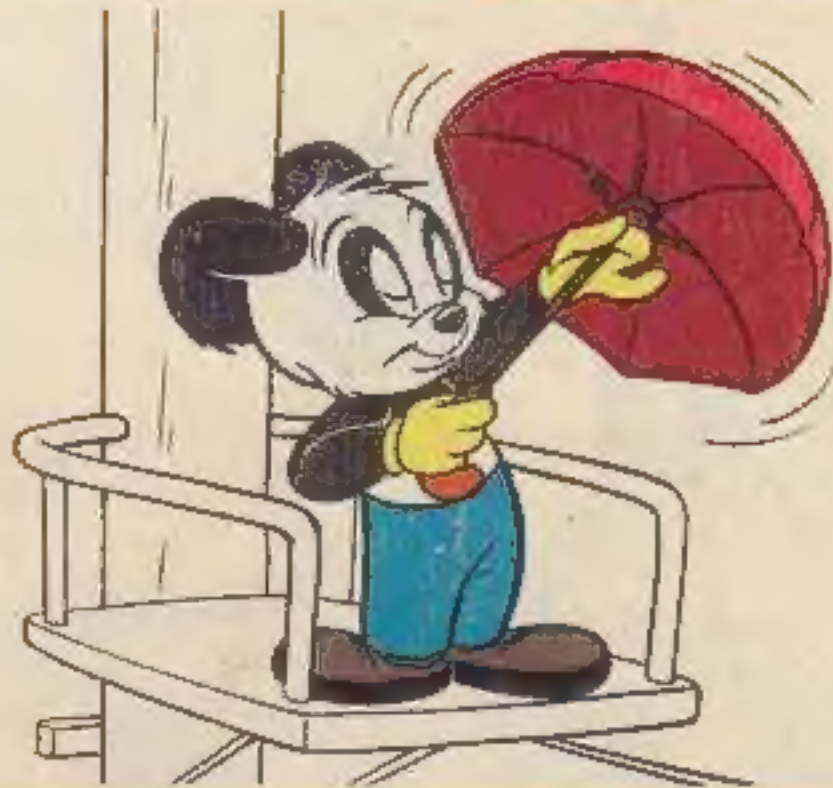
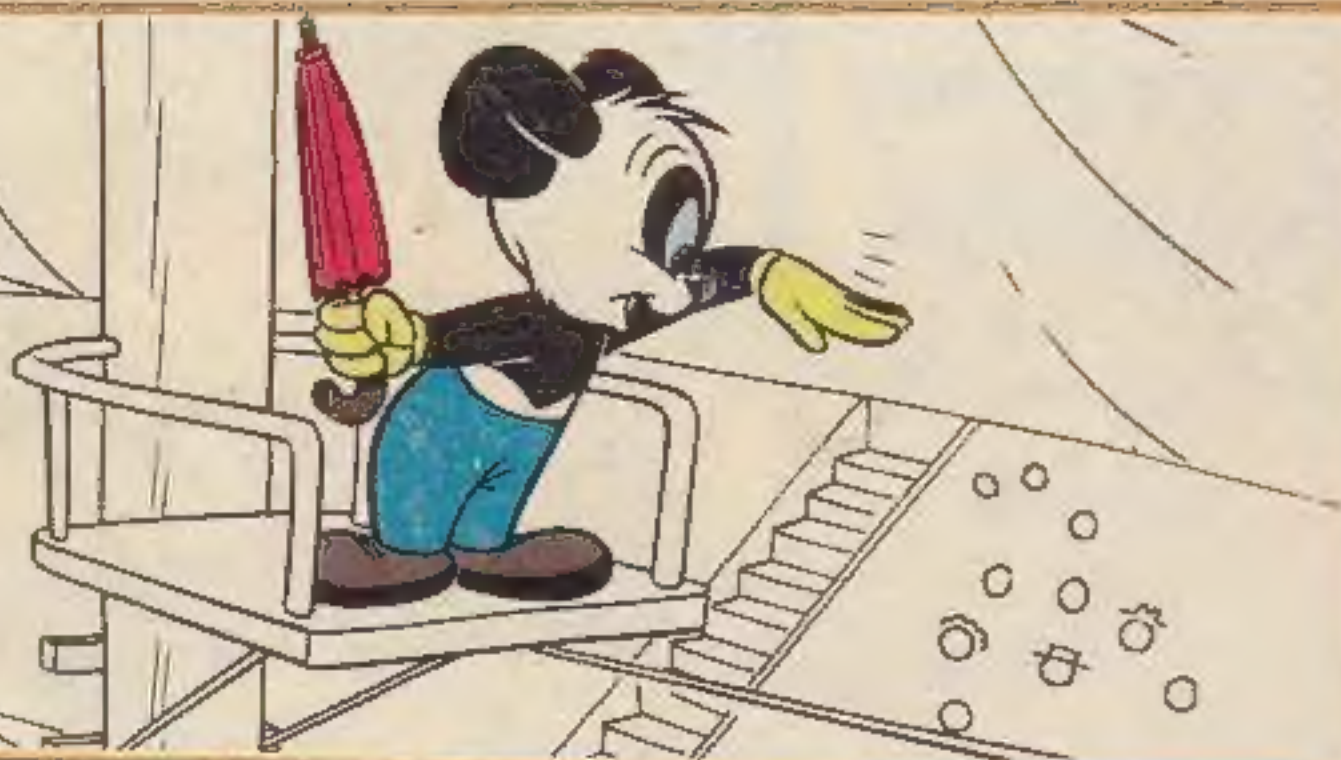








ANDY PANDA



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